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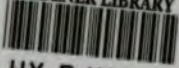
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# THE SMITH COLLEGE MONTHLY

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## ***IVY ORATION***

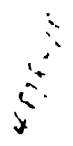
### **THE VALUE OF THE COLLEGE LIFE**

"Knowledge not purchased by the loss of power;"—thus does Wordsworth define the only knowledge which he believes to be "rightly honored with that name." What precisely does he mean us to understand by this "power" which he so highly exalts? He has nowhere told us; but so much at least is evident: it is a power larger than intellectual power and inclusive of it, as the whole man is larger than and includes his mind. It is of this power, and of some of the elements which the college life contributes to its upbuilding, that I wish to speak. How then shall I define it? It is the total capacity to deal with life, to organize out of its manifold experiences a complete individual being, capable of effective activity. The building up of this great central power, on which all lesser powers depend, seems to me the supreme end of education.

I am endeavoring, you see, gracefully to avoid that eternally recurring academic question, Is character or activity the true end of life?—since I can not conceive of a strong and good character failing to express itself in effective and benevolent activity, nor, on the other hand, of effective and benevolent

activity proceeding otherwise than from a strong and good character. Furthermore, I am leaving entirely at one side the various practical ends which, from necessity or choice, individual students set before themselves; for the reason that they are "various," while I am seeking to get at the universal common end toward which, whether consciously or not, all of us alike are working. None of us are designed to be either mere wage-earners or mere ornaments to cultured society. And therefore I ask you to lay aside for the moment all thought of the various preparations for specific tasks offered by the college, and to consider with me some of the ways in which life in the college world fits one for the larger life of a larger world, aids in the building up of the power to deal with its problems and to organize an efficient individuality out of its complexities.

There is one misconception of the college life—by no means the most common one, I fancy, and yet, where it exists, a serious one—which I would gladly remove at the outset. The college world is emphatically not a simple world,—a world of cloistered calm, and studious silence, and serene, wide spaces for meditation. It is, in Wordsworth's phrase—used of his own Alma Mater, but equally applicable to ours—"a living part of a live whole," an organic part of the exceedingly complex whole of our modern world. And it is its very complexity which makes life in this college world at once so difficult and so valuable an experience. On the one hand, a thousand conflicting interests and ambitions are constantly luring the student to forget that supremely important end of the whole educational process, growth in power; while on the other hand, with the resistance of these tendencies, with the steady control of complicated conditions and the intelligent direction of individual energies among them, comes a sort of power that can never come where conditions are simple and all one's life is plotted out for one. That misdirections of energy result, with mistakes and failures innumerable, often deepest where to the outward eye success is most complete,—all this is inevitable. But did all her ways lie clear before the college girl from the outset, were she forced to make no perplexing choices and to grapple with no bewilderingly difficult problems, how much better fitted to make such choices and to grapple with such problems would she be at the end than she was at the beginning? Sometimes in the struggle she may lose her sense of proportion; but



the truest sense of proportion is that which is evolved out of confusion, for it is the only kind that can be trusted to survive worse confusions to come.

There are two great essentials of that power of dealing with life which I defined a little while ago : knowledge of self, and knowledge of human nature. The great value of the college life, to my mind, is the way in which it forces upon every participant in it some knowledge at least of these two great realities. If, looking back upon her four years' course, the graduate can feel that despite her many mistakes and failures and follies, she has laid firm hold on the first of these two great essentials, the knowledge of self, has come to understand, once for all, her own powers, limitations, and capacities ; and has begun to grasp the meaning of the second, to understand something of the richness and fullness and marvelousness of human nature,—then she has reason to be profoundly grateful for all the experiences that have forced upon her the knowledge of these things.

For forced upon her it is. Especially difficult, well-nigh impossible indeed, is it for her to avoid self-knowledge. The many-sidedness of the college life compels her to test her abilities and character in all directions. Continual comparison of herself with others of the same age, but of widely different natures and attainments, reveals unsuspected weaknesses and unguessed strength. Then, too, she is seldom left to her own observations and conclusions on herself. Nothing is more characteristic of the college life than its frankness. Most of us are furnished by our friends, before we leave it, with all needed materials from which to construct that view of "ourselves as others see us," which is so important a part of the total knowledge of self. There is much, too, to be learned from the good-humored banter of comrades ; for elements of serious criticism are easily detected under the friendly fun. The last traces of sentimentality and conceit—those twin frailties of youth—are laughed out of the college girl long before the end of her senior year ; and a good, healthy, vigorous sense of humor is laughed in.

No quality of mind is more appreciated in the world to-day than this same sense of humor ; and not the least valuable contribution of the college life to the power of the individual is the ability to see things in that sort of proportion and perspec-



tive which humor—true humor, the chosen companion of sanity and mental poise—gives. The growing knowledge of self alone furnishes ample opportunity for its exercise, if, as has been said, the final test of a sense of humor is the ability to laugh at oneself. Without such a sense of humor, on the other hand, thorough self-knowledge can not exist; for on it does the instinctive perception of the true relation between the self and the outer world depend,—a relation which no philosophical theory satisfactorily explains. But the sense of humor does not come alone to bless the newly self-enlightened individual. Sanity and mental poise, as I have said, are its almost inseparable companions; and with them comes courage. Oneself is seldom an altogether pleasant person to look in the eye; but the deed once done, though few of us can claim full credit for it, we have dared to face that greatest of miseries, our own weakness, and should be ready, like Teufelsdröckh, to shake off base fear forever. Thus self-knowledge brings self-command, perhaps the most difficult of all forms of command,—certainly an absolute essential of every other form.

So much for the knowledge of self which the college life teaches. The knowledge of human nature—of course at best a knowledge of the first rudiments only of that vast subject—is not forced upon the student with quite the same rigor. Yet certain peculiar opportunities for its study are offered. Our college community is indeed in one way singularly undiversified. We are all young, we are all of the same sex, we are all interested in things intellectual, we form but one social class. But within these limits what variety prevails! Every type of character, every kind of ability, every degree and variety of culture, every form of prejudice and provincialism to be found in the outside world, is represented here. Then, too, the members of the college world have altogether peculiar opportunities for coming to know one another. The exigencies of the campus house system, the labors of committees and societies, the interests of class work, draw together girls of the most diverse kinds. Somehow they manage to work with and to learn from one another; and each comes to realize that the world would be a very queer place, and life quite unlivable, were her fellow-beings mere duplicates of herself. Thus she learns the value of adaptability, the necessity for organization, and its practical workings; and these are lessons of immense importance in the

modern world, where the complex interrelations between individuals and groups of men are recognized and dealt with as they have never been before.

But there is another gain from the knowledge of human nature, as much greater than this practical one as poetry is greater than prose; yet harder to define, as the things of the heart are always harder to define than the things of the head. Of a value hardly to be exaggerated is that broadening of the sympathies which all true knowledge of others brings. Every time that we lay hold on the central principle of another's being, see the world through his eyes, and grapple with his problems, the limits of our own beings miraculously expand and we feel ourselves of a sudden larger and richer and stronger. Nor is this all; for the peculiar virtue of genuine sympathy, as distinguished from the sentimental and enfeebling thing falsely so called, is that it impels to action; it furnishes the only real basis for vital and helpful work. Without it no one can possess in its fullness that power of dealing with life which is essential to the full-grown citizen of the world.

Have I attributed too great a share in the building up of this power to the college life? It is a most imperfect life. No one sees more clearly than do we who have lived it, its absurdities and immaturities, its narrowness, its provincialisms. But in its essential soundness and sanity and helpfulness we all believe; and above all, in the promise of power which it holds out to all who live it in a spirit of earnestness.

MARY BUELL SAYLES.

IVY SONG

It hath passed by—the little space of time—  
 Like a fair dream, and these few summer days  
 Crown with rose blossoming and loveliness  
 Our comradeship along the pleasant ways.  
 It hath been told—the tale of fleeting years,  
 And lo, we leave a living thing to twine  
 Clinging and close as memory and love,—  
 Live thou like memory, O ivy vine.

We have gone hand in hand a little while,  
 And dreamed a dream, and searched a mystery  
 With young, brave vision, and have faintly seen  
 Behind the dream a hope and prophecy.  
 We have sown seed of truth upon our souls,  
 With hearts that sang and made their own sunshine,  
 Spite of dim fear and the far harvesting,—  
 Live thou like sunny hope, O ivy vine.

And lo, we linger at the parting time  
 A little while, because we love the way  
 Our feet have trodden coming hitherward,  
 With all its tangled thorns and blossoms gay.  
 The shadow of the past creeps softly on,  
 And love would leave behind a living sign  
 Among the echoes and the memories,—  
 Live thou like love, O little ivy vine.  
 CHARLOTTE LOWRY MARSH.

### *THE FAIRY GODMOTHER'S ANSWER*

Lettice had been a good girl all the morning, so Aunt Jane had said ; and Aunt Jane knew that to be good during a hot August forenoon and till three o'clock in the afternoon, was not the easiest thing in the world, especially for ten-year-old little girls. As Lettice had finished the last towel that was ready to hem, Aunt Jane decided to give the child a reward of merit, or, in other words, to let her play for an hour with Ann Lawton. After all, Aunt Jane was sorry for the poor little thing and tried to do her best by her. But to Lettice, Aunt Jane's best was a strange and unsatisfactory quantity, the existence of which she sometimes altogether doubted, and which, even in later years, she could never wholly understand.

This day, however, had been an exception. Aunt Jane had been quite kind. Not like her mamma—oh no ! But perhaps a fairy godmother was just beginning to turn Aunt Jane into somebody very, very nice, who would truly love her, and—and be like her own mother. What supposing this was the first of it ? Perhaps to-morrow Aunt Jane would kiss her good night, and maybe the night after she would hold her in her lap and tell her a long, long story. The child laughed at the pure joy of it all as she ran across lots to Ann's.

Ann was two years older than Lettice. She was quite aware of the fact herself, considering Lettice as childish and generally queer. Lettice liked to play little-girl plays, too, and Ann felt herself getting too old for such things. Consequently as she saw Lettice coming, she made up her mind that it was too hot to play, and that it would be more befitting her age and dignity if they just talked under the apple-trees. Besides, the minister and his wife were invited to tea and might arrive any minute, so she mustn't get her dress or hair mussed up. Thus it came about that after a time Ann sat primly beneath the trees, with Lettice lying beside her in the grass, talking.

"Did you ever wish you had a fairy godmother?" Lettice began.

"A what?" asked Ann, with an astonished look.

"Why, a fairy godmother," explained Lettice. "Somebody to come to help you the minute you wished for her, and give you everything you wanted just when you wanted it."

"I don't believe there's any such person," announced the other child, firmly. "Where'd you ever hear of one?"

"Oh, my own mamma used to tell me about 'em," answered Lettice, with a far-away look in her brown eyes. "She used to tell me lovely stories about giants, and fairies, and beautiful princesses. You just ought to have heard her! And the fairy godmother always used to do the wonderfulest things!—give the good people lots of nice things, and punish the bad people so that they were just as 'shamed, and turn queer people into splendid ones. It was just fun!"

"But it wa'n't true," objected Ann.

"Oh well," Lettice replied, "you could make believe, you know, just as easy. It isn't hard a bit, Ann, not a bit. My mamma knew how to do it."

"Perhaps she'd show me how," suggested her companion, timidly.

"Oh, she can't, now," returned Lettice, in a shocked voice; "don't you remember, she's gone to heaven. That's why I have to live with Aunt Jane."

"I forgot," stammered Ann; then, after a pause, "Was your mother like your Aunt Jane?"

"Oh no!" exclaimed Lettice, "my mamma used to love me, and kiss me good night, and tell me stories; but Aunt Jane just makes me wipe dishes and hem towels; and all the stories

she ever tells are on Sundays about Daniel in the lions' den, and Jonah and the whale. And then she'll say, 'Now get your little Bible and read it all over, and don't ask me to tell you any more stories to-day. You're old enough to amuse yourself.'"

"That's the way I get my stories," Ann remarked. "They're true when you take 'em out of the Bible. I sh'd think you'd like 'em better when they're true."

"Oh no!" contradicted Lettice. "You just see what fun it is! I'll show you how to play fairy godmother."

"Ann!" called a shrill voice.

"In a minute," Ann shouted; then in a lower tone, "I don't believe there'd be much fun in that play; 'twouldn't be real a bit. Anyway, I'm older than you. Perhaps if I was your age I'd like to play it. But I've got to go; we've got company come. Ask your aunt if you can't come over another time."

"If I hem a lot of towels, perhaps she'll let me next week," replied Lettice. "Why don't you come down to see me?"

"Ann!" called the shrill voice again.

"Yes, I'm coming.—Perhaps I will. Good-by, Lettice," and Ann ran up to the house, while Lettice walked slowly back over the fields.

Half-way across was an old stone-heap around which were great clumps of yellow daisies. Lettice paused among them to pick a few.

"If I was going home to my own mamma," she said softly, "I'd take her a big bunch of these, and we'd have 'em on the table. But Aunt Jane calls 'em weeds, and I don't believe the fairy godmother's got her along as far as liking flowers. I guess I'd better help the fairy godmother, and not bother Aunt Jane.—Poor little daisies!" She kissed those she had picked and gently laid them down one by one in the grass.

"Good-by," she whispered; then, turning, ran lightly on until she reached the house.

She found Aunt Jane writing a letter. As the child entered the door, the woman looked up in surprise.

"Why, you actually came back on time!" she remarked. "I've got something for you to do, so it's a good thing you didn't stay any longer."

"What is it?" Lettice asked.

"Your Aunt Susan and your Uncle John are coming to sup-

per to-morrow night," announced Aunt Jane, "and I want you to go straight down to Mis' Shaw's with this note, and ask her and the deacon to come up, too. It's all written in the note. And don't stay, come right back!"

Lettice took the note, inwardly rejoicing at the prospect of company, but outwardly very quiet. Aunt Jane liked quiet girls. As soon as she was out of sight of the house, however, her face dimpled all over and she clapped her hands.

"It means cake and cookies, and the best tea-things, and the silver, and all the pretty dishes," she cried. "Won't it be fun! How fast the fairy godmother works!"

She did her errand as swiftly as possible, and when she returned, Aunt Jane actually praised her.

"You're getting to be quite a help," she had said. "I guess it does you good to play with Ann Lawton. She's a real good little girl, and I hope you'll try to be just like her."

Lettice turned to the window and curled her lip. Ann was stupid at making believe. She didn't want to be like Ann. Then the recurring thought of company drove all else from her mind.

The next day was all hurry and bustle. Lettice did her best to please Aunt Jane, but Aunt Jane would not be pleased. Lettice tried to help polish the silver and wipe the cups; but the woman finally declared that she was more bother than she was worth, always under foot, and, giving her a basted square of patchwork, told her to sew that. So with lips that trembled, and eyes that winked hard, the child sat by the window and sewed. Thoughts as hard as the lumps in her throat rose in her mind, but with the thoughts the desire to cry vanished.

"I wish Aunt Jane'd drop some of the dishes," she half whispered, at length. "I wish the fairy godmother'd joggle her elbow, so she'd drop a whole pile of plates. And then I'd have the pieces to play house with,—I just wish she would."

Suddenly there was a crash. Lettice jumped. Aunt Jane exclaimed, "Goodness alive!" On the floor lay six pieces of what had been but a moment before a small blue platter. Aunt Jane gazed at the fragments in dismay not unmingled with disgust.

"Well, there's no use crying over spilt milk," she remarked at last. "You can pick up the pieces, Lettice, and carry 'em out to the stone-heap. It'll be good work for you.—Everything goes wrong to-day."

Lettice gathered up the bits of china, but did not take them out to the stone-heap. She hid them carefully under the garden hedge, gloating over Aunt Jane's discomfort and glorying in the addition to her slender store of playthings.

It was well the child had the memory of this to help her through the rest of that long, hard day ; for Aunt Jane grew hotter and tired and crosser, until she put on her company manners with her company dress. Lettice went to bed early that night as usual, hoping that to-morrow Aunt Jane would be nicer. But to-morrow came, and another to-morrow ; and the fairy godmother, from whom Lettice had hoped so much, seemed to have utterly abandoned her work.

"I wonder if I've made Aunt Jane mad," said Lettice once, stopping in the midst of her fourth dinner-party with the broken bits of china. "I'm afraid p'raps I was kind of wicked the day we had company. I most wish I hadn't thought of having Aunt Jane break the dishes. Perhaps if I hadn't, she'd be nicer to me. Oh, I do wish she'd like me. I wonder if I couldn't do something big, so she'd be real s'prised and pleased."

She began to think hard, with hands clasped over her knees. What was there she could do to show the fairy godmother that she really deserved to have Aunt Jane reformed, and to make it easy for Aunt Jane to love her ? Suddenly she seized the fragments of the platter and began fitting the six pieces together. Yes, they all joined nicely,—and glue would make them stay joined. But she didn't want to give them up ; it was such fun to play with them. A shadow swept over her face. She clasped her hands again over her knees, and swayed back and forth, trying to make up her mind. At last the unsatisfied longing for love overcame everything else ; and with a pitiful little smile, she gathered the pieces tenderly together and made her way to the kitchen. Aunt Jane had gone to a missionary meeting, so Lettice had a clear field before her. She laid the china on the table, and climbing a chair, took the glue-pot from the cupboard.

"Aunt Jane never lets me use the glue," she said hesitatingly. "I don't know as I ought to do it ; but Aunt Jane'll be so pleased with the platter that she won't care about the glue. I just know she won't."

She put the pot on the stove and added a little water. She knew how—hadn't she watched Aunt Jane lots of times ? Then she discovered that the fire was out.

"I'll have to fix some more," she thought. "Aunt Jane puts in paper, and shavings, and chips, and wood. I guess I can do that."

Very laboriously she gathered her material together, and after much puffing and blowing, had the satisfaction of seeing the flames curl up around the paper and fasten upon the wood. She put the stove-lid on with a sigh of satisfaction, and moved the glue-pot farther front. Then pushing back the damp rings of hair from her face, she sat down to wait "till it bubbles, 'cause that's the way Aunt Jane did."

At last the bubbles appeared and Lettice set to work in good earnest. "There!" she said, as she pressed the third piece into place. "I guess Aunt Jane'll be pretty s'prised. It's going to look real nice when it's done. Oh dear!" as the clock in the next room struck four, "she'll be here pretty soon; I've got to hurry fast."

She spread the glue on the fourth piece and tried to join it to the rest of the platter; but somehow she couldn't make it match, and in her haste she hit the first piece, so that it separated itself from its neighbor. With an impatient exclamation, she bent down closer, and with greater efforts tried to press it back in place; but her fingers were sticky and she grew more excited and more tired, and the platter would not stay together. She had tried so hard, why wouldn't it behave? With brave persistency she started in anew, when suddenly the screen-door opened and Aunt Jane stalked in. Her grim, astonished eyes took it all in: the hot stove, the littered shavings, the glue-pot, forbidden to inexperienced hands, and Lettice, red and tired, bending over the broken platter.

"Lettice Huntington Arnold!" she exclaimed. "What are you doing? Haven't I told you time and time again not to touch that glue-pot? And a fire, too! What do you mean by mussing up my clean kitchen in this way?"

Lettice dropped her eyes to the floor.

"I was—going—to mend the platter—and—and s'prise you," she said at last, in a trembling tone.

"Well, I guess if that platter could have been mended, I'd have mended it myself," returned her aunt, unfeelingly. "How did you dare to be so wicked? Take those pieces of china out to the stone-heap, and then go straight to bed."

Lettice seized the fragments and stumbled out of the door,



with hot tears blinding her eyes. She ran to the stone-heap and flung the china with a crash upon it. Then with a heart-breaking cry, she dropped upon the ground.

"Oh, I wish I had my own mamma," she sobbed.

"What's the matter?" asked a voice.

Lettice lifted her tear-stained face. Ann Lawton stood looking down on her curiously.

"I just—wanted my own mamma," she said in a choking voice, and buried her face again among the grasses.

"Why don't you make believe?" asked Ann, contemptuously mindful of their last conversation.

"It's no use," the child sobbed, brokenly. "I don't—want a make-believe mamma,—I want—my truly one," and the tears came again.

Ann looked down timidly. Tears were almost unknown to her; they were so babyish; she hardly knew how to treat them. The little figure on the grass lay quivering in the attempt to control itself. The pitifulness of the half-stifled sobs found its way into even Ann's matter-of-fact heart, and a sudden wave of sympathy swept over her face. She dropped on her knees beside the child, and put her arms around her.

"Don't cry," she whispered.

EVA AUGUSTA PORTER.

### A MEMORY

To-day I went into my true love's room,  
And all was there untroubled, as of old.  
The quaint, dull tapestries and carven wood  
Were burnished with the sunset's ruddy gold;  
And there I saw my true love's broideries  
Unfinished, and her sweet-toned lute unstrung,  
And careless laid upon the window-seat,  
Where she had left it with a song unsung.  
Then through the oriel a little breeze  
From the rose gardens wafted me a breath  
Of summer's fragrance, such as she herself  
Had hoped to breathe in heaven—after death.  
And my true love, my own dear love, was gone;  
Yet without tears I went into that place  
Where last I looked on her—I could not mourn,  
Remembering the smile upon her face.

## ***HORROR OF AN UNKNOWN THING***

Something that falls upon us with a chill  
At high-noon time ; a thing that turns the day  
To hideous grimace and mockery ;  
Something that laughs in hiding with a sound  
That freezes up the soul,—it lurks close by,—  
A thing we dread to hear and dare not see,  
Which darkness could not hide nor silence still,  
Whose noise is never heard, whose sight remains  
Unknown to us ;—and yet the fear of it,  
Abiding since the day when life began,  
Is branded on the souls of all mankind.

ETHEL BARSTOW HOWARD.

## ***AN UNDERGRADUATE VIEW OF SMITH COLLEGE IDEALS***

The years of the average student in a woman's college are taken from that period in her life which is of most importance in its bearing on her future. She is making experiments, and her experiments are along two lines : first, in the adoption of ideals, and second, in the adoption of means by which to realize those ideals. Indeed, all our life may be said to be a series of experiments along these lines ; but naturally, the experimentation is most pronounced and varied in the formative years, before the plastic character of youth has hardened in the mold of habit. And the experiments have the greatest influence on life if they come in the latter part of the formative period, when the imagination—that factor of prime importance in the shaping of ideals—has been modified by experience and reason from the lawless fancy of childhood to a far-sighted and inspiring force. With the importance of these college years in mind, we come to ask what ideals the student finds here ready-made for her acceptance or modification, and what helps are offered her for their realization.

The college has a double choice of ideals to make, one for it-

self as a corporate body, one for the individual under its care. The college, realizing that it exists for its members, tries to benefit each individual by granting to each as much liberty of self-development as is compatible with the interests of a community of students. Thus the college seems to find its ideal in flexibility in organization: organization there must be, if there is to be order; and flexibility in custom and curriculum is a necessity, if the habits, tastes, and needs of hundreds of differing students are to be consulted. Smith College as an organization is working toward this ideal; the changes which an undergraduate has seen in the past three years have tended toward its realization. If, in song last year, some of the classes memorialized themselves as "victims of experiment," it was more to indulge a sense of humor and a love for classification than to indicate the failure on their part to see the progress of which the "experiments" were signs.

Throughout its existence, the guiding policy of this college has been freedom from tradition. Precedent here or in other colleges has not been considered a sufficient reason for any custom or requirement. Tested by a standard of value rather than of age, however time-honored, such things as class and college yells, class enmities, hazing, and the academic cap and gown—in spite of widely differing opinions—have been found wanting. In our organizations, too, we differ from our sister colleges; we have no intercollegiate fraternities, not even the Phi Beta Kappa, and our Association for Christian Work is not affiliated with the World's Student Christian Federation. Yet we do not take pride in this isolation for its own sake; quite possibly, even probably, time will show that our policy has been carried to an extreme: but should that ever be, this same policy of freedom will be found as effective in breaking away from the errors of our own past as in avoiding those found in the past of other colleges. We do believe that in general this policy has been fruitful of great advantage to the college, and as its beneficiaries, we are grateful that its life began and has so long continued under the guidance of one master personality, of force sufficient to oppose the current of tradition, or turn its power into new channels of greater utility.

Even by this time, the college woman has not outlived the period in which she herself is regarded as an experiment; a statement of her value still calls forth in many places a raised eyebrow

or a shrug. Colleges for women have not produced prigs; they have produced blue-stockings, and sometimes unhelpful and unlovable women; and the peculiarities of individual temperaments, accentuated perhaps by abnormal conditions, have been interpreted as the undersirable results of a college education. But in such cases the college has been misunderstood. If you would find the ideal of this college, do not seek it in a woman's form with a man's intellect and a man's tastes; the best of public opinion scouted such an appearance as a phantom of horror before it had a chance to become a type: nor will you find it in the professional woman; the college has long since left behind that period in its career when it was regarded as a training-school for specialists. The ideal of our college for each of its students is the attainment of intellectual womanliness.

The intellectual factor of a college training is much more far-reaching than to include only the courses taken and the books studied. It includes all the forces which go to stimulate individual thinking. Students do not come to college to "finish" their education. I know of no phrase better expressing precisely what it is *not* the purpose of the college to do for any one. The college fails in its intellectual aim if the formal education of its class-room has not begotten at least the seeds of an intellectuality which will find its nutrition in all the experiences of the future, and grow more and more toward the independence and impartiality of deep and high thinking. This type of intellectuality assimilates to itself; its knowledge is not put on like a garment, but is incorporated,—unlike that of an old man who once remarked that he had studied English grammar forty years before, and then added, "But I hain't had no use for it since." The true intellectuality outlives the memory of dates and formulæ, and is not dependent on particular surroundings; it is subjective, tested by its ability to thrive on one end of a log without a Mark Hopkins on the other end. It is not, however, for this reason visionary and unpractical. It is not akin to the schemes of Gilbert's Girl Graduates, who would fain extract sunbeams from cucumbers and teach pigs how to fly. On the contrary, it is of great value in life, for while it candidly refuses

"To recognize in things around  
What can not truly there be found,"

it has the power to infuse into these things new ingredients which may transform them.

Our college has before it the difficult task of distilling this essence of the intellectual out of the means of education at its hand. The most apparent of these means is the ordinary lecture or recitation, attendance upon which is rigidly required. In the face of this requirement, however, this college realizes that the adjustment of the mind to routine work under outside compulsion carries with it the danger of leaving the student without the will or the self-application to work when the pressure is removed. Realizing this, the class-room seeks less to teach facts than to cultivate the philosophic attitude of mind, the scientific spirit, the sympathetic moral interest,—qualities which can not be crammed for an examination, nor divorced for the summer vacation. In granting its students the liberty of pursuing courses in art and music on the same basis as that of the usual academic studies, our college shows an appreciation of the basal unity of culture; and in the changes soon to go into operation,—changes in accordance with which the conferring of the A. B. degree is not limited to students of Greek and the higher mathematics,—this college has taken a long step forward, proving its realization of the truth that not the object of study, but the quality of the studying, makes the student.

The college has other means than the purely academic for stimulating the intellectual life,—the campus houses. There in her fellow-students the student meets herself multiplied or divided, with additions and subtractions of abilities, ambitions, experiences. Her condition, the circumstances of her fellow-beings, the vicissitudes of life, force themselves on her thought, and give her as knotty problems to solve as any that she meets in the class-room. On being told how many students there were here, a visitor once exclaimed, "How much talking there must be!" Talking—yes, there is much of it; and it is one of the most valuable means of education that the college can boast. Amid much conversation that is flippant, amid much that is purely recreative, there goes on incessantly an exchange of thought, a broadening of outlook, an increase of human interest, which can not be measured as a stimulant to the intellectual life.

But I said that the ideal of our college for its students was intellectual womanliness. The intellectual is after all only the

qualifying adjective; the womanliness is the chief thing. Were the intellectual alone cultivated, we should utterly fail of that "harmonious blending of the knowing and the loving powers" of our nature, wherein, as Phillips Brooks tells us, lies the real secret of power. A healthful balance of nature's faculties must be cultivated and preserved; we are to grow

"not alone in power  
And knowledge, but by year and hour  
In reverence and in charity."

When Mark Twain said that the cauliflower was only a cabbage gone through college, he showed a keen appreciation of the refining and transforming power of culture. The intellectual training which has not made finer and stronger the fibres of our very being has been sadly misdirected.

Character and refinement, the love of the good and the beautiful, are letters which the world reads and remembers much better than it does an acute mentality. The prejudice which the college as an institution for woman has had to meet has been largely due to the fear that it would detract from her womanly virtues, her womanly charms. We try to prove that fear a mistaken one. In our four short years here, we test the little ideals of our past by the ideals the college has for us, and we test the college ideals by the highest standard of character and life which the world and our own souls can afford. And if the experiment of these vital college years is not a failure, they show us new truths, add emphasis to old ones, and teach us in loving gratitude to accept the ambition of the college for us: "To virtue, knowledge."

CHARLOTTE BURGIS DEFOREST.

### TO SMITH COLLEGE

Once more we bring our hearts to thee,  
Once more our hopes we dedicate,  
O College of our love!—  
Thou mighty wind whom soul hath wrought,  
Whom none but soul again may move.

As sure as life that never ends,  
Though man may come and speak and go,  
So surely stand thy halls ;  
As shadows blowing on the sea,  
So frail our ivy on thy walls.

O silent voice whom none may know,  
O tempest blast who goest forth  
Where none may follow thee,  
Thy children listen for thy word,  
Thy breath that they may hear and see.

With empty words we dare not call,—  
Too deep she dwelleth in our thought,  
Too deep within our heart.  
She is of life a part to us ;  
Her praise of life be more than part.

To her we bring what we have done,  
Alike our failure, our success,—  
She is our guide in all ;  
Our sternest judge when we would boast,  
Our surest help if we should fall.

To her we bring our hope of life,  
Our old ideals nobler grown,  
Her lesson sought for, found :—  
Life still is greater than our thought,  
For thought still waits, untaught, unbound.

Thy blast bears out we know not where,  
The end we fear not, for his soul  
That wrought thy life in thee  
Still shapes thy course aright to those  
Whose sails have met the rougher sea.

Once more we bring our hearts to thee,  
Once more our hopes we dedicate,  
O College of our love !—  
Thou mighty wind whom soul hath wrought,  
Whom none but soul again may move.

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE.

## ONE COLLEGE SUCCESS

On her first night in Northampton, Katherine Hayes went to sleep wondering what one of the girls had meant by talking about "those poor dazed freshmen." Why should a freshman be dazed? To be sure, she had been a little puzzled, on her arrival, by the fact that they had not given her a single room. She had not told them that she wanted to room with anybody. And then, her trunk had not come; she wondered if it could be that the expressman had not gotten the address right. There was certainly nothing bewildering about her junior room-mate. She was a pretty, jolly little girl, who sat on the edge of her bed and asked her questions, and, in the intervals of being embraced by returning classmates, tried unsuccessfully to discover mutual acquaintances. She had seemed a little surprised at Katherine's saying she was sure she should prefer a junior room-mate to one of her own class, but had answered that there were, of course, some advantages about the arrangement. Katherine wondered what it felt like to be homesick; and then she wondered if they were lonely without her, and whether she should get a letter to-morrow, and if they would take good care of her horse, Lynette,—how she should miss her! And she wondered if she really ought to be dazed.

The first few days of college were full of interest. Katherine soon discovered what was meant by "dazed freshmen." She herself had been out of school a year, and certainly most of her class did seem young and "half-baked," and not quite sure where they were going. She had expected to find at once several congenial friends; but if she did take a fancy to the girl she sat next to in chapel or recitation, she was more than likely not to see her again for days. The freshmen in her own house seemed particularly uninteresting, and had somehow gotten acquainted with each other before she decided that she wanted to know them. This decision she did not arrive at until she had discovered that the sophomores and upper-class girls, although cordial and ready with more or less reliable information, had for the most part their own groups of friends, and took it for



granted that she would fall naturally into place among her own classmates. Why these classmates should put her down as "snippish," she could not imagine.

"At the Frolic," Katherine had read somewhere, "the freshman meets congenial members of her own class, and it is likely to prove the center from which many of her friendships radiate." But on the morning after the Frolic, she found that she could recall hardly a face. She remembered only a bewildering throng of figures in an extraordinary variety of costume, ranging from full evening dress to shirt-waist and short piqué skirt. One of the seniors, to be sure, had impressed her tremendously; but she discovered, on bowing to her after church next day, that she had not produced a similar impression upon the senior. Several members of her own class had promised to call. She was sure she should not be able to tell which was which when they came; but they did not come.

"Why don't you play with your little classmates in this house?" her room-mate asked. "Honestly, Katherine, that's the only way to begin. You can 'expand' more afterwards, if you want to. But it's so much more fun having your friends right around you."

"Well, Alice, you know, the girls in my class all seem so young, somehow. It's funny, but I haven't found one of them yet that I'm sure I care to be friends with. I like that senior down at the end of the hall, though. I wonder why she doesn't pay any more attention to me. I'm sure I've always been nice to her."

"It can't be that she thinks you seem so young, somehow?"

"Why, Alice, I don't think I seem young. No one ever told me so, I'm sure. And anyhow I thought the girls here would be so different. I thought they came because they wanted to be improved, and —"

"And now they won't let you improve them?"

Katherine turned away. It hurt her more than she would confess when she was laughed at. She generally took it well enough, but to-day she was not exactly in the humor to conceal what she felt. She was beginning to realize that she was "out of it." She was not the kind of girl who is denominated "pill," and who, sooner or later, consistently rolls into place. She felt that if she did not fit into the mosaic at first, there was small chance that she would find her proper position later on;

still less would she eventually become the center of the pattern. At home, her companions had been carefully selected for her ; here, like Becky Sharp, she had to be her own mamma, and she trusted her own judgment at once too much and too little. "She was ever so nice to me yesterday," some girl would say, "and to-day she'll hardly speak to me." And one remark, which the speaker had been at no pains to make inaudible, was still rankling in Katherine's memory : "It's quite evident that that girl has had no bringing up whatsoever." A certain set of girls, however, pursued her with attentions which she found extremely distasteful. "It's their motto on the stairway doors," she told her room-mate, "that impressed me the first thing, and it's been growing steadily worse : 'Push.'"

She came across the campus one afternoon as the juniors were pouring out of class meeting, and she caught scraps of their conversation : "Otherwise, it couldn't be better ;" "I was so impressed by the fact that I only got five votes."—"Who's your president ?" called some one, from a window. "Elizabeth Hodges," came the answer. "Isn't it grand ?"

"Elizabeth Hodges," murmured Katherine, as she went on to her room. "Is that Elizabeth Hodges of Hamilton ?" she demanded, as her room-mate entered.

"Why, you come from the same place, don't you ? Why didn't you tell me you knew her ? Isn't it fine she's elected ?"

"But it seems so funny ! However did you happen to do it ?"

"Happen to ? It was almost unanimous. She's the finest girl in the class."

"It seems queer, that's all. I suppose she must be a nice girl, all right, but somehow nobody at home seemed to know her. There—that sounds terribly snobbish, doesn't it ? Only, that's the way things are there, you know."

"Well, it isn't the way they are here," returned Alice. "We all think she's a mighty good sort of person to know. Nobody'd any more think of patronizing her ! If she were to take you up—but then, I don't guess she will."

"I met her over in College Hall the other day," said Katherine, with a trace of disapprobation in her tone, "and she said she was coming to call on me. It struck me as rather fresh at the time, but I suppose I'm greatly honored."

Katherine's isolation was becoming irksome. For the sake of being less alone, she began to tolerate those whose attentions

had at first annoyed her, and told herself that she was growing broad-minded. They were, she knew, the girls who had been loudest in condemning her as snobbish; they were of the class who are never prouder than when they can come home from church and boast that they didn't hear a word of the sermon; but still, they were good enough in their way. They were generous and, to a large extent, sincere. Even if some motives for entering college were more commendable than others, those who came for "the life" were surely not to be blamed. At least they were consistent, for they manifested a beautiful indifference to flunks and low grades. As the weeks went on and Katherine grew more intimate with them, she neglected her own class work more and more, and developed an extraordinary proficiency in the art of guessing.

October passed, and Elizabeth Hodges did not call. Katherine tried to make herself think that she was relieved, but she did not succeed, for she was uncomfortably conscious that a junior president does not necessarily make it her first duty to call on freshmen.

Elizabeth, on her part, had given up all idea of making the call. She had been a little surprised by Katherine's manner toward her, and, concluding that the interview would not be particularly enjoyed by either, had put the matter out of her mind. It was recalled to her one evening when, in the parlors of one of the college houses, she was presented to a celebrity who had just been lecturing in Assembly Hall.

"Miss Hodges, from Hamilton, Professor Roland," some one had said. "I believe you have friends there."

"From Hamilton, Miss Hodges? Then I've just come from your home. I was staying with Judge Hayes; you know him, of course?"

"I know who he is," Elizabeth replied.

"Then I suppose you know his daughter? She's up here," he said. "Charming little girl; I was disappointed not to find her at home."

"I'm afraid I can't say I know Katherine very well. I imagine she's better known in her own class; she's a freshman."

"Oh, yes, yes, to be sure. I should say she'd be very popular. Just the kind of girl to fit in here. Self-possessed, but not too much so; really a charming manner."

"She will be better known later, I'm sure," answered Eliza-

beth, with some hesitation. There really did not seem to be anything to say about Katherine; her making such an impression on the professor was decidedly puzzling. To her, Katherine's manner had seemed anything but charming. But while Professor Roland was reconciling his impressions of Katherine with Elizabeth's non-committal attitude by that generality which seems to the masculine mind of universal application, that all women are jealous, Elizabeth was beginning to realize the truth concerning Katherine's position. "The poor child must feel simply lost in this place," she said to herself. "'Not popular with her own class,' they say; that's pretty hard. I believe I'll take the risk, after all, and go and see her."

One afternoon early in November, Katherine was feeling particularly blue. In this mood she felt that her companions were worse than unsatisfying, and that at the same time there was no escape for her while she remained in the house. She seemed to herself to have no center of gravity, and to achieve, by each motion that she made, an entirely unexpected result. Removed from her family and social life, she was out of her orbit. She wandered hopelessly amid conditions where, as it were, the algebraic signs familiar to her former life represented totally different quantities. In her sanguine moods she felt that some day she should discover what these signs stood for, and then solve the problems about her as the other students seemed to do; but to-day nothing desirable seemed possible. The college experience to which she had looked forward so ambitiously was degenerating into a series of more or less creditable and successful attempts at "having fun." The fun was tempered by the knowledge that those in the community for whose opinion she most cared either noticed her not at all, or referred to her somewhat scornfully as "one of that crowd." In desperation she felt that her feet were irreversibly set upon the downward path, and that she was never meant for college life. For the intangible spirit of the place had no fellowship with the seeking of pleasure for its own sake; other things were sought, and the pleasure came with them, so it seemed, and came abundantly. If the two prominent sophomores who roomed next to her occasionally pulled down each other's hair, it did not necessarily follow that they watched the clock with strained nerves during the next day's recitations. Why was it that their apparently incessant tennis and basket-ball were no

such impediment to their college work as was in Katherine's case the lounging in and out of her friends' rooms? There was something mysterious in the matter, something radically wrong; and she felt blind and powerless. And then, to think of Elizabeth Hodges being junior president!

It was just then that Elizabeth Hodges knocked at the door. Katherine rose cordially as she entered, for she had resolved to be at least courteous the next time they met.

"It was ever so good of you to come, Miss Hodges," she said. "You must be a very busy person."

"I'm only sorry I couldn't come before," answered Elizabeth, seating herself with a self-possession and a graciousness which surprised Katherine and made her wonder whether, after all, the president of the junior class might not be well worth cultivating. This idea deepened into a conviction before her visitor left. There was a magnetism about Elizabeth which caused Katherine to unbend to her more than she had to any one since her arrival. She seemed an embodiment of the college spirit, and when she went she left a breath of it behind. Together with a feeling of shame at her misunderstanding and misuse of all that was around her, there came upon Katherine the dawning of a great love. And she saw that she had only to put out her hand and take of the plentiful harvest that was waiting to be gathered. This stimulant, tender, comprehending atmosphere, of which she suddenly began to realize the existence,—could it be the result of the association in this place of girls like Elizabeth Hodges? If she could but begin again!

Then all at once she smiled. Who was she, that she could not begin again? Did any one outside of her house know her? Were there not many paths she had left quite untrodden, many channels into which she could pour herself, and forget the past? The mortifying realization that she was less than nothing to those about her clothed itself in happiness.

The beginning again was not wholly easy. She found that she was better known than she had supposed; but in the end this did not militate against her. She threw herself heartily into her class work, and was surprised to find that she was really interested, and that, apart from the appreciation shown by her instructors, there was an inspiration in it. At first she felt that Elizabeth deserved the entire credit for pulling her out of her Slough of Despond; later, when she studied psychology,

she began to meditate upon the matter from an impersonal standpoint, and to realize that from the time of her arrival the college spirit had been working upon her, and that she had merely not recognized it until it presented itself visibly and tangibly in the form of Elizabeth Hodges. Seeing what the prize was, she had desired it. Seeing that the starting-point was not Hamilton, but the campus, she had set her feet upon the right path.

Katherine never achieved college fame. She redeemed herself wholly in the eyes of those who had known her at first, and she made many friends. But she was not captain of her class team, or editor of the *Monthly*, or even senior president; in short, she was not the typical college heroine. Yet, as the college had opened her eyes, and had given her the chance to develop from an importunate child into the woman she was meant to be, so, in the fullest sense of the words, she was a college success.

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR.

## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### SONNET

When Nature's tears have made the whole world sad,  
And all her creatures with her mourn her sorrow,  
Each blade of grass seems eager to be glad  
In joy that cometh with a radiant morrow.  
Although her tear-drops glisten everywhere,  
The Sun, defiant from his long restraint,  
Makes even their unwillingness repair  
To worship him, and give back, without taint  
Of sorrow, all his majesty of light  
Transmuted into loveliness of hue ;  
And every earthly thing doth figure bright  
Against the sky's expanse of cloudless blue.  
The rain has passed ; and in the world's new birth  
A new divinity is given to earth.

ELISABETH SCRIBNER BROWN.

" Benjamin U. Huff, Fine Confectionery,  
Choice Assortment of Cigars and Tobacco."

" Yaas, thet's sartainly better than  
A Woman's Way the old sign. It's worded neat, an' thet's  
what summer folks appreciate." Mr.

Huff smiled contentedly around his little store ; he looked with pride at the new glass cases that covered his "choice assortment." "The slides shove back just as handy," he chuckled, pushing them open for the fortieth time to adjust a "30 cts a lb." sign that was stuck into a pile of chocolates, like a rakish tombstone. "An' it ain't only a terbaccer an' candy store nuther ; it's the only place on the beach thet sells pails an' shovels an' noospapers,—an'—bathin'-suits," he added doubtfully, looking at the scanty flannel suit that had hung for three seasons on a hook outside the door. "Thet suit never *did* sell"—

His soliloquy was interrupted at this point by the sound of his wife's footsteps on the stairs.

"Dern me if thet ain't Nancy comin' down agin!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Must 'a hurried through her chores seems if—Want me?" as his wife thrust her head through the kitchen door.

"No; just put in a batch of peanuts to roast an' I'll come in an' stir 'em a spell." And the head disappeared.

"Wall, somethin's goin' to happen," remarked Ben, "an' I'll bet it's a row. Her offerin' to roast my peanuts of a Monday mornin' looks suspicious; an' then she had on them curl papers an' they always mean trouble." He went over to the roaster and dropped the peanuts into it one by one. "Like as not she's goin' to try to coax me into somethin',—she don't offer to roast peanuts for nuthin'! But I see through her wheedlin', an' she can't move me any more'n a rock."

He settled himself firmly and grasped the handle of the peanut roaster which was beginning to steam and whistle briskly by the time Mrs. Huff returned.

"Is thet apple puddin' I smell?" asked Ben, sniffing expectantly as his wife shut the kitchen door. "Ain't expectin' company, Nancy?"

"No, but we ain't had any puddin' for a spell, an' Clemmie likes it," replied Nancy apologetically. "Here, let me sit down there an' turn; it ain't good fer your rheumatics to be bent up so."

Ben cast a wondering glance at her and obeyed.

"The sign looks great, don't it?" she went on. "I think Clemmie done fine on it, considerin' he didn't hev only thet green paint left over from the barn. I'll tell you what Mrs. Grant, up to the hotel, says to me yesterday about Clem. Says she, 'Your son Clem's got the makin' of an artist in him. The other day down on the beach,' says she, 'he sketched a lan'scape on a shell, an' it showed real talent!' Them was her very words!"

"Now I know just what you're drivin' at, Nancy," interrupted Ben. "An' I tell you right off now it ain't no use. You're dead set on hev'in' Clem go to the city with thet young noos-paper feller thet's offered him a job makin' pictures for the paper. I say store-keepin's good enough fer any promisin' young man, an' Clem ought to be glad to hev 'a hand in a flourishin' business like mine. There ain't no need to encourage any of them high-flown notions!"



"Wall, don't get excited, Ben," said Mrs. Huff, soothingly, "I don't want my Clem to go off no more than you do; I was jest goin' to say it's too bad to disappoint him. He's allers been set on makin' pictures. Howsomever, he may like sellin' things when he's boss of the store himself, an' thet'll be in a few years now. You'll hev to take a back seat then, father," she went on, with a sly smile in his direction. "It will be kinder nice hevin' Clem set up for himself. He'll mos' likely hev an annex put on the store fust thing; an' you can stay out in the kitchen an' roast peanuts; it'll be a good rest fer you."

Mr. Huff did not appear to share his wife's enthusiasm at this prospect. He looked anxiously around his little store, and tried to imagine Clem behind the counter in his place; he shuddered at the thought of an annex. Sit in the kitchen and roast peanuts indeed!

"The summer folks is used to seein' *me* settin' here dealin' out terbaccer an' candy," he protested feebly.

"Oh wall, they'd soon get used to Clem, an' he's so pop'lar with the hotel folks," returned his wife pitilessly. "He'd get a lot of trade. He prob'ly won't sell terbaccer anyhow; it ain't the swell thing nowadays. He might interduce dry goods or groceries. We'll hev it up to date, anyway, an' I'll talk to Clem about it this afternoon. We might's well begin to plan 'bout it."

She rose, and emptied the hot peanuts from the roaster, apparently dismissing the subject as settled.

Ben's face had been growing longer and longer. He fidgeted about in silence for a few minutes; then he asked suddenly, "When are you goin' to see thet noospaper feller again?"

"Oh, I believe he did say he'd be comin' round to-night to find out about it. He's a nice-appearin' feller, an' I'm afraid he'll be some put out, but we'll jes' tell him he can't hev Clem. I'm glad it's settled, anyhow. I might 'a *knowed* you knew more about it than me. Wall, I guess I might be seein' to thet apple-puddin'; it smells done," and Mrs. Huff went toward the kitchen door.

"Nancy!" called her husband sternly, as she turned the knob, "You come back. I've been thinkin', an' I come to the conclusion thet Clem ain't jes' suited fer runnin' this store; he ain't got my business abilities. I'll talk to thet young man my-

self, when he comes this evenin', an' if Clem *wants* to go, I shell let him try fer a spell. Mebbe you'll be disappointed about thet annex, but my mind is set now, an' when Ben Huff has his mind set on a thing, it's dern hard to change it."

Mrs. Huff shut the door softly and smiled again as she took out the apple pudding.

MARGUERITE CUTLER PAGE.

ST. JOHN'S EVE

There's a shimmer and sheen on the dew, I ween,  
As it beads the blades of grass ;  
There's a swaying breeze through the tops o' the trees,  
Though the languid lake is glass ;  
There's a tinkling tone i' the harebell's cone,  
For now the fairy-folk pass.

In a flowery wreath o'er the breathless heath,  
The Elf-king leads the dance ;  
The laughing strains of his lilt's refrain,  
The fairy ears entrance ;  
While his silver sho'on thro' the path o' the moon,  
Enticingly gleam and glance.

There's a whiz and a whirr in a frightened stir,  
As the fireflies circle the lane ;  
There's death and despair in the shining snare  
Of the fairies' glistening chain ;  
For the captive soul will pay bitter toll  
With his service of seven years' pain.

MARIE STUART.

One can hardly pick up a number of the "Ladies Home Journal," the "Woman's Home Companion," or of any of the thousand and one magazines devoted to the interests of the home, without finding articles offering both advice and sympathy to different types of girls. There they are : one for the bashful girl, who must be encouraged and brought forward ; or for the tomboy, whose romping ways are due merely to her high spirits ; or for the ungainly girl, who needs years to round her out,—all these have a helping word given them, but no one ever dreams of extending sympathy to the girl who "looks."

It may be that the unfortunate side of her possession has not been brought to the notice of people at large. Perhaps she is not recognized as a type, and a subject to be tenderly dealt with. In truth, she can belong to any type. Be she pretty or homely, short or tall, graceful or awkward, if a girl has a mobile face, and is thrown with critical people who are fond of analyzing aloud, her happiness and unconsciousness are forever gone. We hear a good deal about the misfortune of having great riches, yet the possession of mobile features is a far worse fate. The former can be given away, or at least turned over to the care of some one else, but this is impossible with the latter. Nothing can keep the girl who looks, from looking.

"One can always tell what you're thinking about, anyway," declare her friends. She knows very well that they can not. She almost wishes they could, their misinterpretations of her expressions are so sad. One of her friends, for instance, a vivacious, fun-loving girl says, "I'd like to throw a brick at you when you look at me like that. When I'm telling a story and every one else is doubling up, you sit there with that supercilious smile on your face, thinking what an idiot I am. The minute I catch your eye everything falls flat, you cynical old thing!" Now this is very hard when the girl has been thoroughly enjoying the story, and wishing that she could entertain a roomful of people as well. There is another friend who will never let her smile or move her brows during their conversations without teasing her for the idea which is the supposed cause of the motion. The girl disclaims the possession of such a thing. "Oh, you'd never look like that if you weren't thinking of something nice," persists the curious individual. So to save her reputation as a thinking being, the girl has to evolve an idea from the hazy sensations which she has been enjoying, and drag it forth, hoping that it will match the expression.

Then there are faces whose mechanism she understands. Faces which in a moment of madness she has "made up" for the amusement of a friend. She meets some guests in the friend's room. She is trying to combine the right proportions of informality and dignity in her manner, when a request is made for her please to do her baby or cherub face, or—most ignominious of all—her pug-dog face, which, the strangers are told, she does to perfection!

The girl looks meditatively at her neighbor across the table.

The neighbor begins to squirm. "Ugh ! stop looking at me like that," she commands.

"I'm sorry, I didn't know I was," replies the unconscious victimizer, and drops her eyes to her lap.

"Well, you needn't look like a martyr," is the criticism.

What is a girl to do ? Her face is in repose, she looks cross ; she is tired, she looks glum. The only look that every one recognizes is one of joy, and that does not mean anything. It is often difficult to find reasons for her smiles,—which perhaps explains the remark that she is "grinning like an idiot." Yet even this is better than to be told to cheer up because you look like a thunder-cloud.

Now I beg of you extend your tenderest sympathy to the girl who looks, and if you number her among your friends, be kind. For once forego the pleasures of criticism, that she may go on her way, peacefully unconscious of the fault which she can not overcome.

ALLIE NEAL LOCKE.

Waring was walking jauntily through the bright October woods. He seemed to be in a cheerful, even an exalted state of mind, and any one observing him would

**In Which the Cow** have been far from supposing that he  
**Does Not Appear** had just gone through the trying ordeal of a refusal. Yet such was the case.

For three long months he had been laying siege to Miss Ainslee's heart, and to-day for the fourth time she had told him that she did not love him and never would, and ended by requesting him to let her alone. An ordinary mortal would have been discouraged, especially since Miss Ainslee had always been indifferent, to say the least. Yet Waring was not even cast down. All his life he had been a novel-reader and a theater-goer, and from these two sources he had gathered a knowledge of woman-nature rarely, if ever, equaled. It was one of the foundation-stones of his belief that a woman always says and does the direct opposite of what she means,—if she says "yes," you may at once conclude that she means "no," and vice versa. Naturally, viewed in the light of this theory, Miss Ainslee's conduct was far from discouraging. Still, Waring felt that this fourth refusal had brought matters to a crisis, and he was conscious that his love-story had reached the third chapter from

the end, in which it would be necessary for him to turn the course of events, and rescue the plot from a tragic close, by saving Miss Ainslee's life.

Here again the ordinary mortal would have been utterly at a loss. Miss Ainslee was not in the habit of rowing in leaky boats, and sinking at the proper distance from the shore ; or of riding unmanageable steeds, and being run away with ; or of falling over precipices, and getting caught on bushes half-way down ; or of getting into any other of the thousand and one perilous positions usually resorted to by heroines to give their respective heroes a chance to rescue them. And worst of all, if she had been in any such position, she probably would have been the first to see the way out and take it for herself. The case seemed hopeless. Yet here again Waring triumphed through his knowledge of woman-nature. He argued that he would attain the same result if Miss Ainslee believed he had saved her life, as if he really had ; and he meant to bring about this belief on her part, by taking advantage of a weakness in women which he considered universal ; namely, their dread of cows. His plan was very simple. He was going to hire a cow, station it in the path through which Miss Ainslee was sure to pass, and appear at the proper moment to rescue her from it. So confident was he of success, that he was already picturing to himself the scene after the dreadful brute had been driven away. She would try to express her gratitude, stammering and blushing, and he would beg her not to thank him, modestly assuring her that he had done only what any man would have been glad to do in his place, and gallantly adding that he could never thank Fortune enough since she had given to him the honor. He would walk home with her, of course, but he would not press his advantage then. He thought it much more dramatic to walk in silence, and only sigh a little at parting. But he would go to her in the evening, and find her waiting for him, dressed in a white gown and playing softly on the banjo,—that was the only instrument she could play. She would be startled at his approach, and unable to conceal her joy, and he—

There is no knowing to what lengths his imagination would have carried him, if he had not at this point reached the farm where he expected to procure the cow.

Farmer Watkins was in his barn-yard, when Waring appeared and preferred his rather singular request. The worthy man

would no doubt have been surprised and suspicious, if he had not just finished a course in summer boarders, which had prepared him for anything extraordinary in the way of requests. Still, while he did not doubt the young man's sanity, he was not going to lend one of his cherished Jerseys without knowing to what use she was to be put.

"Wal now, what fur?" he inquired dubiously.

"To—to—to show to a young lady," stammered Waring, taken off his guard; but he added artfully, "she's down from the city, don't you know; never has seen a live cow, and wants to see one on its native heath, and all that. She would have come herself, but couldn't get away. So I was sent to fetch one. Couldn't refuse, don't you know; really can't go back without it."

Farmer Watkins considered.

"Wal now, ain't that too bad?" he said finally. "The cows are all off at the pasture, and I can't say I see my way to eendin' any one after 'em at this time of day."

As his glance wandered around the barn-yard, as though a stray cow might be lurking in one of its corners, his face suddenly cleared.

"Now if you was only lookin' for an animal to show her, how'd a goat do?" he ventured. "Goats ain't near as common as cows, anyways. They're what you might call a fancy animal, so to speak. I'd ruther see a goat than a cow, any day."

The two men walked over and inspected the "fancy" animal, which was engaged in gently butting the barn-door to and fro, just to keep its horns in practice. It was not one of those pretty, white, long-haired little creatures one often sees tied up in blue ribbons, pulling a baby's cart. This specimen was as large as a good-sized calf, and the homeliest animal Waring had ever seen. It was long and lean, spotted brown and dirty white; and when it turned its head, and blinked at him with malicious yellow eyes, Waring saw that its mouth was crooked, and that it had a ridiculous, ragged little beard.

"Willum the Konkerer!" said the farmer, with a chuckle of reminiscence. "There was a lady here last summer who used to call him that. She was mighty shy of him, for a fact; and she ain't the only one neither. All women-folks is afraid of Billy."

"Are they?" asked Waring, eagerly. "Well, I think he

will do. That is," he added doubtfully, "if you are sure he is perfectly safe."

"Don't you worry," was the encouraging reply. "He's ten years old if he's a day, and he's gettin' stiff in his j'int's. He's as harmless as a lamb."

So a rope was brought and tied around the horns of the unsuspecting goat, and he was handed over to Waring, with many secret misgivings on the part of the latter.

"I hope he doesn't—a—butt, don't you know?" he inquired nervously, as the farmer bade them good-by at the gate. Billy had a way of rolling up his glassy eyes and lovingly twining his horns round one's legs, that was horribly suggestive.

"Oh, he don't often try that game," Billy's owner replied cheerfully. "I guess he wants to have his head scratched, that's what's the matter with him. He'll be all right."

For a time the two got on very well,—slowly, to be sure, for Billy seemed to be inordinately fond of having his head scratched; yet Waring had no fear that they would not reach the scene of action before Miss Ainslee returned from the golf-links. When they reached the path through the woods, however, Billy rebelled. It was not befitting a goat of his age and dignity to go trapesing around the country at the heels of an inexperienced youth, with no prospect of food and shelter at the end of his journey. This nonsense had gone far enough, and he for one was not going to stand it any longer. He stopped in the middle of the path and obstinately refused to be persuaded to move. "Nice William! Nice old William! Come along, there's a good old boy," pleaded Waring, desperately. Billy gazed at him with quiet scorn, and then, deciding to waste no more valuable time, calmly began to chew his cud. This was too exasperating. Waring lost his timidity and his temper together. "You shall come, confound you!" he shouted, and grasped with no gentle hand the patriarch's scanty beard. The result was sudden and unexpected. Billy started back as though he had been shot, his eyes blazing and every hair on his body erect. This stripling had actually dared to lay violent hands on his beard, the pride and darling of his old age, the apple of his eye! This was an insult he could not forgive. His honor would never be satisfied unless blood were shed. Cocking his head on one side and raising one shoulder, he hurled himself full at the astonished youth. Just in time,

Waring turned and fled, hearing behind him the ominous thud of his enemy's hoofs. Considering his age and the stiffness of his joints, Billy got over the ground amazingly ; and Waring had barely time to draw himself into the low limbs of a friendly tree, before the enraged goat brought up underneath.

Then Waring, though exposed to no immediate danger, found himself in a very trying position. After one or two half-hearted attempts to butt down the tree, Billy took a commanding position near by, and resumed the occupation which had been so rudely interrupted, chewing his cud with half-shut eyes, and a general appearance of unconcern. Yet when Waring, encouraged by this seeming indifference, began to descend, Billy was always wide awake and ready to receive him. The poor young man was just beginning to resign himself to the idea of remaining there until night, when help came from an unexpected quarter. With a light, firm step, her cheeks flushed with exercise and her eyes bright, Miss Ainslee came down the path, her golf-bag swinging from her shoulder. To do Waring justice he would rather have come down and run all risks than have her find him in such a position. But it was too late. Miss Ainslee took in the situation at a glance, and stood struggling hard to keep down her laughter. But Billy also perceived the new-comer, and welcomed this opportunity to vent his pent-up wrath. He backed off and prepared for action.

"Miss Ainslee," shouted Waring warningly, "the beast is after you ! Run for your life !"

She did not deign to reply, but deliberately drawing her putter from the bag, she met the on-coming goat with a few well-directed blows. William the Conqueror, before whom no woman hitherto had dared make a stand, was surprised and discomfited by this unexpected resistance. And when Miss Ainslee followed up her advantage, and advanced upon him with threatening club, he hastily decided that in this case discretion was the better part of valor, and saved the remnant of his dignity by stalking solemnly off through the woods, wagging his little tail and muttering low in his beard. Then Miss Ainslee turned to Waring.

"I think you may safely come down now," she said cuttingly. "Would you like me to help you ?" and when he stood by her side, she added, "I will walk with you to the edge of the woods, if you like."

Without waiting for his reply, she led the way down the path



and he followed in silent misery. When they reached the open she turned, her lips grave, but her eyes running over with laughter.

"I think it will be safe for you to go on alone now," she said. "There are, to be sure, a few cows to pass, but I really think they are harmless. And I'm sure you won't meet another goat; such dangerous animals are rarely allowed to run loose."

"Miss Ainslee, I—" he began wretchedly, but she interrupted him hastily.

"I beg of you not to thank me," she said, "I assure you I did only what any woman would have done in my place. Good afternoon."

It was cruel, but the temptation was great, and after this one outbreak she never again mentioned to Waring or any one else what took place that afternoon in the woods; which Waring probably thought another proof that she was an extraordinary woman.

A year later, Waring was one of a group of men who were discussing Miss Ainslee's recent engagement to one of their friends.

"Jack always was a lucky fellow," said one. "Always went in for the best, and what's more, always got it. I confess I envy him his wife."

Waring blew a couple of smoke-rings into the air with elaborate unconcern.

"Do you, now?" he said indifferently. "Well, I don't know that I do. Miss Ainslee's a fine girl, an awfully fine girl, and I respect and admire her, and all that. But isn't she just a little too independent, don't you think? I rather believe I prefer the kind one can take care of and protect, don't you know."

Such is the gratitude of man.

MARGARET HAMILTON WAGENHALS.

#### THE SONG OF THE SEA

The gray old rocks are all aglow  
 With the sunset's crimson gold,  
 Foam-crested waves laugh soft and low,  
 And sing the song of old :—  
     We come, we go,  
     And none may know  
     The secrets of the deep,  
     For those we keep—we keep.

Out of the gloaming gleams a star,  
A far off ship goes drifting slow,  
The dim old sea looms out afar,  
The waves croon soft and low :—  
We come, we go,  
But none may know  
The secrets of the deep,  
For those we keep—we keep.

The soft west wind blows o'er the sea,  
Over the world breaks morning's gold,  
The little waves all laugh with glee,  
And sing the song of old :—  
We come, we go,  
And none may know  
The secrets of the deep,  
For those we keep—we keep.

MARGARET REBECCA PIPER.

There has been scarcely any literary man who has not appreciated his fire and written of it, and there is scarcely any one, whether literary or not, who has not dreamed before his fire and longed to express his dreams. It seems as if others must already have written about all the fancies and aspirations with which our fires fill us, yet each time the fire crackles and the wind moans, we feel something that can never be put into words. We dream our dream of love and work and perhaps fame, and hug these visions to us lest they should vanish at some interruption.

There are all sorts of fire-places and all sorts of people. Let who can choose one to suit himself. Let it be high and broad, with roaring flames, or low, with a cosy warmth. Mine I did not choose, but—I love it. It is small and narrow, and no polished andirons reflect the flames. They call it a grate,—that part which holds my glowing coals. The word would suffice to drive away all reverie were the fire less beautiful.

With care I hoard my pile of ashes and condemn to my eternal disfavor the maid who would make my room neat by carrying them away. Alas ! Her training has been too good. Ashes are to her only dirt which a draft may scatter about to the disgrace of chairs and tables. I am afraid she never dreams. Tending a fire is too much a business, a science, with her. To sit and poke a few sticks with an old Indian-club for a

poker is, to her mind, as utterly unmeaning as to smile pensively at a gas log is to mine. She can not realize that, as I watch the red and purple flames, I am no longer my insignificant self, but become great in my personality and in my achievements; that I am able to do all that I would, and that I would do the greatest things. It is as if I had passed into another world—a very comfortable, peaceful world—in which my plans never miscarry and each success leads to a greater. I see my every-day self struggling along, making blunders and getting over them as best she may, but this only makes the reverie sweeter, for my dream-self feels able to help her out of all troubles, and sometimes almost sees into her future. Few things can make us forget our own pettiness so successfully as the fire does. In its light we see only our strength, and feeling strong makes us so.

All this my fire in my poor little grate does for me, and I love it.

MARTHA MELISSA HOWEY.

#### A LULLABY

When angels sing a lullaby  
The baby sleeps.  
The tired eyelids softly droop,  
The sweet lips part, and angels stoop  
To kiss the brow.  
The baby sleeps.

When angels sing a lullaby  
The mother weeps.  
Her arms a burden hold no more,  
The cradle that she rocked before  
Is empty now.  
The mother weeps.

EDA VON LESKA BRUNÉ.

## EDITORIAL

"College spirit" is a term familiar to us all, and one which is put to as hard and varied a use as any in our local vocabulary. It is a term not easily to be defined in its extension and intension; but the quantity that it represents is in no way indefinite. One comes to regard this college spirit as a factotum. It is an excuse, it is an explanation, it is a quality to be gloried in for its own merit, it is a powerful spur and motive where all others fail. Indeed—and pity 'tis 'tis true—it has become indissolubly linked in some minds with importunate exhortations to do certain things that one does not feel inclined to do. But this is unworthy perversion; and those who use the term should do so with conscientiousness and discretion, lest a powerful and sterling element of our college life fall into disrepute at their hands.

For this college spirit of ours is a thing to be proud of; and we have rejoiced at the recent stirring of it by our quartercentenary celebration. Of many elements which unite to make it, pride is one; and it is this element which has been strongest during these days filled with the thought of what our college has become. Our poet laureate tells us that for our boastful moods we have no judge so stern as our Alma Mater; and surely this sternest of our judges will not be hard in condemnation of her children whose pride is all filial and tempered by their loyalty and love.

And if, to those who do not know her, our attitude with regard to the best and dearest of colleges seems unwarrantable, or seeming warrantable yet gives offense, among ourselves we know that there is an element in our feeling which justifies and counterbalances the rest. This is our respect for the mind whose judgment and ability has given our college her growth and prosperity; our love for the spirit that has given her her ideals. College pride we can not help feeling as we review our history; an admiration, a respect, and a love deeper than our pride, is the tribute we pay in loyal gratitude for all the best that our college has given us.

## **EDITOR'S TABLE**

The most consistently interesting and the most consistently disappointing feature of undergraduate literary publications are one and the same. The serious articles divide themselves distinctly and more or less evenly into the two classes of those that are well worth the reading and those into which only the devoted friends and family of the author go farther than the opening sentence. The good "heavy" has a double interest for us, from its being written from a point of view approximately our own; but the dull one is dismally and unrelievedly dull. A required paper it is for the most part, with the mark of the class-room plain upon it; and it reeks in every sentence with its writer's consciousness of virtue and diligence. As for college verse, it seldom lacks a certain melody and grace, but the large body of it is, if not absolutely meaningless, at least absolutely tame, though we are glad to look through it all for the sake of the occasional flashes of wit and the yet rarer gleams of true poetry that reward our patience.

But with college fiction, the case is different. Almost never of a high degree of excellence, it is with equal infrequency devoid of all merit. One story half disgusts us in the reading by its inartistic use of language; but half an hour later, when the taste of its English has gone out of our mouth, we can not but realize that the story itself was unusually vigorous and fascinating. Another bit of narrative leads us along delighted by the charm of its phraseology, yet leaves us at the end with a distinct sense of disappointment at the weakness or the incompleteness of its plot. Neither tale is satisfying considered as a finished product, but as necessary experiments both are worth the while. There is probably more hope of making a good story-teller from the writer of the first, since constructive ability is the fundamental requirement for success in that line. As for us, we may take from them both what enjoyment they have to offer now, increased by the certain promise of more unmixed pleasure from their future work.

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The most obvious difficulty which beset the class of 1900 in presenting "Twelfth Night" lay in the necessity of reforming Sir Toby Belch and his boon companions. Impartial observers watched the ex-

periment doubtfully, while the newspapers made merry with the idea. By heroic cutting, all references to sack and canary might be banished from the lines, all traces of bibulousness from the bearing of the jolly knight, but would not the mirth of the scene disappear with them? Or if it remained would it not appear forced and causeless?

That this difficulty was overcome, and more than overcome, in the presentation of the play last June, was due to the admirable acting of Sir Toby. His joviality was so spontaneous, so rich, and so well-sustained that it was impossible to think about its source. The man himself as we saw him was an ample explanation of any pranks that might be committed on the stage while he was there. The best comic scene in the play was the sometime "reveling scene," in which all the actors attained an infectiousness of humor at times a little lacking in some of them. In the scene of the forged letter the interest flagged somewhat, but this I think was largely due to the arrangement which fused several comic scenes in one without any intermission of seriousness.

If Sir Toby carried off the first honors of the play for originality and sheer delightfulness, the second place was well deserved by Viola. Without forcing herself into the excess of prominence of the modern star, she left a clear, even, and very pleasing impression, of notable delicacy and poetic feeling. It was hardly in the more famous speeches that she shone so much as in small touches of pitying amusement at Olivia's mistake, or wistful love of Orsino. The poetic element of the delineation was enhanced throughout by a beautiful voice; indeed, the general excellence of the voices was a marked feature of the play.

Among minor characters, the one who stands out for the most unqualified praise is Olivia. Bearing herself with gracious dignity, she did not attempt a depth of passion which would only have made the part jarring and distasteful, but was throughout the wilful yet lovely great lady. The role of Orsino was less delicately interpreted, erring several times on the side of a misplaced vehemence; but in voice, physique, and bearing the Duke of Illyria was very satisfactory. It was probably a wise choice which saw in the Clown a singer rather than a comedian: his many beautiful songs were more than compensation for a lack of breadth in his fooling.

From the nature of the case, the effort of the senior play is not to show a

single star against a background of minor performers, but to give good parts, demanding and repaying sympathetic interpretation, to as many people as possible. We accept the occasional genius with profound thankfulness, but what we have to depend on is the diffusion throughout the class of intellectual appreciation, unbounded zeal, and some share of real dramatic ability. The best play for college purposes, therefore, is one in which the greatest variety of interest depends on the greatest number of characters. Except in its mobs, which have no particular acting to do, "Twelfth Night" admirably meets this requirement, for the humor and poetry in which it is so rich are dealt out generously among a considerable cast. Therefore it is high praise of the June performance, both as a college play and as a presentation of "Twelfth Night," to say that after all its greatest merit was its evenness. The general level was high: two or three actors—and fortunately those on whom most depended—rose above it, but almost none fell below it.

RITA CREIGHTON SMITH '99.

The collation given to the alumnae by the college was held in the gymnasium immediately after the Commencement Exercises, on June 19th, and was largely attended. This collation took the place of the Alumnae Tea, which in other years followed the regular business meeting of the Alumnae Association. President Seelye made his usual happy speech, and Mrs. Hill, the newly elected trustee, gave reminiscences of her college days.

At three o'clock the Association held its annual meeting in the Chemistry Lecture Room, Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes '81, presiding. This was the largest alumnae meeting ever held. Mrs. Clarke '83, reported for the alumnae trustees that the sum of \$1000 from the L. Clarke Seelye Fund had been distributed to fourteen departments for the purchase of books.

Announcement was made, through Miss Iles '95, of a gift of \$86 to the library, a memorial to Laura G. Bigelow from her classmates. It was voted that the Association work for the Students' Building Fund during the coming year, and a committee was appointed to take charge of the work. The election of Mrs. Justina Robinson Hill '80, as alumna trustee, was announced.

The newly elected officers of the Association are:—Mrs. Mary Frost Sawyer '94, First Vice President; Ellen Holt '90, Second Vice President; Eleanor H. Nichols '95, Secretary; Mrs. Lucia Clapp Noyes '81, retains the office of President, and S. Alice Brown '81, the office of Treasurer. Votes of thanks were given to the retiring trustee, Mrs. Clarke, and to Miss Covell, Secretary, for their efficient and faithful services.

ELEANOR H. NICHOLS '95, Secretary.

[The following is a condensed report of Mrs. Hill's address, given by request at the collation:]

Madam President, Smith Alumnae:—

The class of 1880 greets its sister alumnae and returns after twenty years to renew its loyalty and pledge its future devotion to our dear and honored Alma Mater. You, Madam President, have asked for a "jovial and statistical" report from our class, and most gladly would we comply

with your request, but alas! we never were jolly girls and Professor Adams taught that dates and figures were useful only as hooks upon which to hang facts. We were the second of the two classes to which a professor referred, when asked how matters were getting on at Smith College, in saying:—"Since the first two classes left we have done very well, but they thought they could run the trustees, the faculty, and the whole outfit." There used to be a tradition that every other class was brainy and every other class was pretty. As there was no question of the intellectuality of the first class, that of 1879, and we had no beauty individually or collectively, we always considered ourselves comfortably classified between the brains and the beauties of our nearest classes.

We graduated the number of the Muses—nine. We are all living and not over a widely scattered territory:—our own Massachusetts claims three, New York State three, Philadelphia one, and Washington, D. C., two.

Five of the nine are married. I can not say that all our children are likely to be candidates for degrees at Smith College, for the President has ever emphasized the womanliness of Smith College. The six year old daughter of one of this class was so impressed with the idea that only women went to college that when she heard college men mentioned, she exclaimed, "Why, mamma, do boys go to college? I thought only young ladies went!" One of our number blessed with no children of her own finds her mission in caring for other people's children.

The members of our class have, as a rule, faithfully observed a promise made as we parted, to write an annual letter the first Sunday in October, giving an account of themselves for the year. Of the nine, eight started out as teachers and two remain in the work. Wherever our class have had influence as teachers, we have always remembered and upheld the advantages of Smith College. One of our class was for several years assistant in our college and many of you are glad to acknowledge your indebtedness to her. Seven have carried on advanced work at Smith, Radcliffe, Boston University, Cornell, and the New York School of Library Economy. Four have the degree of A. M. Two are trained librarians. One is in the state library and home education department at Albany. She was one of the first class in the first school in the world for training librarians, and occupies a place in its faculty. She also holds it a great privilege to have shared in the work and councils resulting in systemizing and raising the standards of secondary, higher, and professional education and degrees which have given the Empire State in recent years wide fame. Another is assistant librarian in one of the large scientific departments of Washington, D. C., where she is occupied with editorial, reference, and bibliographic work. In addition, she has published a card index which has the distinction of being the first index issued in this form and successfully continued as a periodical publication. It is used in the principal American and several foreign universities. One of our number has ready for publication a monograph—the result of earnest research—upon "Anti-Slavery Sentiment before 1808."

We may consider ourselves the mother of the Smith College Alumnæ Association, which we organized in 1881 upon the occasion of our first reunion. To one of our class is also due the Non-Graduate Association, for which a member of 1880 drew up its first constitution.



Although the first classes were small and the equipment of the college was incomplete, there were many compensations, among which we would like to mention the opportunity to know the residents of Northampton. We look back with gratitude to what Smith College did for us and we look forward to our twenty-fifth reunion, hoping to return then with our old numbers and with even deeper affection for Smith College.

The class of 1880 thanks the classes of 1900 and '94 for the flowers so thoughtfully presented at their class dinner.

**Addresses given at the Alumnae Meeting, October second.**

Mr. President, Members of the Alumnae :—

I congratulate you that we are assembled in such full numbers on this interesting occasion. We have left our busy homes and occupations to revisit our academic seat and here to pay homage to the college of our love and through it to all colleges and universities throughout the land ; " because in them truth is sought, knowledge increased and stored, literature, art, and science are fostered, and honor, duty, and piety are cherished." The spirit in which we come is one of profound thankfulness for the past, and well-grounded hope for the future. At this time we are entitled to enjoy together the history and the memories of the past twenty-five years, during which our cherished college has had its life, and hopefully to anticipate for it an ever widening sphere of usefulness and influence.

On your behalf I welcome most cordially the delegates from other colleges and universities ; and all other distinguished guests who honor us by their presence.

This morning with our undergraduate sisters we have looked at the ideals and condition of the college from their point of view. To-morrow it will be our privilege to hear the history of its origin and creation from him who first suggested to the founder the idea of this college, and who was her confidential adviser in the execution of the gift. To Dr. Greene as well as to Sophia Smith herself, our debt of gratitude will ever be due. To-morrow also we shall hear of the early years of the college from that able, energetic, single-minded, and yet fair-minded man who has presided over this institution during the entire period of its existence. His long term of service testifies to a steadfastness and a devotion unexampled in the history of the higher education of women. Other men and women have been called upon to deal with the difficulties of one period or another in the life of any given school. But President Seelye alone has met the problems of a college from the moment when its corner stone was laid to the day when it has taken an unassailable place among the great educational institutions of our country. Such, then, being the character of the exercises of this morning and of those in store to-morrow, it is fitting for us to devote a short time this afternoon to a consideration of the meaning of this college in the world at large ; and of the positions its alumnae are filling in the various walks of life.

We are now a body of nineteen hundred graduates. Surely the influence of so large a number of educated women is too far-reaching to be fully expressed to-day. But I shall ask you to listen for a brief time to the testimony of a few of our representatives who can speak with illumination of the

way in which the alumna is applying the intelligence and power which she has acquired. The speakers will need no formal introduction. We have no "oldest living graduate," and may the day be far distant when that honorary designation may be applied to a single representative of any class! I shall, however, begin by calling upon one of that immortal eleven who were the first to leave their homes and enter these academic halls to subject themselves to a strange "experiment," which would undoubtedly deprive them of all future interest in home life and all ability in practical affairs. Remarkable has been the result! As she can testify who has not only been a valued member of the Board of College Trustees, but has survived the varied experiences in philanthropic and intellectual pursuits without losing one of the privileges or foregoing any of the enjoyments of the domestic life. I will call on Mrs. Kate Morris Cone of the class of '79 to respond to the sentiment, "The Alumna and the Home."

In speaking to you of the home as a sphere of influence, I feel very much as some worker behind the scenes might feel if called upon to criticise the play. Some one else would do it

The Home as a Sphere of Influence  
for College Women

better. Looked at from the inside, which is necessarily my point of view, the home does not appear so

much a sphere of influence as an opportunity for satisfying the higher demands of one's nature. If you will permit me, therefore, I will leave you to imagine the influence, while I myself present the side of which I can speak; namely, the home as a satisfaction to a college woman's demand for a full and active life, in which mind and heart and hand shall have about equal play; and since less doubt exists as to the full employment of heart and hand in home-making, I shall confine myself chiefly to the intellectual satisfaction which a college-bred woman may get out of a home.

Let me get over the most debateable region to begin with, and show how college-bred brains may be exercised in housekeeping. House work is no longer a thing in which intelligent women need be bound by tradition and foreign models. Contrary to expectation it has been found to offer a field for research, for experiment, and for the application of science to common things of the very first importance. Already the work done by college women in domestic science, as, for instance, by Dean Talbot of Chicago University, Mrs. Ellen H. Richards of the Institute of Technology, and Miss Salmon of Vassar, is said to be the best fruit so far of the higher education of women; at least, the most original and the most needed by the world at large. One of the recent topics of discussion by the Association of Collegiate Alumnae is how to make college courses more practical, that is, how to interest college girls in housekeeping. College women have been largely instrumental in establishing a school of Domestic Science in Boston. Certain colleges and many schools offer courses on household subjects. This week a National Household Economic Association holds its eighth annual meeting at Toronto. To the college girl about to marry and keep house, opportunities for intellectual satisfaction open; first, in the direction of acquainting herself with the theories of household economics already put forth; second, in placing her

own menage upon a business and scientific basis and seeing the household machinery yield under her hand ; and third, in inventing or discovering or reforming something along domestic lines on her own account.

The whole subject of food, its choice, its preparation, its adulteration, and its adaptation to different sorts of efficiency, has been raised to the plane of science. The same is true of household sanitation. The housekeeper has the health of the household in her hands, and with the health, to a very great degree, the business and social success, the standing in school, and the moral value in the community of its different members. The cost of living, with intelligent people, is no longer a matter of guess-work. The family necessities and their relative importance are thoroughly understood. Whatever the size of the family income, the college-bred housekeeper has every incentive for being a good business woman, with the many satisfactions and dignities accruing thereto. The servant problem is part of yet greater problems of labor and capital, women's wages, the foreign element, and the elevation of the poor, and calls for sociological knowledge of the clearest and exactest sort. The procession of women which passes through our kitchens affords no mean chance for looking into the heart of the workaday world and lightening its burdens and brightening its dullness ; as good a chance, if one chose to improve it, perhaps, as going to live in a college settlement in the neighborhood where these women make their homes. How to get the work of the house done, the cooking, the cleaning, the tidying, and the serving, and how to get it done well and cheerfully with satisfaction to all concerned,—this ought not to fret but to interest the woman of trained intelligence ; it is her oyster which she ought to be glad to open.

Even the house work itself, when one must do it, becomes to the educated woman a revelation of the labor-saving capabilities of brains plus machinery ; and the methods and appliances of housework are said to be still far behind the times. It also enlightens us as nothing else does as to what we ask others to do for us, and as to what the great majority of womankind do daily. The final satisfaction is, by being mistress of the situation, to put the housekeeping in its proper place, that is, to make it serve an end instead of being an end in itself.

When more women have been to college and more college women have become wives and mothers, we shall begin to see develop the ideal American home. Mrs. Richards in her "Cost of Living," a little book, by the way, which does more to make a domestic career seem worth while than all that has been said on the subject in poetry and fiction combined, gives the practical basis of this ideal household as follows :—"The twentieth century household demands of its managers, first of all, a scientific understanding of the sanitary requirements of a human habitation ; second, a knowledge of the values, absolute and relative, of the various articles which are used in the home, including food ; third, a system of account-keeping that shall make possible a close watch upon expenses ; fourth, an ability to secure from others the best they have to give, and to maintain a high standard of honest work."

The bearing and rearing of children is the cap-stone of a liberal education. Motherhood is an experience which means much or little according as the woman to whom it comes is educated or ignorant. To the college-bred

mother it should bring not merely a revelation of her own nature, but insight into the meaning of all maternity. In the training of her children, the striking thing for such a mother to see is the working of law, the law of life, the law in our members, the moral law, the laws of thought, in obedience to which children, like the rest of us, prosper and in breaking which they die. The growing child is an object lesson in biology, ethnology, history, and psychology rolled into one, so wonderful, so beautiful, always so interesting and instructive, that it is worth going to college just to learn how to appreciate the spectacle. The attitude of learner and observer is particularly a characteristic of the educated mother. While it is her high privilege to interpret and apply law, she is too wise, or too humble, to dogmatize about that impossible entity, "the child." A large part of her business is simply to look on and understand her children; it is her chance as well as theirs; and scientific patience is the new factor which a college education contributes to motherhood.

Several side issues connected with bringing up children contribute to the mother's intellectual status, if so she wills. One of these is the chance to know intimately the best literature, old stories, noble poetry, and the best of modern writing. Children are keen and unprejudiced critics, and the mother's pleasure is about equally divided between trying anew the old magic and seeing the fresh young minds respond. A child, a good book, and a mother who loves both,—there is no bitterness or world-weariness in that combination! The very repetitions and explanations which children demand are good for the mother. Some stories and real poetry never wear out, and yield new beauties with each rehearsal. Told and retold, or read and re-read, the mature mind sees into the method of their construction and the reason for their vitality as never before, while, consciously or unconsciously, with this constant practice on the best models, the mother's own style as raconteur, reader, and writer improves. Another opportunity is in the outdoor world. Normal children love animals and flowers, butterflies and birds, stones and stars. If the mother has cared for any of these things in college, her taste and her duty will of course go hand in hand and one of the deepest satisfactions in life is in store for her. If she has been wholly literary or classical, then her children will open her eyes to new interests and possibilities; she will owe to them something no mental equipment is complete without; namely, an acquaintance with nature in one or more of its myriad forms. And with children one sees the happier side of nature, its joy, its poetry, its harmony, its ministry for man. Something ails grown-up taste both in literature and science. Children bring us back to a truer and purer state, for, as they prefer books without self-consciousness, so they like living things alive and the woods and fields better than laboratories and museums.

Again, the whole subject of education is of special interest to college-educated mothers;—education in the abstract, as a theory, on which a world of delightful books are to be read, both old and new; education as an experience which, whether good or bad, one always loves to remember; and education as an experiment, to be tried on one's own children. If the college-bred mother does not, in all this, find a good use for her brains, especially in steering a rational course for her young people through the mazes of kinder-

gartning, child-study, pedagogy, and manual versus mental training, it will not be for lack of opportunity.

Kitchen and nursery are not, after all, the spheres of highest activity in the home. The evocation of the home-spirit is the best part of what the mistress of the house may do. Home-making is a fine art and, like most other forms of artistic expression, it is technique plus something spiritual. I do not know why it is not as fine a thing to make a happy home as to paint a beautiful picture, or write a book, or be an educator or musician. It has the same effect on other minds as human-wrought beauty and truth in any form, while out of it true artistic satisfaction is derivable; namely, pleasure in creating something beautiful. Moreover, somebody must do the thing which other people try to express, and be the mother with the child, and live the story and the song, and practise the theories which the pedagogs preach. The man of the house furnishes the material necessities of the household; his money, which represents his time and energy, goes mainly for the physical support of his family. All this coal and food, clothing and service, the house-mother may transmute into peace and harmony, rest and comfort, and the other physical and spiritual amenities we associate with home. It is for her to make it worth while that father and husband and son should bear the burden and heat of the day outside in the world. Her privilege is to spiritualize and idealize daily duties, and domesticate the higher life. Even her servants should get from her the incentive of working for a high ideal, in the realizing of which no labor is menial and no trouble too great.

Or to view her mission in another light, as a rule, unless her lot is exceptionally cast, she will find that many of her neighbors have better houses than they know how to live in, and put more stress on dress than on behavior. The woman of culture and disciplined mind should control both wealth and poverty alike in the interests of home-making, and prove that the really beautiful and desirable thing is to have such a domestic menage as may serve the end of harmonious family life, father and mother, children and friends all together. The beauty of hospitality, the elegance of simplicity, the charm of sincerity and sympathy, the superiority of fine manners over fine furniture and fine clothes,—this is the gracious task set the college-bred mistress of a house. In it she will find, beside the charm of serving nobly those she loves, an uncommon opportunity for the development of her own character and the use of all her powers.

In choosing home-making as one's business in life, there could be no greater mistake than for the college-bred woman to fancy that she must sacrifice all her favorite intellectual pursuits. I do not think it is profitable for married women to be wage-earners. But for the house-mistress to love books and study, even to the extent of specializing in some department, is a blessing to everybody. The whole circle is enriched by the accomplishments of each member, of the mother as truly as of any other. An hour's daily study of Greek, if it is Greek she cares for, is a positive help in baby-tending, and the house work is better done if the mistress comes to it with a mind refreshed and stimulated. Intellectual interests keep the balance between the multitude of claims on strength and time which assail the house-mother, and give her that sense of proportion, in the various functions of a busy life, which is neces-

sary to its success. On the other hand, it is the busy woman with brains who knows how to value and employ the little leisure that she gets. Instead of fretting for more leisure, she should be thankful for the lesson of concentration to which she is forced, and comfort herself with the opinion and experience of no less a person than John Stuart Mill who believed that it was the duty of life to reconcile the active and the speculative, and declared that he could himself do more in two hours after a busy day, than when he sat down to write with time at his own command. Moreover, children grow up and the domestic machinery runs easier the longer one has it in hand. In later life the college-bred matron has all the chance she wants for the pursuit of her individual tastes. Happy is she, then as always, to have something abiding and outside herself to help her to withstand the shocks and changes of life and time.

In estimating the chances which a domestic career offers for mental growth, the contribution of heart and hand should not be omitted. The mind can not say to the affections "I have no need of thee," nor to the nimble fingers "I have no need of thee," for the one adds to knowledge, experience; and the other stands for muscular and nervous control. All three work together to produce a precious sense of fulness of life satisfying to the last degree. The final satisfaction trespasses on that sphere of influence which I asked you to imagine; it is in using one's education to fill full the content of the word *mother*, and so in seeing oneself become an earthly providence to eager little minds and souls as well as hearts and bodies. Froebel says that, at first, parents stand in the place of God to their children. To be conscious of that relation is to see at a glance both the consummation and the reason of all one's previous life and education.

It is a mistake to set up the home as the exclusive sphere for the educated woman. Yet it may fairly be claimed that, in the present state of society, the home offers to women a chance for broader development than any other career, while at the same time it may include another career. I myself am convinced that the kingdom of home is like the kingdom of heaven; sought first and with all one's heart, all else shall be added unto it.

KATE MORRIS CONE '79.

We appreciate the compliment implied in the frequent invitations that Smith receives from other institutions of learning for her graduates to serve on their staffs of instruction. And we are especially proud of the contributions we have made to our near-by sister, Wellesley, on whose faculty, I believe, our alumnae outnumber those of any other single college, her own, perhaps, excepted. It seems fitting, therefore, that in proposing our next theme, "The Alumna and Scholarship," I should ask to respond to it Miss Mary Whiton Calkins, Professor of Philosophy at Wellesley.

[Miss Calkins did not speak from notes, so that the following is only in outline and in substance what "was said."]

It is a pleasant duty to express the loyal regard of the alumnae of Smith College to the president, trustees, and faculty and to the gracious memory of the far-seeing and devoted woman to whom

The Alumna and Scholarship we owe all that Smith College has given to us. We acknowledge with especial gratitude the impulse toward scholarship and the training in scholarly habits of study received from our Alma Mater, whose service of the scholarly ideal we gladly recall to-day.

By scholarship we mean, I suppose, a thorough and extended acquaintance with the results of investigation in a given subject, supplemented by independent study which is accurate and detailed in observation, vivid and creative in imagination, selective and logical in thought. Scholarship, in other words, is the fusion of erudition and originality, and requires both elements, though people are always mistaking bare erudition or empty spontaneity for scholarship. But neither the summary, however complete, of other people's results and conclusions, nor the outburst, however lofty, of creative imagination, constitutes scholarship. Neither the pedants of the dry-as-dust school, to whom information is an end in itself, nor the tumultuous thinkers of a storm and stress period, are the scholars of an age. The true scholar has learning, but his learning is the incentive of his spontaneity; he reaches original results but relates them always with the intellectual achievements of the past; in truth, his learning and his spontaneity are organic parts of the living unity of his scholarship.

This makes clear the part which the college has in the growth of scholarship. It may give to its students, first of all, the true conception of scholarship in its dual nature, manifesting to them the dignity of learning and the beauty of inspiration. It distinctly fails to attain its own purpose if it does not lay adequate emphasis both on acquisition and on originality, if it does not insist upon accurate information and incite to independent thought and individual expression. The Oxford of John Locke's day which characterized him as a "man of turbulent spirit, clamorous, discontented," comparing him very unfavorably with the other students who "took notes deferentially," had no place for the spontaneity of scholarship; and it is to be feared that the spirit of seventeenth century Oxford often dominates the modern lecture room. The great distinction, on the other hand, of the philosophical faculties in Jena and Berlin during the early decades of the century, is precisely that rare combination of erudition and significant novelty which makes scholarship. The great masters of philosophy in those years, Fichte, and especially Hegel, were possessed of the spirit of philosophical insight and were also acquainted with historic systems of thought. The glory of modern universities, American as well as European, is their preservation of these two great traditions, their apprehension of the dual aim of scholarship. In a word, then, the college sets before its students an ideal of scholarship, and provides for them an environment suited not only to patient discipline in observation, imagination, and thought, but to independence and spontaneity. We can not ask more of the college. Life itself is too short to attain learning, and originality is endowment, not achievement. Evidently, therefore, the four undergraduate years, and even

the graduate years of study, can not create scholarship, but they serve a lofty end when they make scholarship possible.

This relation to scholarship at once appears an obvious one when we reflect upon the fundamental purpose of a college. President Seelye clearly formulated it, twenty-five years ago, in his inaugural address. The "chief work" of the college, he said, "is intellectual perfection." In the pressing administrative problems of a large community and in the excitements, joys, and disappointments of its personal intercourse and its social relations, great educators and undergraduate students alike have seemed to lose sight of the truth that the underlying purpose of school and college education is intellectual discipline. This assertion is, it will be observed, a guarded one. In the first place, it applies only to the formal education of school and college; and this is a part only of that larger education whose purpose is as wide as that of life itself and whose ultimate aim is the establishment of personal relations, individual and social. And, in the second place, only the primary aim, and not the complete purpose of the college is an intellectual one. The college is in fact a community as well as a school, and the ends of the community have therefore to be gained by the wise ordering of domestic and social life. But in the historic and the logical sequence alike, the community exists for the sake of the school of learning, whose interests, therefore, yield only to the supreme interests of life. To lose sight of this principle and to regard the intellectual training of its students not as the basal purpose of the college, but as an incidental purpose, subordinate to other laudable ends—the growth, for example, of social graces or the spread of philanthropic movements—is to see the whole in a false light, background for foreground, high light for shadow.

Neither this basal purpose of the college, to afford intellectual training to its students, nor the narrower aim of the scholar is in any conflict with the supreme end of life: character, the attainment of right personal relations or—as our college motto has it—virtue. For the life of the scholar is not, as is often urged, incompatible with rich and adequate human living. It entails, to be sure, the sacrifice of many occupations and interests, to its own inexorable demand for time; and one can not, therefore, be at the same time a scholar and a society woman; one can not well combine the rôles of scholar and mother of a family or woman of affairs; in a word, one can not amass learning without devoting to the task long stretches of time and strenuous concentration of one's power. In enforcing these claims, moreover, scholarship may also make one oblivious of human relationship and unmindful of human needs. The refusal of a great historian to witness suffering in any form and even to visit his friends in illness, was merely the deliberate adoption of a policy of selfish isolation, which many scholars have unconsciously followed. But this is not an inevitable result of scholarly living. For scholarship neither forbids nor excludes the emotional and volitional relations of life. It is an absorbing profession shutting out other occupations, but it need not be an exclusive enthusiasm. It may rather be subordinate to even deeper and more vital passions.

Certain characteristics of scholarship, indeed, so far from being merely compatible with ethical interests, actually further them. For scholarship de-



mands not only mental endowment—observation, memory, imagination, thought—but serious moral qualities as well. Accuracy and independence, the absolute essentials of the scholar, are merely the old-fashioned virtues of honesty and courage, in specific application to the intellectual life. The passionate devotion to truth in each detail, the untiring repetition of every experimental result, the verification of every minutest figure, the unsparing rejection of testimony, however confirmatory of one's theory, when tainted with the least suspicion of inaccuracy—this is the stuff of which scholarship is made, and it is nothing more nor less than the virtue of truth. And to the cardinal virtue of truth the scholar adds, not merely the grace of patience, but the heroic virtue of courage, moral equivalent of originality, and, last of all, the virtue of humility—born of a love for the truth so intense that one does not over-rate one's own share in it. Truth, courage, and humility are certainly, therefore, not the adornments, but the very material of scholarship and they are also the qualities which ennoble and enlarge all living. Truth in the details of research facilitates truth between man and man, fearless thought is a discipline for fearless living; patience and humility are not unlearned in the transition from the study to the living-room. Thus the virtues necessary to one's scholarship are also the qualities absolutely essential to one's manhood.

May I apply this doctrine in a very practical way to the opportunities of college-bred women in our secondary schools? I suppose we are all agreed that the most serious educational problems of modern times are those of the schools, rather than those of the colleges, but we are probably much divided as to the nature of the needed reforms, some of us railing at the time spent over the "common branches," while others deplore the decay of spelling: some of us, again, calling for a wider range of subjects, and others deprecating the dissipation of energy on too many topics. But deeper than any one of these causes for complaint and more urgent than any of these needs is another, clearly set forth by Professor Münsterberg in a recent paper. It is the crying need for scholarly teachers, for teachers who both know and love the subjects which they teach, whose enthusiasm is so great that it is an inspiration, whose learning is so large that the correction of errors is a habit, not a painstaking achievement. Such teachers will not sit up half the night to keep one declension, two botanical specimens or three historical reigns "ahead" of their pupils. Their Latin, their algebra, or their geography will so possess their minds that stimulating methods of teaching will be naturally evolved. Under such teachers, aflame with interest alike in their pupils and in their subject, if they are not fettered and shackled with absurd limitations, courses of study may be widened precisely because all subjects will of necessity be thoroughly and vigorously taught.

The serious charges, made by Dr. Münsterberg, of unscholarly teaching in American schools are clearly justified. In great degree, to be sure, the responsibility is that of our vulgar, penny-wise, municipal governments, which spend our money on boulevards and artistic hydrants and pavements taken up for the apparant satisfaction of being laid again, while they require of one poorly-paid young woman, twenty-five recitations per week in a high school class-room, the reading of a hundred themes and the oversight of two

hundred pupils, and assign to another some such group of subjects as Greek, geometry, mineralogy, Egyptian history, and moral philosophy. But we are not concerned just now with the evils of the city-governments. Have not we, the college graduates, into whose hands more and more the school rooms of America are drifting—have not we at times disregarded the scholarly ideal of the teacher's profession? Have we not too lightly held our duty done when we have heard the requisite recitations and corrected our full quota of papers? have we not supposed ourselves simply responsible for knowing perfectly the paradigms, or demonstrations required of our pupils? In a word, have we not failed to comprehend that the ideal teacher is always—I will not say a scholar—but scholarly? The salaries usually paid to teachers make it impossible, it is true, for many of us to come to our work equipped by graduate study. And the burdens imposed on many eager young teachers make it doubtful if they can ever attain to scholarly methods. There remain, however, a goodly number of us, who have time if we will use it, for the scholarly treatment of some one of our subjects, who may withdraw from some of our clubs, cut down our attendance upon the afternoon rehearsals, resist the temptation of desultory reading and set ourselves resolutely to the long and difficult, yet inspiring task, of thoroughly investigating some topic of study. Such a purpose can not fail of its fulfilment. Scholarship, in its highest sense, we may not attain; time may fail us for complete acquisition, or we may not possess the flavor of originality. But the pursuit of scholarship is, in a sense, its own reward, invigorating one's work in the classroom, enlarging one's whole intellectual life and lending one the secret of eternal youth—since no one can grow old while there is always something left which one eagerly seeks to know.

This is the great opportunity, I think, of the college graduate who turns to teaching. Positions on college faculties are few, after all. More and more, the college and university-bred woman who denies herself the luxury of the merely scholarly life will devote herself to what is very inadequately called "secondary" teaching. Let her hasten by her own activity the millennial day when the faculties of American high schools, like those of German gymnasia, shall include authoritative and recognized scholars; let her firmly grasp the truth that the perfect teacher has a scholarly passion for truth as well as a human interest in his pupils, uniting in himself those great qualities which make the Platonic Sokrates a prince among teachers; the sympathetic understanding of his students, that "gentle and approving manner," as Plato calls it, and the devotion to truth, the quick sense of a "wound inflicted on the argument."

Yet even as I speak I realize the vanity of my words, where exhortation is as futile as warning. No angel of toil, with flaming sword, can bar the true scholar from his paradise, and he needs no spoken command to summon him, for he obeys an inner voice, esteeming all the monotony, the toil, and the drudgery of scholarly work, as a light thing beside the overmastering relief which comes with the solution of his problem, the keen exhilaration which accompanies discovery, the exceeding joy of even a fleeting vision of the truth.

MARY WHITON CAIKINS '85.

[Miss Vida Scudder '84 spoke next on "The College Woman in Philanthropy," but as her address was not written, it is impossible to print it.—*Editor's Note.*]

The last of the subjects I shall ask you to consider this afternoon is "The Alumna and her Relation to the College." Upon this Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, by her long and intimate association with the college as trustee, benefactor, and ever earnest worker for its welfare, is most fitted to speak.

In response to the sentiment "The relation of the Alumna to her Alma Mater," I have been asked to give rather a detailed account of the Alumna Association and its work. If, as a part of these alumnae exercises, this should seem a little like "blowing our own trumpet," we must reply that it was asked for by President Seelye, and the alumnae never fail to respond to anything he asks of them.

The college opened in the fall of 1875 with fourteen students, but it took four years to make these into alumnae; so, while the college is twenty-five years old, the alumnae are only twenty-one, and though we boast of many things we do not yet boast of our "oldest living alumna." Not too much must be expected of a body only twenty-one years old. On June 18, 1879, the first diplomas were awarded and the alumnae, eleven in number, went forth to leaven. They did not scatter so very far: six were from Massachusetts, two more from other New England States, two from New York, and one from Delaware, but wherever they went it is apparent that they took a knowledge and a love of their Alma Mater. With the class of 1880, nine more alumnae were sent forth, and in June 1881, a class of twenty-eight were looking forward to their commencement and the responsibilities to follow. Feeling a desire to keep in touch with one another, as well as to help their Alma Mater, the members of the class of '81, and those of '80 who were present for their first reunion, had an informal meeting on the afternoon of Monday, June 20, 1881, looking to the formation of an Alumnae Association. The next morning a formal meeting was held, a constitution adopted, and the Alumnae Association was born: its object, to quote from the constitution, being:—"to further the well being of the college and its graduates by increasing the interest of members in the college and in each other." The members of the class of '79—the eleven Immortals—were at once asked to join.

Met on every side by the criticism that girls could not stand the strain of college life, it is not surprising that the first work of the Association should have been in the line of increasing the equipment in the Physical Department at the college. Raising funds for purchasing Sargent apparatus for the gymnasium was therefore the work undertaken by the few alumnae, and was carried on with the help of the increasing number, until over \$1000 had been expended and the committee reported in June 1885, that as much apparatus had been supplied as could profitably be used in the small building then occupied as a gymnasium.

In the meantime, however, another call had come. In the summer of 1883, the alumnae heard the sad news of the death of Professor Phelps. At once they wished to take some action to show their appreciation of his service to the college as well as their personal feeling of loss. It was decided to present a

portrait of Professor Phelps to the college and to raise funds for increasing the philosophical library. As it was felt that all the students who had been under Professor Phelps's instruction, as well as all the *alumnæ*, would wish to contribute to this memorial, the Phelps Memorial Library Association was formed. Greatly aided by the gift from Professor Austin Phelps of \$1000, and the private library of Professor Phelps, the Association was soon able to accomplish its object. A sufficient sum was raised to give a small yearly income for philosophical books and these were placed in a separate alcove in which was hung the portrait. The *leaven* was working, the *alumnæ* now numbered a few more than two hundred, and while gathering force for some big work, one or two side efforts resulted in the cataloguing of the College Library, the fitting up as a Reading Room of the old Chemical Laboratory, now abandoned for Lilly Hall, and the organization of the Boston Branch of the Association.

The college was rapidly growing, and in the year 1886-1887, there were three hundred and twenty-one students instead of one hundred and thirty-eight, the number enrolled from 1878-1879, the first year when there were *four* classes. When the needs of the college were discussed by the *alumnæ*, the physical side still appealed most to them, though the old criticism was heard much less frequently. In June 1887, it was "decided" to raise money for a new gymnasium, adequate to the growing needs of the college, and a committee was appointed. Observe that it was decided to "*raise*" the money; not to think about it, not to try, but to *do* it; and "a sum not less than \$20,000," because we had been told that the new Vassar Gymnasium had cost that, and we could not be outdone. With only about three hundred *alumnæ* or former special students, and practically an equal number of undergraduates, who were by no means to be overlooked in a money raising scheme, the outlook was a little appalling. Those were the days of the alphabet system of raising money, it was almost new then, fortunately for the committee; but even so, the prospect of finding ten A's, two hundred B's, two thousand C's, and twenty thousand D's out of six hundred people was something of a mathematical problem. It makes us smile now, but there were many of us who got hopelessly confused in our alphabet and while A's or B's ourselves, were C's or D's for some one else; and the intricacies of that committee book with its numerous cross references, where all sums and names were entered, were only to be followed by the most initiated. I can not further sketch the workings of the committee and the *alumnæ* during the raising of the sum, a lump of the original *leaven* was on the committee and so the sum was *raised*; but in many cases it meant honest, hard work and personal self-denial, and no means that suggested itself to the individual *alumna* as *her* chance was allowed to go by. At the end of the first year the committee reported a little over \$4000 on hand; at the end of the second year the sum had increased to \$11,000; in the spring of the third year the sum had so increased that it was deemed best to begin the building. When this fact was communicated to the President, two members of the gymnasium committee were elected by the trustees to serve with three of the trustees on the building committee. In June of the third year the \$20,000 had been raised, indeed \$21,500; but the ideas of the committee had grown as the

building had grown, and so work was continued another year. In June 1891, the end of the fourth year, the building was finished and given to the college, and used by the alumnae, perhaps with some pride, at the Alumnae Tea. The whole cost had been nearly \$28,000; and a separate sum had been raised by one of the committee for Swedish apparatus and for fitting up the directors' room. The last sums were not paid in and the accounts closed and the committee disbanded for two years more, but practically the gymnasium stands as the work of the Alumnae Association during five years.

But during these five years other things had taken place. In June 1888, the Alumnae Tea was inaugurated. In the inaugural "talk" which President Seelye gave to his "beloved Alumnae" on that occasion, he announced the vote of the Board of Trustees asking the "Associated Alumnae to make nominations for three trustees, to serve for one, two, and three years respectively, and to report these nominations to the trustees the next June. At that date the alumnae would be ten years old, and to ask a person of ten to take part in the government of the family, indeed to make laws for her mother, would seem to imply a precocious American child. Possibly with some feeling of the offspring's youth and inexperience, the trustees had not said "from among their own number," but left perfect freedom for the nominations to be made from prominent persons of either sex or from their own alumnae. Of the many names sent in for the first suggestions it is interesting to note that among the nine names standing highest on the list, there was one of a Vassar alumna, one of a Cornell, and one of a woman representing no college but the broader general education gained in her busy, helpful, outside life: thus showing the modesty of the offspring to assume responsibility and the willingness of the alumna to profit by the training and experience of other women's colleges. As the Vassar and Cornell alumnae felt it impossible to assume the position of trustee of another college, the three names finally submitted to the trustees were those of two of your own alumnae and Miss Anna L. Dawes, and in June 1889, the Board of Trustees formally voted these three into membership in their Board. (Again we had drawn from the original leaven for this.) During these five years, too, the growth of the alumnae was shown by the organization of branch associations in Chicago (Feb. 1889), in Springfield (1890), and in New York. The Alumnae Register was instituted to keep track of the widely scattering graduates and to help keep them in touch with each other. In June 1891, the Alumnae Association numbered three hundred and eighty-five. Miss Dawes, who was serving us so efficiently and faithfully as alumna trustee, was made an honorary member of the association.—the first adopted daughter.

On the completion of the gymnasium accounts in 1893, a new committee was appointed to consider the special needs of the college library, and how best to meet them, and to report the next year; thus giving the alumnae a year to recuperate and gain new force. In June 1894, it was voted to raise \$20,000, the income to be used for the library. It was harder to find money the second time than the first, and although the number of the alumnae was increasing, their *money* making capacity was not correspondingly increasing. After two years of work the committee reported a little over \$5000 and were ready to keep on until the whole sum was raised, although it seemed that it

would take some years. About \$2000 more was added during the third year, but meantime the trustees had agreed to receive the money collected and give the *alumnæ* five per cent on the fund; so that already the benefit of the effort was being felt. A like increase in the fund was being made the fourth year, and this slow but sure progress was being accepted, as it seemed that the *alumna*, though very loyal, was unable to do any more, when an added spur was given in the middle of May 1898, by the attention of the committee being called to the fact that the coming June would mark the twenty-fifth year of President Seelye's service to the college. Certainly the *alumnæ* would want to recognize this in some way. The notice of the anniversary was sent out, and it needed but this added stimulus to bring the money; for what the *alumna* would like to do for her college, but feels she can not, she *will* do for her President. But there was only \$9000 collected. How could it be brought up to \$20,000 in six weeks? No wonder President Seelye looked incredulous, when told what the *alumnæ* were trying to do, but he did not know the effect of his name. In the following six weeks money and pledges came flowing into the hands of the committee, so that at Commencement \$14,000 was reported and pledges of \$3000 more which had not reached the committee. That the entire sum was not secured was due only to the brevity of time between the announcement of the coming anniversary and the actual date, as was shown by the fact that the remainder of the sum came in through the summer and fall of the next year, and in June 1899, the fund of \$20,000 was completed and presented to the college by the *alumnæ* as the "L. Clark Seelye Library Fund."

The undergraduates had for some years felt the need of a Students' Building and had been collecting money for this purpose. When the special call came for completing the library fund in time for an anniversary gift to President Seelye, the undergraduates entirely set aside their object and most enthusiastically and effectively helped the *alumnæ*. Now the *alumnæ* want to show their appreciation of this help and their sympathy for the undergraduate aim, and will devote themselves to the Students' Building Fund until that is completed.

Though this was to be a sketch of the *Alumnæ* Association, I do not want to close it without mention of the Non-Graduate Association. Such is the influence of these college halls, apparently, that those here only for a short time and so unable to enroll themselves as *alumnæ* are yet desirous of showing their love for the college and their wish to work for her. The Non-Graduate Association was organized about the fall of 1889, and a year or two later started a fund to equip a Teachers' Room, or a Reception Room in College Hall. In June 1894, this had been accomplished, the few but enthusiastic members having secured about \$500. They at once started to organize a Students' Aid Association, seeing the need for the help which such a society could give the undergraduates. Three years later this was accomplished, and the Smith Students' Aid Association is now doing helpful work for two or three students each year. The present membership consists of both non-graduates and *alumnæ*, but the *alumnæ* are glad to record that the credit both of the original idea and of the initiatory work belongs to the non-graduates.

With the graduation of the class of 1900 the alumnæ number just nineteen hundred, and are widely scattered, with branch associations in Boston, Chicago, Springfield, Worcester, Syracuse, Hartford, and Indianapolis; the eleven have grown.

President Seelye has always said that the alumnæ are the advertisement of the college; if the advertisement of 1900 differs somewhat from that of 1879 there is no disrespect—to either. A progressive firm must change its form of advertisement to keep abreast of existing conditions, and with the growth of population must enlarge its advertising medium. I have spoken of the Alumnæ Association and its work and have made no mention of any personal gifts of alumnæ to the college. The association includes *nearly all* of the nineteen hundred alumnæ; it would be glad to include the rest, for by the greater number working together will the greater good be accomplished.

The Smith alumna is always loyal and always ready to speak a good word for her Alma Mater, but let not that loyalty be a blind love of a thing because it is *ours*. Let us keep in touch with our college as much as possible, investigate the criticisms we hear made before we accept them or deny them. We may be sure that our queries, if honestly made, will be gladly answered, and we will find that the problems we did not see are many, and the deficiencies we did see are known to others than ourselves, and are being overcome by the President, the trustees, and the faculty, as fast as it is in their power to do so. It is for us to increase that power by loyal sympathy and support. All honest investigation will but lead to more intelligent loyalty. This then is one side of the relation of the alumna to her Alma Mater, a little account of what she has done, of the debt of love which she is glad to pay her college. What she might do, is only to go forward even more courageously and more closely united to the college.

But there is the other greater side, what the Alma Mater has done for the alumna. We can not tell that. It means a different thing to each one of us—but always a growth—a broadening of our lives—a stimulus given to make of our lives a record that the Mother shall not be ashamed of, whether that record is made in the home, in society, in scholarship, in philanthropy, or in literature. It is *all* for our Alma Mater.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE '83.

[President Seelye then spoke and Mrs. Noyes closed with the following:]

When twenty-five years hence the graduates of Smith College assemble for the semi-centennial celebration may they as we do to-day look backward with exultation and thanksgiving, and forward with confidence and high resolve.

LUCIA CLAPP NOYES '89.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

Smith freshmen are usually to be recognized, during the first few days after their arrival, by their apparant sense of bondage to their pamphlets of information, and from the freshman point of view

The New Curriculum one of the distinctive marks of members of the three upper classes has been, heretofore, that sense of familiarity and ease with which they have handled and despatched the pamphlet, using it merely as a means of rapid transit to an arranged course of study. On the appearance of the catalog for the year 1899-1900, however, it was foreseen, that at the opening of the present college year, no such means of mutual identification would exist, for freshmen and seniors alike would be obliged to give closest attention to the regulations incident to the change in curriculum, definitely described and discussed in detail by Miss Jordan in the *Monthly* for March, 1900.

For a long time students, pursuing work along the lines of the scientific and literary courses, have considered their position a peculiar one with regard to those outside the college to whom the degrees of B. S. and B. L. meant less than the degree of A. B. Those receiving the degrees felt convinced that the work demanded of them was in every way as difficult and profitable as that required in the classical course, and naturally they received with rejoicing the announcement that, after 1904, Smith College would confer only the degree A. B. for undergraduate work, thus coming into agreement with the custom of other colleges.

Since the change, however, made necessary certain conditions preliminary to obtaining the one degree, some careful planning was called for on the students' part, by way of adjustment to the new régime. As a result, during the confusion attendant on the arranging and returning of course cards, it did not take long for the impulsive to pronounce the change a "grand nuisance," and to regard the new requirements as unnecessarily severe. Nevertheless, when the machinery was once set in motion, and the state of affairs could be judged from a calmer point of view, it became apparent that adjustment to one's course of study was a process much like settling one's room. In spite of first experiments, which prove that all the furnishings clash with the wall paper, and that the furniture will not fit into convenient spaces, in the course of a week things seem homelike and comfortable, and the present arrangements in the academic line have, with increasing familiarity, brought less of friction, reconciling us to our small disappointment in courses of study, just as we eventually became resigned to hanging our pictures from the molding instead of using the coveted tacks.



We recognize without practical demonstration the wisdom in the requirements that students shall follow a main study during junior and senior years "based on preliminary work of the earlier years," and that another three hour course must be chosen in a subject distinctly different from the main study,—on the one hand bringing about centralization in work, and on the other warding off the danger of pursuing a one-sided course. The "rub" comes in the demand for three three-hour courses, making the election of more than one of the valuable two-hour courses impossible within the minimum, and in cases forcing one to elect work in less desirable subjects for the sake of choosing what will constitute a three-hour course. Thus we see students obliged to take a three-hour course in which they have little interest, going without two very desirable two-hour courses, which they have anticipated perhaps for several years. To be sure one does not have to keep within the minimum, and there are some students who can carry a large number of hours satisfactorily, but the average student does not do herself justice with a course heavy in hours, and for many the ideal seems still to be that expressed by a member of our faculty, as "minimum hours and gilt-edged work." But it is surely impossible to judge of the curriculum from the present point of view, and one must even hesitate to express opinion of a system in the stages when it is avowedly experimental. Things are now in a "state of becoming," of becoming better and not worse we are constrained to believe.

The object of the new provisions as stated by Miss Jordan in the article referred to is as follows:—"To secure emphasis for . . . some continuity in study, some limitation in the number of studies carried on at the same time, definite recognition of the needs of pronounced specialists, a reasonable freedom for the student desiring general culture, and a demand for responsibility in making elections and independence of judgment on the part of the student." This object is one which we must recognize to be for our welfare as students, and whatever personal inconvenience or disappointment in individual plans has arisen through acceptance of the new provisions will be lost sight of in our desire to cooperate with those who have spent so much time and thought for our best advantage, and our willingness to give the new scheme the thorough trial and test of experience which is essential to further development and advance in our educational interests.

FRANCES CROSBY BUFFINGTON 1901.

The two anniversary days through which we have passed this month were full of significance and interest. They were days which brought us inspiration and encouragement from men and women distinguished in many walks of life, days which taught us the efficiency and loyalty of our alumnae, and the dignity and ability of the undergraduate students. We realize that Smith College is not a class, nor even four classes, but an influence, a movement, potent, irresistible, and earnest.

This earnestness was the key-note of all the exercises. We felt that our guests had not come to patronize, but to offer hearty congratulations and to render us whatever service lay in their power. Nor was it a mere occasion for vain-glory on the part of the students and alumnae. To all of us, as we heard from President Seelye and Dr. Greene the origin and growth of Smith

College, from the day-dreams of its founder to the present collegiate body of over eleven hundred students and nineteen hundred alumnae, there came a feeling of new reverence and loyalty for the college that calls us her own. With it and indistinguishable from it indeed, there is a pride in those who have guided this influence, this movement, and helped to develop and make what it is that which we are fond of calling the "Smith Spirit"—which being interpreted meaneth the energy and sincerity and friendly earnestness which touches every student who passes through these halls.

The historic "fourteen" who fought their way through prejudice and discouragement to the position of alumnae of Smith College, felt a burden of responsibility upon them of justifying to onlookers the possibility and practicability of an independent woman's college. It is for us with most of these prejudices removed, with constantly increasing encouragement and practical aid from outside benefactors, from faculty and fellow-students, to testify in lives ordered by faithful, steady scholarship, earnest and sincere democracy and love of truth, the "conveniency," to quote Dean Briggs' allusion at the Educational Conference, "of the She-Institution."

JULIA POST MITCHELL 1901.

The Smith College Association for Christian Work—commonly known as the "S. C. A. C. W."—is an organization which one often hears mentioned in college life, but of which many girls have

**S. C. A. C. W. Notes** rather vague and indefinite ideas. The S. C. A. C. W. is simply this:—an association which aims to unite into one body the various religious and philanthropic societies of the college and whose purpose is "to promote, in the name of Christ, the development of a broad and intelligent activity in the cause of humanity." Founded as it is upon a broad, Christian basis, the association takes for granted the interest of all, and makes every member of the college a member also of this general organization. The association comprises the Missionary Society, Christian Union, College Settlements Association, Needle Work Guild, Home Culture Clubs, and Students' Exchange. The Missionary Society, Needle Work Guild, and College Settlements Association are not organizations peculiar to Smith College, but speak for themselves. The Christian Union is the special religious society of the college and takes charge of the Bible classes and of the religious meetings held by the students. The executive board, or "Cabinet," of the S. C. A. C. W. meets every week to transact the business of the association. It is made up of the officers of the general association and various sub-organizations and of two representatives from each class in college. The value of these board meetings can not be overestimated, for it is here that the aim of the S. C. A. C. W. becomes practical. The "Cabinet" not only transacts business; it brings together in one body those who, though they may be carrying on different branches of Christian work, are nevertheless bound together by the deepest sympathy and by devotion to one common end.

HELEN WEST KITCHELL 1901.

Among the improvements in the college, completed and in progress this fall, the addition to the observatory is perhaps the most conspicuous. The size of the building has been more than doubled and many of the inconveniences removed which the students and instructors have known in past years. Formerly, all the students observing on a fine evening had to pass through the one hall and door with their books and instruments and lamps. By the new arrangement, part of the instruments are kept in the new room to the north of the old recitation room, and from there the students can pass out by the new entrance. Across the hall from this room is a sitting-room for the use of the instructors. A short flight of steps leads down to the largest of the new rooms, which is used both for laboratory and for class work. It is lighted by large windows on three sides, is well supplied with blackboards and with tables where students can work separately and keep their materials. From here there is a door to an outside staircase which leads to the roof. This is flat over about half of the new part of the building, and from its comparatively slight elevation the horizon is wonderfully bettered for constellation work. There has also been an entirely new heating apparatus put in, and this, together with the electricity which was new last year, and the carefully-planned additional space add immensely to the comfort, convenience, and possibilities of the astronomical department.

EDITH BURBANK 1901.

Several new courses have been offered the students this year, among which are two courses by Mr. Pratt on the study of music and musicians and the art of listening to music, a course in the reconstruction period of American History by Dr. Hazen, and courses in archaeology and in modern Greek by Miss Boyd, A. B. '92, who has been for some time in Athens at the American School of Archaeology.

The associate professorship in philosophy, left vacant by Mr. Smith, is now filled by Mr. Arthur H. Pierce, Ph. D., Harvard, who has taught for some time in Amherst College. Mr. Ralph B. Perry, Ph. D., Harvard, who has been teaching at Williams College, has been made instructor in ethics.

The assistants this year in zoölogy, English, and botany include Miss Louisa S. Cheever, A. B., Smith '90, A. M., Columbia '97, who is assisting in rhetoric, and Miss Annah P. Hazen, B. L., Smith '95, who assists in zoölogy. Miss Alice Knox, A. B., Smith '99, and Miss Emily Locke 1900, are assisting in botany.

Miss Mary B. Fuller has been appointed assistant in history, and the place of reader in this department is filled by Miss Helen B. Kuhn, B. L., Smith '97.

# CLASS ELECTIONS

## SENIOR CLASS

President, Ellen Tucker Emerson  
 Vice-President, Methyl Gertrude Oakes  
 Secretary, Shirley May Hunt  
 Treasurer, Agnes Patton  
 Historian, Julia Post Mitchell  
 Councilors :  
     Ellen Tucker Emerson  
     Laura Woolsey Lord  
     Julia Agnes Bolster  
     Anne Louise Sanborn

## SECOND CLASS

President, Marion Evans  
 Vice-President, Isabel Poland Rankin  
 Secretary, Elizabeth Catherine Stiles  
 Treasurer, Gertrude Roxana Beecher  
 Councilors :  
     Marion Evans  
     Clara Louise Bradford

## JUNIOR CLASS

President, Ethel Hale Freeman  
 Vice-President, Carol Halfenstern Childs  
 Secretary, Stella Elizabeth Goes  
 Treasurer, Faith Potter  
 Historian, Sybil Lavisia Cox  
 Councilors :  
     Ethel Hale Freeman  
     Eloise Mabury  
     Emma Heywood Otis

## FIRST CLASS

President, Mary Comer  
 Vice-President, Winifred Lombard  
 Secretary, Mary Kimberly  
 Treasurer, Mary Kinney  
 Councilor :  
     Mary Comer

# SOCIETY ELECTIONS

## ALPHA SOCIETY

President, Martha Melissa Howey 1901  
 Vice-President, Virginia Elizabeth Moore 1902  
 Recording Secretary, Grace Whiting Mason 1902  
 Corresponding Secretary, Edla Lansing Stout 1902  
 Treasurer, Laura Jerauld Paxton 1902  
 Editor, Sarah Lydia DeForest 1901  
 Chairman of the Executive Committee, Miriam Titcomb 1901

## BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

President, Amy Ferris 1901  
 Vice-President, Helen Shoemaker, 1901  
 Secretary pro tem, Laura Jerauld Paxton 1902  
 Treasurer, Grace Blair Watkinson 1902  
 Chairman of the Executive Committee, Florence Hinkley 1901

## GREEK CLUB

Chairman of the Executive Committee, Ethelind Thorpe Childs 1901  
 Secretary and Treasurer, Mary Alice Allen 1901

## PHI KAPPA PSI SOCIETY

President, Laura Woolsey Lord 1901  
 Vice-President, Louise Knapp 1902  
 Secretary, Ruth Hawthorne French 1902  
 Treasurer, May Wallace Barta 1902  
 Editor, Persis Eastman Rowell 1901  
 Chairman of the Executive Committee, Julia Agnes Bolster 1901

## PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

President, Mildred Ford 1901  
 Vice-President, Helen Witmer 1901  
 Secretary, Frances Stettauer 1901  
 Treasurer, Edith DeBlois Laakey 1901

## GYMNASIUM AND FIELD ASSOCIATION

First Vice-President, Katherine Wheeler Holmes 1902  
 Second Vice-President, Janet Somerville Sheldon 1901  
 Secretary, Jessie Stuart Carter 1903  
 Treasurer, Susan Pratt Kennedy, 1903

## COLLOQUIUM

Secretary, Florence Laura Byles 1901  
 Treasurer, Grace Rarey Peters 1901

## VOICE CLUB

Vice-President, Nina Louise Almirall  
1901  
Secretary and Treasurer, Alice Edith  
Egbert 1902

## GLEE CLUB

Leader, Ethel Lane 1901  
Assistant Leader, Dorothy Amy Young  
1902  
Manager, Lucy Morris Ellsworth 1901  
Treasurer, Florence Emeline Clextan  
1902

## S. C. A. C. W.

President, Helen West Kitchel 1901  
Vice-President, Bertha June Richardson  
1901  
Recording Secretary, Jean Gertrude  
Jouett 1902  
Corresponding Secretary, Henrietta  
Prentiss 1902  
Treasurer, Helen Florinda McAfee 1903

## MISSIONARY SOCIETY

President, Alice Duryee 1901  
Vice-President, Katherine Fiske Berry  
1902  
Secretary, Edith Eustace Souther 1902  
Treasurer, Bertha Haynes Holden 1902  
Assistant Treasurer, Maude Barrows  
Dutton 1903

## COLLEGE SETTLEMENTS ASSOCIATION

Elector, Annie Holbrook Duncan 1901  
Secretary, Caroline Saunders 1901

## NEEDLE WORK GUILD

Chairman, Agnes Hastings Gilchrist 1901

## BANJO CLUB

Leader, Marion Brooks Swasey 1901  
Manager, Mabel Louise Fitzgerald 1901

## MANDOLIN CLUB

Leader, Mary Louise Caldwell 1901  
Manager, Susan Watkins 1902

## CALENDAR

- |       |     |   |
|-------|-----|---|
| Sept. | 20, | Opening of College.                     |
|       | 22, | Reception of the Christian Association. |
|       | 29, | Phi Kappa Psi Society.                  |
| Oct.  | 2,  | Quarter-Centenary Exercises.            |
|       | 3,  | " " "                                   |
|       | 4,  | Biological Society.                     |
|       | 6,  | Alpha Society.                          |
|       | 9,  | Colloquium.                             |
|       | 10, | Sophomore Reception.                    |
|       | 11, | Mountain Day.                           |
|       | 18, | Biological Society.                     |
|       | 20, | Phi Kappa Psi Society.                  |
|       | 23, | Colloquium.                             |
|       | 27, | Alpha Society.                          |
| Nov.  | 1,  | Biological Society.                     |
|       | 6,  | Colloquium.                             |
|       | 10, | Phi Kappa Psi Society.                  |
|       | 15, | Biological Society.                     |

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Monthly

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Conducted by the Senior Class.

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***A COLLEGE COURSE AS PREPARATION FOR  
FOREIGN MISSIONARY LIFE***

The time has passed when thoughtful people regard the great Orient as inhabited by savages; and yet when the lands of this same East are termed "mission fields," a grotesque atmosphere gathers over them, their culture vanishes into thin air, and behold, the natives become bona fide heathen, untaught and unrestrained! It is astonishing that in spite of years of contact with the East and of enjoyment of Oriental art, Europeans still regard Asiatics in general as heathen; and these so-called heathen are at least intelligent enough to recognize in the appellation the implication of inferiority in both religion and civilization, and to resent being designated thus by "red-haired barbarians," whose ancestors were roving in the forests of Europe when theirs had already for thousands of years enjoyed a cultured society.

Of course, the inhabitants of the eastern hemisphere vary infinitely in the degree of their development, from the Bushmen of Australia to the sages of India; but by far the greater number of mission lands are peopled by men who have great religions and philosophies behind them, and whose mental



acuteness is not inferior to that of the white man. In spite of this fact, why will people say, as a young woman did upon hearing that a Smith College friend had decided to be a missionary, "Don't you feel as if you had wasted your education?" Those who talk thus of wasting talents must have a somewhat material view of life. Even then, can it be considered a waste to invest one's college-acquired talents in a community of alien race where one occupies a unique place of incalculable influence and opportunity, where every talent from an aptitude for philosophy to a gift for millinery has room for multiplying as far as time and physical limitation will permit, rather than to invest them in a few scholars and associates of one's own race, filling a place which dozens of others could fill?

In view of the intellectual demands made by the peoples of the East on those who go among them as teachers of a new Way, it is well to consider in what particulars a college education helps or hinders both the missionary and his work.

It is evident that an intellectual education of some breadth is an absolute necessity. In general, it is the men and women of knowledge who make the greatest mark in mission lands; for Oriental peoples are as quick as we are in discovering intellectual ability in a missionary, and it would hardly be exaggerating to say that they revere it more than we. Unfortunately, there have been instances of missionaries not intellectually equipped, men of general ignorance; but the importance of intellectual qualification can not be too strongly insisted upon, and it is a fact that fewer and fewer men and women without a college diploma are being sent out. Soon it will be an impossibility to find throughout mission lands a missionary like one who in recent years was virtually expelled from his chosen work because of the fact that, in spite of devotion and zeal, he was manifestly too ignorant to gain the respect of an intellectual-loving people. Knowledge acquired in some way, whether at college or not, is indispensable. There is, however, a decided advantage in having a college diploma. The respect with which Western colleges are regarded by men of Eastern culture is indeed gratifying to Western pride. It is not uncommon to hear the question, "Of what institution is he a graduate?" and the name of one of our great universities acts like a charm in opening up opportunities for work and influence. Such was the case lately, when a veteran missionary was introduced to

one of the leading Japanese philosophers, a man who had studied in Europe and who now holds a chair in the Imperial University in Tokyo. The latter looked at the foreigner doubtfully until the introducer added hastily, "He is a graduate of Yale," and the cordial welcome at once extended was a testimony to the weight carried by a name.

It is often an astonishment to a new missionary to see how he at some time or other has occasion to use the studies which he took in college. Of course, in mission school or college work, one may be called upon to teach the very subjects studied while here at college; but aside from the direct use of such courses which, it is obvious, become invaluable then, there is the indirect use, much more interesting and perhaps even more far-reaching in its influence. One is reminded of the native student in India, whose inherited faith in woman's brain as comparable to that of a cow was severely shaken on the occasion of receiving assistance from an American woman who knew a French word which he had been unable to find in the dictionary, and who could solve a problem in solid geometry which had puzzled him, a man. Who would not say that it was worth a college education to be able in such a country to affect man's view of woman so as to change, though gradually, the social position of a whole nation of dark-skinned sisters?

In taking up any college catalogue and running over the courses, a special, practical use for each will suggest itself at once to the experienced in mission affairs. There are the modern languages. The practical advantages of an ability to speak continental languages are great in countries like Turkey and Egypt, where they are a commercial medium. Not only does personal convenience come into consideration, but the ability gained in a college language course to look at things in other than an American light is invaluable among a people whose habitual mental attitude is the reverse of our own.

Then the sciences,—not enough can be said of the importance of a knowledge of science. A thorough acquaintance with the world in which one lives keeps one free from falling under any influence from the superstitions of the country to which one has gone, the very air of which seems heavy with contortions of nature. The superstition that a spirit always blew out the candle carried into a certain cave in China, would have no cowering effect on one who could give a scientific explanation

of the phenomenon, and an apparent indifference to the whole realm of spirits, good and evil, followed by no injurious results, could not but have a desirable effect on the superstitious mind of a native. For purely hygienic purposes in countries where the very word hygiene has no equivalent, to say nothing of the lack of the condition suggested to a European by that term,—for purely hygienic purposes, scientific acquaintance can not be overestimated. In the more progressive of mission lands, as in Japan, science is the means of attaining an astonishing influence, though not through any superstition of the natives. One missionary, for instance, was asked to meet with a number of leading men, with the special stipulation that he was not to talk Christianity. After asking him questions on a wide range of subjects, from the geology of the hills about them, to education in the United States and farming methods in the West, his listeners, impressed with his breadth of culture, finally asked voluntarily about the religion of the country which could show such wonderful advance in things secular.

So much missionary work is done through lectures and addresses that the advantage of knowing how to use the voice so that it will not tire with hours of consecutive use, is evident. In some countries long addresses are much in demand, and when the long address is over there may be an hour or two of conversation with some who were interested in special points or who want to hear about the West. Not only public talks, often in theaters for lack of larger halls, but also private interviews with these Orientals who have no sense of time, are a test for any voice.

The physical strain, however, is not to be compared with the greater intellectual strain of debating with an acute and alert Eastern mind. And here, what in college might be termed "tact courses," studies in argument and in various branches of philosophy, are directly or indirectly invaluable. Philosophy is truly indispensable to any one who goes to teach a new religion to those whose own religions and philosophies contain so much that is true but incomplete. Closely connected with philosophy is the modern theology. No missionary is well equipped who is afraid to follow modern Biblical thought. An experienced missionary has written: "Evolutionary philosophy, new historical knowledge, with higher criticism, advances in psychology, are necessitating a restatement of theological

truths. The missionary can not afford to ignore these facts. His library should keep abreast of the times. He should, of course,—and I can not say it too emphatically,—know the fundamental truths in such a way that no changes of thought can rob him of their power and glory. Nay, he should make every advance of knowledge contribute to the richness and inspiration of his message.... Movements in the religious world have come to be world movements, and people of intelligence out here feel their force almost as soon as they are felt at home."


Of all college studies perhaps greater stress is being laid upon literary work than ever before. The man or woman of literary tastes and ability has a grand opportunity in the East. English books and treatises, especially perhaps those on religious and philosophic topics, are often unfit for the Oriental student, and should he read them, might do more harm than good. "They either approach the Hindoo from a European standpoint, or contain incidents and illustrations which he could not possibly appreciate, owing to his education and environment." Because of a recognition of this fact, the opportunity for literary ability is opening up as never before. A literary missionary who has lived among the people and who is able to see things from the native point of view, has in his hand one of the mightiest instruments of evangelization. It must not be said that he has thrown away his greatest gift because with all his facility in writing English he has gone to live among the Japanese or the Hindoos. The educated in India and in Japan read English fluently, and an English book may have as much to do in bringing the educated classes to a knowledge of truth as any work in the vernacular.

The college course puts, as it were, so much into the future missionary, that his capital is infinitely increased. Self-resource is absolutely necessary to one who will live comparatively isolated and often surrounded by conditions far from stimulating. The college studies have been called in to the assistance of the foreign missionary; but as a preparation for foreign missionary life, the academic part of college is only a part,—how large or how small we may not know.

College social life, though in many ways not ideal, is eminently fitted in certain particulars for precisely the life which one going to an Asiatic country must live. In the first place, though a missionary may be isolated from others of his nation-

ality, he has few opportunities to be alone. He is continually subject to interruptions, and when people do not come to him, his work takes him to them. College life accustoms one to the continual presence of others. It also teaches one who is in earnest how moments spent alone can be made to yield the most. With social engagements of every description, one is continually thrown in with fellow-men of many degrees of refinement and of varying tastes, congenial and uncongenial. How invaluable such experiences can be made in broadening the interests and in cultivating adaptability can be readily seen when the situation abroad is fully realized. Those among whom the missionary works will have a different education, if any, a different etiquette, and different interests from his own. If the missionary is adaptable, he prejudices the natives much less than one who cares nothing for social rules. Aside from this negative way of gaining influence and respect, if his interests are broad he can positively sympathize with his neighbors, and, from going over first to their ways of thought, can lead them to an interest in his all-important message. So much for work and life among the natives.

Few missionaries, however, are left absolutely single-handed among thousands of natives. Generally small missionary centers are formed, and here it is that some of the severest testing of this quality of adaptability comes. "In a small party of men and women, each possessed of considerable individuality and force of character, and most of them associated in the work without any previous knowledge of each other or any personal choice, it is obvious that those whose habits and temperaments are mutually uncongenial must often be thrown into close and prolonged contact." Sometimes, in a great Eastern metropolis, these fellow-workers are numbered by the score. They meet in social and spiritual ways, and here are the opportunities for some missionaries unconsciously to do their greatest work. Many—and these are usually the college graduates—accomplish much more by their stimulating influence on other missionaries than by their direct work. This is due to the breadth of their interests and to the resources which a college education has developed in them. It is also due to their social ease and polish. These last-named qualities are usually considered superfluous in a missionary; they are accidentia, not essentia, of his genus. A very great misunderstanding in regard to



what missionary work consists of is responsible for such a belief. More and more stress is being laid upon ability to deport oneself in polished society, as more and more the missionary is gaining the respect of the nobility and of the official classes. When transplanted among a critical people like the Japanese, a woman careless of European etiquette would inevitably arouse the prejudice of the wives of Japanese professors or officials, or of the parents of some of her pupils. The wife, for instance, of the governor of an important Asiatic province was called upon by a missionary who wore a bonnet which, though neat, would hardly have been deemed presentable in America because of the remote date of its compilation. Such an incident was not to be overlooked, and the governor's wife took the next opportunity to ask another missionary if that kind of head-gear was in style. In many cities the missionaries are obliged to send out and to accept invitations to banquets, which are given in the nearest approach to European style, and at which every action of the missionary, even to his use of knife and fork, is watched minutely that it may be imitated. Though a trying ordeal, that of attending a banquet, it is one of the effective ways of showing a kindly spirit toward, and of getting acquainted with, the upper classes, and is often a most influential and far-reaching missionary work.

No one will deny that conversational powers are an immeasurable help in getting along in the world. The missionary needs them as much as the society woman. In fact, the woman who in one day must talk with the peasant, the school-girl, the Bible woman, and the governor's wife, needs more of a talent for talking well than the woman whose sphere is limited to one class. College life, especially perhaps in the dining-room, where one sits beside different kinds of personalities for a set time every day, is a maker of conversationalists—that is, when those who are being made rule out shop-talk. It takes a good deal of originality to talk on subjects interesting enough to keep one's neighbor from recurring ever to lessons and teachers, and it takes perseverance, too. How beneficial to health and to nerves, when on the mission field one can divert tired minds, and here again keep clear of the subject of routine work!

I have spoken mostly of the advantage which a college education is to a missionary in his influence on natives and on fellow-missionaries. I have only touched upon the advantage

it is to himself in giving a wealth of resource. This latter point might be much elaborated, but suffice it to give one particular in which a college course is an invaluable precursor of missionary life. One missionary, who taught for eight years in a girls' school in Turkey, remarked that one of the great sources of refreshment to her during the monotonous years of being shut away from companionship, was the thought of her college experiences, her good times and her friendships. This is one of the things that all college graduates feel, but especially those who are far away from accustomed surroundings. If one should ask many missionaries individually what the special advantage of a college course was to each, the answer would be approximately that of a Wellesley graduate now teaching in Spain. She said: "My college life—training, studies, recreation, everything—has been of the utmost help to me in introducing Christian methods and Christian education to women in Spain."

In this brief survey of the things which are essential to the missionary and which he finds in a college course, emphasis has been laid on intellectual and social development. I would not exclude or depreciate the one most essential quality, spiritual vitality, without which other qualifications are reduced to the level of a mere machine without motive power. And yet it would not take much experience to enable an observer of modern missions to say, with one who had studied them: "It seems as if every occupation that is not wrong in itself has a bearing on missionary work."

SARAH LYDIA DEFORD.

### WATER MUSIC

There's music calls  
Where the water falls,—  
Hark thou, sitting alone,  
Hushing a low heart moan.  
Look where the sunbeams glance,  
Look where the bubbles dance,  
And the misty water trembles by.  
There shalt thou see  
The merry, the free,  
The careless of whither and whence and why  
That cloud the blueness of mortal's sky.

What is pain and what is a sigh !  
 One flash of breathless joy,  
 Swept by the strong, dark flow  
 Over the rounded rock,—  
 This is the life we know,  
 Dropping one by one  
 To lurk in the cool gloom,—then  
 Flying into the sun  
 With a wild, glad whirl again ;  
 Pausing in eddies of glee  
 To spatter the leaves in play,  
 Who shadow our smiles with their dripping green,  
 Ere we dreamily, happily drift on our way.  
     Saucy and free,  
     Immortal are we,  
     And we slide and spring  
     And turn and fling  
 Drops of rainbow brightness through sunny air.  
     See, where the sunbeams glance,  
     See, where the bubbles dance,  
     Visions of white waving arms,  
     Visions of bright streaming hair.  
 We have no fears to distress,  
 And we have no cares to annoy.  
     Merrily sing it out !  
     Ring it out !—  
     Joy ! Joy ! Joy !

    This is the voice that calls  
     Where the trembling water falls.  
 I listen and look as I sit alone,  
 Till with its music that low heart moan  
     Murmurs in quiet harmony:  
     Sing on, gay spirits, as ye float by,  
     Your ripples of merry melody.  
 To me the whither and whence and why  
     Whisper a nobler destiny.

GERTRUDE EMMA KNOX.

SUNSET ON THE MESA

All day the broad *mesa* had bathed in the light and warmth of the sun. And all day the myriad life of the treeless plains had rejoiced ; and the fragile flowers, nestled close to the sand, or hidden in the windings of some *arroyo*, shed abroad



the incense of their gratitude. But now the sun was sinking towards the great sweep of the Volcanoes. The cacti and Spanish bayonets cast long black shadows upon the whitesand; and the rugged mountains to eastward stood revealed in all their naked grandeur. The little prairie-dogs no longer called to each other; the scolding owls were silent in their stolen nests; and the horned toads, that bask all day in the sun, scurried away to find shelter for the night. From the parched earth still rose the fragrance of the flowers.

The sun rested an instant full on the long slope of the Volcanoes, transfiguring with a sheen of crimson the walls of the eastern cliffs. Between lay the bowl of the *mesa*, cold and gray, save where the thread-like gold of the river wound. Lower sank the sun; the crimson mountains deepened into purple. A halo of glory flamed on the western horizon, and from it rays of broadening light shot far up into the zenith, while all the sky glowed with translucent pink. The river flushed in unison.

The sun was gone. The purple robe of the mountains melted into a toneless gray. Behind them the dove-colored shadow of night stole up the sky. More sombre grew the lonely plain; it seemed to cower before the chill approach of night. But the river still reflected the pageant of the closing day. Gradually the long rays of light receded before the encroaching gloom, and the sky faded from azure to turquoise, from turquoise to apple green. At last only a faint glow above the Volcanoes told of the sunset that had been. Away into the darkness the river traced its silver thread. The sighing wind was laden with the warm fragrance of violets. Towards the black wall of the mountains shone the camp-fire of some lonely herdsman; and the stars, kindred spirits of that vast solitude, stole softly forth to watch above it.

RUTH LOUISE GAINES.

### THE POINT OF HONOR

In these days of psychological theories, it would be suggestive, if not positively illuminating, to make a classification of books which reveal personality on the basis of gender. The humdrum experimental psychologist would scout the possibility of

separating the masculine book from the feminine ; but to the free-minded follower of James the proposition might have some significance. It is conceivable that behind a protective *nom de plume* there may lurk characteristic tendencies which betray the man or woman. Despite his "delicacy of feeling" or her "virile strength," there are loopholes through which essentially masculine or feminine qualities assert themselves, "Lilian Leslie Lamb" to the contrary.

Henry James, whose novels are an entertaining complement to his brother's theories, has a feminine cast to his mind which enables him to portray that intricate creation, the feminine intellect, with admirable exactness. But he betrays his masculine personality by his attitude : it is that of the keen-sighted but flippant observer. He may fully appreciate the qualities of the woman he portrays, but there is a reserve corner in his mind which jeers. Hence his most conscientious manner lacks sympathy. There is the same lurking mockery in Meredith's attitude. Meredith appreciates and respects the duplex character of the feminine mind, as no other masculine writer except Shakespeare has done. *Diana of the Crossways* is a glorious woman, but she makes ignominious mistakes. Why? Because she is a woman, and is therefore unable to harmonize her self of feeling and intuition with her intellect. Shakespeare transcends the distinctions of sex as he does all other limitations. *Rosalind* is a perfect example of the woman of strong feeling and intellect kept in stable equilibrium by an equally strong will, and that in the face of her experimental spirit. But *Cleopatra* overindulges to an infinitesimal degree her delight in torturing her lover. Her experimental instinct sweeps her beyond the limits set by reason. Antony believes in her pretext of treachery, and the splendid game is lost. These three are the elect, who see the possibilities of harmony in feminine nature. To other men who have written of woman she is incomplete, one-sided.

Hardy's woman is an elemental being who acts on impulse in response to the stress of circumstance or environment. Thackeray and his following create women who are either commonplace saints or entertaining fiends. *Ethel Newcome* is the single notable exception. She has many failings, and she is moreover a good woman and not commonplace. But Thackeray need not have emphasized her silliness. Kipling, latest and most intol-

erant of this group, gives a case in point of the entertaining fiend in Mrs. Haukesbee, queen of Simla revelings. She is the direct but more complex descendant of Becky Sharp and Beatrix Castlewood.

Kipling brings us to men who know men. Here again Shakespeare is incommensurable with other creators; for he makes every conceivable type of man who is great enough to be humbled by his recognition of the force of fate, or to meet his destruction nobly when he opposes it. Every other writer must content himself with creating one or two masterpieces. Jean Valjean, Athos, Peter Ibbetson, Sidney Carton, are all men's men, examples of that nature compounded of firmness, tenderness, and honor, which a woman may love and reverence, or play havoc with, but never appreciate.

Occasionally a woman masters one or the other of the first two characteristics; but she invariably fails when she tampers with the third. Mary Cholmondeley fails accordingly in her characterization of Lord Newhaven. His final letter to his wife is not in keeping with his character. It is the deed of a woman in her most feminine and feline mood. Feminine writers are apt to weave too much complexity into masculine action. Themselves versed in the tortuous path of conflicting motives and double meanings, they miss the splendid simplicity and directness of masculine thought. Consequently their creations lack force, or that quality best expressed in the slang term "sand." The men of Mrs. Humphrey Ward and George Eliot owe their weakness to this source. In contrast to the subtle man, is the hero of Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë. Rochester and Darcy are splendid brutes, a type more successful in its dealings with woman than either of the preceding types. They appeal to the primitive feminine instinct, and ride roughshod to the consummation of their desire where the finer nature would have hesitated and lost his throw.

The question of differentiation of novels on a sex basis resolves itself ultimately into the standpoint of honor taken by the novelist. The hero of "The Market Place" does many things which should trouble the soul of a high-minded woman. On the other hand, the actions of Maggie Tulliver are inconsequent and senseless. The two types present extremes which can not be viewed from the same standpoint. They have no common denominator; for they are intrinsically different, and

one is either foolish or preternaturally wicked in the presence of the other. It is by the application of this principle of difference that the masculine or feminine tone may be most often detected.

TIRZAH SNELL SMITH.

## OMAR KHAYYAM

A gay and easy cynic penned these lines,  
 And lightly, with a certain daring charm,  
 Names as God's highest gift the ruddy vines.  
 His graceful insolence does not seem harm ;  
 Instead, a banquet where one gladly dines.

On deaf ears falls the underlying strain,  
 Which sounds like distant echoes of a bell  
 That near some feast rings quivering notes of pain,  
 And tolls amid the music a soul's knell.  
 Unknown, untold his tragedy has lain.

VIRGINIA ELIZABETH MOORE.

## LOVE

For me at last the solemn depths of mystery are stirred,  
 The waiting silence of my life is broken with a word.  
 The floods that in the æons past have gathered, passion-strong,  
 Sweep down the fragile barriers and bear my soul along.  
 Above a hushed but breathing calm, dream-voices call to me.  
 The spirit-love that Sappho sang beside the Grecian sea,  
 The pang of Dante's ecstasy and Petrarch's grief divine  
 Are risen from their buried hearts to fill the cup of mine.  
 O loves of vanished centuries, who come all rapture-white  
 To bend the shadows of your eyes above me in the night,  
 Our souls are one,—and from your lips I drink my glorious fate :  
 "To Love's high heritage of woe thee, too, we consecrate !"

EDITH DE BLOIS LASKEY.

## *IN THE TIME OF OTTO THE SECOND*

It was in the autumn of 850. A hot, breathless quiet lay upon the Rhine valley in the province of Lower Lorraine. Not a weed stirred, not an insect buzzed. Great black and white clouds were sweeping up the valley, threatening the cowed earth with their rain and lightening.

Two horsemen rode along the trail that wound in and out the western bank of the river. The chug, chug of the steps of the horses, their labored breathing, the slash of an urging whip, were the only sounds that broke the stillness. The men were of good presence and rode their horses with ease. The foremost rider was the leader of the small party. He was a middle-sized man, lithe, courtly, a little bent. His head was small but finely sculptured. His straight nose joined a pair of strong black eyebrows; mouth and eyes were surrounded by delicate markings. The face was framed with curly auburn hair and based on a thick beard, cut square and most carefully arranged. It was a noble face, perhaps made more refined by its pallor and the lines of suffering deepening in it with each passing moment. His dress also showed great care. His tunic and doublet were of brown velvet slashed with silk; his only weapon, a short sword, hung in a scabbard most beautifully chased. It certainly was not the dress for a man riding with but one companion along the Rhine. Nor was the man fit for such a journey. He swayed in his saddle with weariness.

Yet his eyes twinkled with merriment whenever he looked at his companion, a youth of about twenty years, whose broad, honest face expressed the utmost dismay. The afternoon was beginning to wane and not a hut or a living being was in sight; a storm was at hand. The boy glanced at his clothes, orange and peacock-blue, then at his weapons; they were Roman, more showy than useful. After a loud sigh from the youth, the lord turned in his saddle and regarded the boy's clothes with his head on one side.

"What color do you think they will be after the rain gets at them?" he asked, in an interested voice.

"I don't know. That was just what I was trying to think," was the doleful answer.

"I think we shall find shelter soon," said the elder man.

Just at the turn of the road they saw on a steep hill overlooking the river a rude castle and its outlying huts.

"May all the saints be praised!" cried the boy; "we shall just have time to reach shelter before the storm comes."

"Slowly, slowly, Hildebold. Let us find out first whose castle it is. A very dear enemy may live there, you know."

Hildebold's face fell.

"Well, at least we can find out soon, for there is the goose-boy."

He rode briskly forward to question him. But if he hoped to hurry the lad he was disappointed. The boy turned an expressionless face toward him. Long, dirty white hair dropped over his dull, round eyes, and his mouth hung open as though his organ of hearing were situated in his throat. Even the dirty skins in which he was clothed seemed dropping from him. He received Hildebold's questions and the sword taps with which they were punctuated, without even blinking. Finally his eyes closed, his mouth half shut, and from somewhere within him a husky voice said: "Hardberd the Redhead."

"Why didn't you speak a little sooner?" impatiently asked Hildebold; and thrusting his sword in its sheath, he turned to his master with a questioning look. The wind was now blowing furiously.

"Hardberd, Hardberd the Redhead. He left court very suddenly. No, I have done nothing to him,—nor to his relatives, either," with a laugh. "I think we may go there safely."

So they turned their horses toward the castle, and gained the shelter of its courtyard just as the rain began to fall. There was no doubt that the name Rikulf of Münster was welcome to the castle's master. Hardberd was so pleased with the honor of Rikulf's visit that he himself came out to help the guest from his horse and lead him into the house. Rikulf was in sore need of help. He was so weak that Hildebold carried him to the couch that was prepared for him. A kindly, bustling old Frau held to his lips a cup of warm wine, which immediately put him to sleep.

In the meantime, in the hall into which Rikulf's bedroom opened, the supper table was being prepared. The house serv-

ants, hurrying to and fro to furnish the table, ran into the men and dogs, who, having been driven indoors by the storm, gathered in the hall and made the roof ring with laughter and barking. As the supper hour approached, the noise grew louder until it roused Rikulf. He sat up, feeling much refreshed, and shook his follower who lay sleeping at his feet.

"Wake up, Hildebold, or you will lose your supper!"

This quickly roused the lad, and he soon had his lord's and his own dress in order. Then taking his master by the arm, Hildebold led him into the hall, a large, oblong room built of oak, well blackened by smoke and dirt. A rude balcony, which ran around one end, at present served as a drying-room. Sundry pieces of wearing apparel were spread over the railing, looking in the dusk like gaily colored banners.

The corners of the hall were heaped with weapons and farming implements. Ponderous wooden benches ran around the walls, on which were men, dogs, and tankards. The middle of the hall was filled by the long dining-table, the upper end of which was higher than the lower and set with more care. At the dividing line stood a large wooden bowl full of salt.

Hardberd was seated by the fire. On his right an empty chair awaited the guest. The host's form and face showed plainly in the strong, ruddy glow of the fire. Hardberd was a man long past the prime of life. His huge frame was still possessed of great strength, though he was corpulent from self-indulgence. A red beard covered his large face up to the eyes. His skin was covered with a network of congested veins, giving it a purplish tinge. His head was bald. Between his bushy eyebrows and fat cheeks his small, stupid eyes seemed in danger of disappearing. It was a face that reminded one sharply of a boar; stupidity, wickedness, and strength were combined in it.

On seeing his guest, Hardberd came forward to greet him with much dignity, and led him to a seat before the huge stone fireplace, which was the chief center of attraction in the hall. It was the size of a small room; around its sides ran a bench. Here some of Hardberd's favored followers sat and watched with deep interest the finishing touches a cook-boy was giving a roasting deer. Now and then a blast of wind came down the chimney, blowing smoke and ashes over everything about the hearth and out into the room. But with the smoke came the smell of the cooking venison, and gradually the attention of

men and dogs was turned toward the fire. The dogs gathered around just out of Hardberd's reach; the men lounged about the fire as near as they dared, and in the warmest, cleanest corner dozed a tabby-cat. The loud talking gradually stopped; even Hardberd forgot his guest in his interest; the servants ceased their hurrying. The sizzling of the meat sounded plainly in the hall.

With a smile of importance, the boy gave the spit its last turn. The cook hurried in with a large knife, and soon the deer was hacked into pieces. The choice pieces of meat went above the salt; the rest was placed below. Supper was ready. The roar of laughter and talking filled the hall again until all were seated. The knight sat at the head of the table with Rikulf on his right, his sister, the Hausfrau, and her two stolid serving-women on his left. His followers, among whom Hildebold sat, were above the salt; his confessor, a little monk, sat at the dividing line. Below the salt sat the rest of the household.

The monk muttered a hasty blessing, and the attack on the food began. At first there was no talking; only the noise of eating and the whining of the dogs were heard in the hall. Rikulf, not having the appetite of his companions, finished long before the rest thought of turning their attention from their food. As he watched them he thought with amusement of the dismay with which they would regard his customary supper of wheat cakes, fruit, and wine. But now the Frau, who sat opposite Rikulf, and so far had done as vigorous trencher duty as the men, noticed that he was not eating. Quickly rising, she went to the kitchen and presently came back with a cup of mulled wine and some apples. These she placed before the guest, and, laying her hand upon his shoulder, smiled kindly in his face.

Rikulf was more touched and pleased than he cared to show. His face burned with shame when he thought of the scornful amusement with which he had been regarding his host's household.

"You fool," he said to himself, "this ugly old man is doubtless as good a gentleman as you have ever dined with; but you thought him a boor. That dear old lady may be the kindest woman who has spoken to you in your life, and yet you laughed at her manner of eating."

Gratitude warmed the guest's heart. The feeling of distrust



and disgust with which he first regarded his host vanished, and he drew toward him to talk with a feeling of pleasure which before he would not have thought himself capable of.

Hardberd also was in a sociable mood; so after the supper table was cleared, their chairs were placed next each other on one side of the hearth, while the household clustered about the other side to hear the stories of an old soldier. The interest soon failed, however; for the knight and his guest paid no attention to the stories, and the retainers were soon asleep.

"You have been sick a long time, Rikulf," began Hardberd. "I heard in the spring time that you had the fever. You do not look well yet, not at all as you looked at Ravenna." He gave a short, disagreeable laugh that for a moment startled Rikulf.

"News travels fast. Yes, I was sick last winter with fever; I nearly died from it." Rikulf laughed a little sadly. "And now, though the winter is coming again, still I am not well."

"You were in Mainz?"

"Yes, at St. Albans. Now I am going home. I have not been there since I was seven. Then, too, the emperor's business takes me."

"On business for Emperor Otto!" exclaimed Hardberd; "and with one man only?"

"Oh, I started with enough. I left them, though, a village or two above here. I couldn't stand the noise of their talking and jingling, and—and their clothes," shamefacedly. "Why, that boy," pointing to the sleeping orange and blue Hildebold, "was about the most quiet combination of colors in the lot."

Hardberd stared at his guest with uncomprehending eyes.

"I know it was dangerous, but I should have gone mad if I had stayed with them much longer."

"But how would your men find out if anything happened to you?" The host leaned forward with great interest.

"They would not find out at all, for I shall not see them until I reach Cologne. I should not have separated from them. It happened because I was riding too soon after the fever. I shall not do so again."

Hardberd looked at the fire in deep thought. Rikulf continued talking without looking up. The firelight flickered out into the room, throwing huge shadows of Hardberd and Rikulf on the wall and lighting up the men and dogs sleeping on benches and floor. A chorus of snores rose and mingled with

the squeaking and scampering of the rats who had ventured into the dark corners of the hall in search of bones. The wind moaned and howled in the chimney, now and then scattering the ashes with a little hiss. Rikulf's quiet voice rose and fell with a pathos that made the loneliness of the two men doubly marked.

"No, I shall not do so again. I would not have minded being killed before I had the fever. But I do mind now, for I want to live to make straight some things I've done; and then, I have discovered the value of life," with a half laugh. "I did not know life had any particular value then. I never learned that with all my learning.

"When I was seven years old, my father sent me to St. Gall, where I learned Latin until I forgot my German words and manners. Next I went to Rome; there I learned Greek, more Latin and—many things about life," with a half-glance at Hardberd, "but about its value or use, nothing. The life in Rome and Byzantium soon tired me, but the old king Otto came to Italy and showed me that there were more things in life than I suspected. I, too, wanted power, and I got it. It isn't so hard to get if you work steadily. You keep your own feelings to yourself and wait for the other man to act. He always shows his hand sooner or later. Germans are like children; you can tell exactly what they are going to do if you know the women behind them. That is the secret,—you must know the woman. Through her you can work the man; or if you can't, you can direct her attention to some one else or get her out of the way. It isn't easy always to find the right woman. Still that is the surest way of getting power. I know that; I learned it in Rome." Rikulf laughed heartily.

"At St. Albans my nurse was an old monk who had taught me at St. Gall. He gave me one of his copies of the Gospel of holy St. Mark. We used to talk a great deal. He was fond of animals. Once the cat caught her tail in a door, and he tied the tail to a stick until it grew stiff again. He would go to my window and call to the birds. They came to him in such a flock that they darkened the cell. After a while they came to me, too. We gave them seed. A little bird broke its leg; good old Grimwald caught it and cut the leg off. His caring for animals started me thinking, I suppose,—that and looking out of my window at the sunrise. It seemed to me that I could do more

with my life, do something for the emperor, — I have no son to fight for him, as you have; so I, the last of my family, must do something. The emperor's plan is the right one, Hardberd." His voice rose with earnestness. "There must be one head over us. The sooner the kingdoms and duchies realize this, the better for our race. If only all the people would unite and act as one, we should rule the world. We should be as great a race as the Romans were. Isn't that something to work for, Hardberd?" He turned with sparkling eyes to his host.

Hardberd sat staring at the fire, his face puckered with thought.

"You said," he began slowly, "that there was a woman behind every man. Well, once there was a woman that I loved. Do you know Ekkehard of Zeitz?"

"No, I never heard of him," answered Rikulf.

"Of course you haven't," said Hardberd, hastily; "he was at the court before the old king first went to Italy. He was a powerful man, so he tortured that innocent girl because she would not love him." Hardberd's face grew purple and his voice husky. "And then, not getting what he wanted, he sent her to Gandersheim, where she died. He said she conspired against the queen. Listen, I have him now, in this castle!" He turned to Rikulf with a look of exultation so horrible, that the guest could hardly restrain an exclamation of disgust. "I want you to come with me and see him. He's below. He," nodding his head at the monk sleeping in the corner of the fireplace, "and I take him food." He rose briskly from his seat and looked down at Rikulf with an eager chuckle.

"Why does the old blockhead want to tell me about his quarrels?" Rikulf thought impatiently. "Why should he show me his half-dead man? He ought to know I have seen such shows before. I will not go into his loathsome dungeon. Perhaps I might help this Ekkehard, though,—get enough gold to bribe old Hardberd to forego his vengeance. That would please Grimwald."

So, silently nodding, he waited until the monk had been roused and told to bring some bread and water. Hardberd lighted at the fire a stick of fir-wood which he had picked out of the woodpile. Then everything being ready, the host led the way, the monk with the bread and butter bringing up the rear.

So quietly did the little procession leave the hall that not a man or a dog stirred in his sleep. There crept into Rikulf's heart a feeling of fear, which he tried to shake off with a laugh.

"I am glad I never interfered with any of your affairs, Hardberd," he said gaily, as they paused before passing through the rough hole that was the entrance to the dungeon.

The dungeon was a rude passageway cut into the rock. Though it had an appearance of great age, it had been cut out only in Hardberd's youth; for it was one of the few Roman ideas the knight had brought home with him.

The gust of air that greeted them in the passageway sickened Rikulf. The close, damp atmosphere was heavy with the stench of decaying animal matter, but more powerful than this was the smell of rats. Sure enough, they had not gone far before they were surrounded by a swarm of rodents. Before, at the sides, behind, they ran, squeaking and gliding over one another, always at a distance but terrible in their persistence.

A shudder of horror went through Rikulf's marrow.

"We had better hasten, or we shall not see even the bones of Ekkehard," he said, glancing at the rats.

Hardberd noticed his look and laughed.

"Never fear, he will be there all right. We are nearly at the place."

He walked on rapidly, chuckling to himself, holding the torch high in the air. The fever danced in Rikulf's veins. He could think of nothing but the effort of moving. The monk who clutched his arm in terror seemed to be pulling him back with the strength of a giant.

A large, rusty rack loomed in the distance. As the light grew brighter, Rikulf noticed the festoons of cobwebs with which it was draped. The grave-like desolation of the place filled him with dread. Shaking off the monk, he ran forward to greet the prisoner, half fearing to find him crazy with the darkness and loneliness. An iron ring was fastened to the wall about the height of a man's neck; the chains and rings for his feet lay on the floor; but there was no man.

"He is gone!" exclaimed Rikulf. Suddenly Hardberd sprang forward, pushed Rikulf against the ring, and held him there. Then turning to the monk he said, "Chain him." The monk without a word set down the bread and water and, kneeling before Rikulf, began fastening the chains.

Blank amazement paralyzed the man and he looked at his host dumbly ; the next moment anger quickened him and he struggled with all his might. But after a feeble twist he stopped, panting with exhaustion. Hardberd laughed until the passage-way rang with his mirth.

"So you have forgotten my lady Hildegard the White-armed, eh?" shaking Rikulf as a terrier does a rat. "But I remember, I have always remembered. I tried to kill you at Ravenna; but you were too well protected, so I came home. I have thought and thought how to get at you, and here you come right into my hands. Now you remember her?" And he laughed again.

"Hildegard the White-armed! You fool," cried Rikulf, "she had nothing to do with you. That woman was one of Prince Ludolf's mistresses. She worked her way into court to kill Queen Adelaide, of whom she was jealous. I tortured her simply to find out what she knew, and sent her to the nunnery because it was the best place for her. A nun killed her there,—for some woman's reason."

"I'll not believe your talk," sneered Hardberd.

"Of course you won't," said Rikulf calmly, though inwardly he was now cold with fear for Hildebold, now hot with wrath at the fate of his mission. "I might know you couldn't comprehend it. I didn't think you had sense enough to trap me like this, but I see you have been thinking of it for years. But let Hildebold go. Give him an oath. He will keep it for the emperor's sake. Otto's business must be carried out. Do it for Otto's sake. My mission must not be delayed." Rikulf's voice broke with his earnestness.

"Hildebold shall tell no tales. I do not need to serve the emperor."

"Start your rack, then. I've often watched men on it and wondered how I should behave. Now I shall know." Rikulf laughed.

Hardberd also laughed, and turned away. "Oh, I shall not touch you. I'll let the rats do that."

The torch spun round before Rikulf's eyes. To be eaten by rats in a cellar! He thought of his life, the better half of his work not done; all the plans he and Grimwald had made; all the good he had wanted to do. The utter uselessness of the old man's vengeance and of his own death filled him with mute

wrath. Tears of rage stood in his eyes ; but not for life itself would he have wept before Hardberd.

"Perhaps you would like to confess," suggested Hardberd, and, walking back to Rikulf, held the torch so that it lighted up his face. Rikulf turned his head quickly for fear his tears should be seen.

The monk came forward holding out his crucifix. But Rikulf held back his head. "I'll not confess to a coward and a murderer," he said, with such fierce scorn that the priest shrank back.

"You had better do it," advised Hardberd ; "if you don't you'll spend more years in hell."

"I'd rather spend the years in hell."

The monk came forward again. He thrust the crucifix into Rikulf's face so that he could not choose but see. The rude figure on the cross somehow reminded him of Grimwald. He thought of the kind-faced old man, of the one-legged bird, the cat with her tail tied to a stick, of their quiet talks, of St. Mark's Gospel ; Grimwald loved him, he would want him to confess.

A sudden burst of sobs shook the man. The little monk had to support him to keep him from strangling in the iron ring. The sobs and confession were so mixed that the priest heard not half the words, and comprehended very little of what he heard. But he gave him absolution and blessing. When he had finished he walked silently to his lord's side.

For a moment they paused to look at the man. His violent burst of emotion had left him unconscious. He hung limply in his chains, his head resting on the iron ring into which his neck had been thrust. His eyes were shut, his face white ; the tears still sparkled on his eyelashes and beard.

The men turned and walked away. The rats squealed as they gathered. The men quickened their footsteps. The rats did not follow them this time.

CAROLINE THOMAS RUMBOLD.

## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### HOW THE WIND FOUND THE LIGHT

Swoop and roar wild wind !  
Skirl away high in the dead of the night,  
In the blind darkness feeling for light ;  
    You will not find it.  
Grasp and batter the tree-tops high,  
Pound the wide heights where the star-beds lie ;  
    Not there the light is.  
Rave through the hollow night,  
Search in vain for the long-gone light ;  
    It is midnight.  
The tumult and the warring cease,  
The frayed and tattered trees have peace,  
    It is still ;  
For far on the eastern line of night,  
Out from the blackness grows a light,  
    A silver gleam,  
A faint flush, a golden glow  
Cleaving the darkness, yellow and rose,—  
    Dawn !  
The mad, wild wind springs up with a shout,  
Despair with the grim, black night goes out.  
    The day comes !  
Over the hills where the sky grows bright,  
Over the hills to meet the light  
    The wind goes.

JULIA POST MITCHELL.

“What you need,” remarked the Doctor, “is a complete rest. If you stay in bed two weeks you will feel like a new creature.”

“But I can’t stay in bed two weeks,” I protested, “I would never be able to get my work made up.”

The Doctor regarded me thoughtfully.

“Do you come of a long line of New England ancestors?”

she asked, and then added, as I answered in the affirmative, "And you are eligible for most of the societies like the Colonial Dames?"

"All of them," I answered, not without some pride, "from the Descendants of the Mayflower down."

"H'm, I thought as much," she replied, "you've inherited more conscience than you need for everyday use."

The foregoing conversation caused me to reflect that this was only one of a great number of disadvantages arising from good ancestry. Surely the daughter of a hundred earls is not to be envied, provided, of course, that they were good earls who feared God and honored the king. The responsibilities of living up to a family reputation are simply enormous, and pride of race, like a cruel spur, drives us forward when we are weary and fainting, and would far rather fall into "innocuous desuetude" and consign the family reputation to eternal oblivion.

And not only have your ancestors left a name behind them that dwells in the minds of men, so that it is always held up like a mirror to reflect the imperfections of the present generation, but the very blood which they bequeathed to their posterity teems with reminders of those who made it what it is. Perhaps a button comes off your glove just as you are starting for church. "Sew it on, there is time enough," says your room-mate whose ancestors appeared in Kansas two generations ago, and gave no account of their former dwelling or pursuits. But although, theoretically, you are sure it is not half as bad to sew on that button as it is to go into the house of the Lord with an empty buttonhole, somehow as you thread the needle you do not feel quite comfortable. The spirit of some staunch old Puritan ancestor seems to be whispering, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work," and—well, all the rest of the day you can not help wishing you had not sewed on that button.

This is only one of a thousand ways that the ideas and prejudices of our forefathers creep in and tincture all our thoughts and actions, until sometimes it is hard to believe that we are anything at all of ourselves, but only that which preceding generations have bequeathed to us. Yet at times we are bitterly reminded that this is not the case.

"It is strange," your relatives say, "that you should have such a frightful temper. Both your father's family and your mother's were noted for their good dispositions." And again,



"How came your hair to be such a carrot color? Nobody in our family ever had red hair before." Alas! that your ancestors, not content with being good, must also have been beautiful!

Theoretically, good ancestry is a fine thing. With what pride can one look back upon a long line of forefathers who were prominent in church and state, who stepped upon Plymouth Rock to face the dangers and privations of the wilderness for the sake of freedom of conscience, who, armed with a sword and the fear of God, advanced upon the fortifications of Quebec and died covered with blood and glory, who stood behind the breastworks upon Bunker Hill and lived not only to tell the tale, but to represent their state in the first assembly of Congress; to say nothing of the less valiant ones who invented things, and traveled, and wrote books, or took part in the social life of different periods in company with their wives and daughters, all paragons of wit and beauty. But of what use is it to recall that your grandfather was a close friend of Emerson, if you get up in the morning and do not know your Logic? To your natural chagrin at "flunking" is added the awful consciousness that you are not living up to the family reputation; and when you go home and confess to a condition, to be met with the announcement that all your uncles were Phi Beta Kappa men who took a valedictory rank in college is almost more than human fortitude can endure.

The castaway or the foundling has still something to be thankful for, in that however low he may fall, or however ugly and stupid he may be, no one is able to tell him that he is a degenerate son of worthy sires.

AMY STOUGHTON POPE.

The golf craze invaded the county seat of Thornton like a plague, and swept it from end to end, sparing no one. From the Methodist parson, an elderly,

**A Romance of the Links** sedate man with a bald head, to children below the age of fifteen, who were admitted to the links only on Tuesday and Saturday mornings, the inhabitants fell victims to this most malignant fever. At all hours of the day the high road leading to the club-house flamed with pink coats; and sordid small boys, who

could forego the delights of the swimming-pool and the baseball diamond when it came to a question of turning a penny or two, did a tremendous business as caddies.

Foremost among the enthusiasts was Miss Marion Allen, only daughter of one of the oldest and wealthiest families in the town of Thornton. Miss Allen was an athletic young lady, tall and graceful, with a very pretty face that was also somewhat wilful and perhaps a trifle haughty. There was nothing snobbish about Miss Allen. Nevertheless, lack of refinement grated upon her nerves like the grating of a file, and she was exceedingly fastidious in her choice of friends. Imagine then the consternation that invaded her spirit as she began to realize that she was taking no common interest in the golf instructor! She, Marion Allen, enamoured of a golf instructor, a professional! In one of her friends she never could have forgiven such madness. She buried the secret deep in her bosom, and even tried, but unavailingly, to shut her own eyes to it.

Physically no fault could be found in the golf instructor. He was blonde and smooth-faced, with the profile and physique that call up vague thoughts of the Greeks of old. It was his good looks that attracted Miss Allen from the first, and she took an unalloyed delight in them until one day she happened to wonder how he would look in a dress suit. Then arose in her mind the question whether or no he probably owned a dress suit, and this insidious doubt became at last so insistent as to arise whenever she looked at him, and materially to affect her satisfaction in the neat golf costume that he always wore. To add to her discomfort, Miss Allen found herself involved in the difficulty that proverbially besets high-born girls whose affections have been unfortunately bestowed. In short, she had a suitor, highly eligible in every respect, and regarded with favor by her friends and family. She herself was by no means blind to his good qualities. Still, she never could look at his handsome, refined face without mentally comparing it with the golf instructor's classic profile; while as for the gallant speeches that he sometimes made her, and he knew how to say a nice thing in the nicest possible way, the slight gratification to her vanity never approached the thrill that she felt on the proud day when John Parker told her that she was beginning to play in first-rate form.

On a beautiful day in late October, when the golf fever had

somewhat abated its force and true devotees of the game could enjoy it unhampered by dilettantes, Miss Allen mounted her wheel and rode to the links. She was considering the situation seriously. In one direction the matter was coming to a crisis. She knew from Mr. Templeton's bearing toward her as well as from his attentions, daily becoming more assiduous, that very soon he would ask her to be his wife. She knew that she would refuse him, and that she would do it solely on account of a man with whom she had never exchanged a word, except in his professional capacity; and she admitted that she was cutting a rather undignified figure in her own eyes. She closed the door of her locker with a vicious snap, and with her clubs in her hands turned to find herself face to face with Mr. Templeton.

"Are you through for the afternoon?" she asked.

"I thought so," he replied, "but now I hope that you will let me play around with you."

"I shall be very glad to have you," she said, with more cordiality than she felt.

As they left the house and walked toward the first teeing ground, she cast her eyes over the links. John Parker was not in sight. She stepped up on the teeing ground and drove off. Mr. Templeton made the next stroke. They both played well, and the ball covered ground rapidly. Much to Miss Allen's relief Mr. Templeton talked of nothing but the game, but when she holed out on the last green there came a pause. She started briskly toward the house, discussing rather fast and with great fervor the true province of the cleek and its misuse by beginners. But this subject, which at the outset had seemed so fertile, was soon exhausted. They had reached the little orchard which lay between the club-house and the links. Mr. Templeton turned suddenly toward her and she knew that the dreaded moment had come. She felt a helpless desire to gain time. Her heart sank within her, then suddenly bounded with joy as she heard close behind a welcome sound, the thud of feet on the grass and the rattling of clubs in the caddie-bag. The caddie, who had fallen behind, was at their heels again. There is no more inexorable duenna than a caddie. Mr. Templeton frowned, but he was a man of determination, and was not to be baffled.

"We seem to succeed very well together," he began, tentatively.

"I don't know—do you think so?" replied Miss Allen. "It was fifty-six, you know. I did it in forty-nine day before yesterday. I think that I do better alone."

Mr. Templeton understood.

"I meant to ask you to play around again," he said, "but I do not wish to hinder you in raising your score, so I will leave you here."

"I should like to try it again," replied Miss Allen, "but I think that it would be better for me to practice drives."

So she left him, and with her caddie walked toward the first teeing ground. That was over, and as for the future, it was not necessary to think of it, and she preferred not to do so. As she passed the house she saw John Parker examining the practice putting green beside it.

The teeing ground was in sight of the house. As she stood addressing the ball, she could not help stealing a furtive glance at the golf instructor. He had turned his head and was watching her. With a strong, free swing of her driver she hit the ball fair and clean. Her heart beat quickly as she jumped down from the teeing ground and ran after the caddie. He was her favorite caddie and a privileged being.

"Say," he began impressively, "did you hear about Mr. Parker?"

She was taken off her guard and was somewhat startled, but she replied calmly.

"No, what do you mean?"

"Why, he's going to leave at the end of the week," said the caddie with cruel directness. "He's going to leave for good."

Miss Allen felt that his round eyes fixed upon her face were probing her very soul. She merely said,

"Indeed? Why is he going?"

"Got a better place," said the caddie. "Look here, you don't want your loftier there. Take the cleek."

"Why, of course. How very absurd," said Miss Allen.

She took the club blindly and made two futile sweeps. Setting her teeth, she brought it back for the third time and swung it with all her force. It drove deep into the turf behind the ball. Her wrists ached, and she felt jarred from head to foot.

"Did you ever see anything quite so bad as that?" she cried desperately.

"No, mum," replied the caddie.

"You are having a hard time," said a voice behind her. It was John Parker.

She turned, trying to smile calmly.

"I don't know what is the matter with me to-day," she said. "This reminds me of that horrible first week."

John looked at her gravely.

"It isn't as bad as that," he said. "Think of your first lesson."

"I shall never forget it," said Miss Allen, taking stern pleasure in a bit of irony at her own expense.

"I haven't anything to do this afternoon," said John with some hesitation. "I will go around with you once more if you want me to. It will be the last time, as I am going Saturday. I don't think there will be much for me to tell you this time, though."

It would have been easy for Miss Allen to say that it was too late and that she must go in, and it would have been better, she knew. She took out her watch.

"It is almost"—she began. Then swept over her with crushing force the thought that she was with him probably for the last time. She put back her watch.

"Thank you," she said, "I should like very much to have some more advice."

She played rather badly, but that is hardly to be wondered at, when her mind was filled with thoughts of so distressing a nature. Whenever she made a poor stroke she fell a degree in John's opinion; whenever she made a good one she lessened all too fast the distance that lay between her and the ninth hole. There at the ninth hole all would end. She had known before, of course, that it must end sometime, but she had never thought definitely of it. She tried to persuade herself that the situation was humorous, but she could not feel amused.

The dreaded moment came at last, when, after a somewhat prolonged struggle on the green, the ball dropped with a dry little rattle into the hole. Miss Allen looked up. The sun was just setting behind the hills. It seemed an omen. She looked at John and waited for him to speak.

"That wasn't so bad," he said encouragingly, "what you want now is practice in putting. You're all right except on the green. Try it for a little while now."

Miss Allen glanced again at the western hills. The upper-

most rim of the sun was disappearing, and deep shadows were already folding down over the valleys. The links were deserted.

"I will practice for a few minutes," said she.

"You won't need the caddie any longer, will you?" suggested John.

Miss Allen heard behind her a sound that unquestionably was like a chuckle. She turned quickly and gave the caddie a look both penetrating and severe. There was an inscrutable gravity upon his face. With great dignity she counted out a handful of change from her pocket-book. As she did so a piece of paper fluttered to the ground. John stooped to pick it up. At the same moment she saw it and sprang for it with a gasp of horror, but already it was in his hand and he had seen it. It was a newspaper cut of himself which had appeared in the Thornton Evening Journal early in the summer, adorning an enthusiastic article on the new country club and its excellent links.

Miss Allen took it with a stifled "Thank you." She dared not look at his face to see whether he had recognized the picture or not. She gave the caddie his pay without a word, and he turned and walked away from them. There was a horrible silence. She took up her putter and placed the ball at the edge of the green.

"Miss Allen," began John, with a portentous solemnity in his voice, "I am going away Saturday. I am going to the Savoy links."

"Oh," said Miss Allen, with icy calmness. She took very deliberate aim and struck at the ball. It rolled past the hole, a yard to one side. She followed it and bent over it again. John came to her side and stood looking down at her.

"The Savoy links are better than these," he said.

She made another stroke. The ball rolled still farther away. Then her composure suddenly forsook her. She gave one helpless glance at his face. The earnestness in it appalled her. She looked over her shoulder at the club-house, and then at John again, and then down at her putter. He came nearer.

"Will you come with me and play on them?" he said.

A vision of her family and her friends rose up before her, but she was not daunted. There was a ring of pride and defiance in her voice as she answered.

"Yes, John, I will."

As they were walking slowly up the hill toward the clubhouse, he saw that she was looking at him with a very dreamy light in her eyes.

"Well, what is it?" he asked with a smile.

"I was just thinking how classic your profile is, dear," she replied.

"Was you?" said John.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS.

#### A TWOSOME

Under the sunny August sky  
We played at golf,  
Jeannette and I,—  
'Twas just a twosome.  
With sleeves rolled up and head all bare,  
She placed her ball and drove it fair;  
A-playing for a record she,  
And I—I watched Jeannette, you see.

Down in the thick and sedgy grass  
We sought her ball,  
But there,—alas!  
We found it not.  
We hunted high, we hunted low,  
'Twas gone,—they always are, you know.  
"A ball does lose so easily,  
You should have watched it fall," quoth she.

Under the sunny August sky  
We sought her ball,  
Jeannette and I,—  
'Twas just a twosome.  
Our hands met in the search somehow,  
Alas, for me the hazard now,—  
"I watched my heart and saw it fly  
Straight to your feet, Jeannette," quoth I.  
"A heart does lose so easily,  
I'll give you mine instead," quoth she.

MARGARET REBECCA PIPER.

How much is written and said about the trials and triumphs of a freshman while she is adjusting herself to her surroundings after her arrival in college!

**Difficulties of a Sophomore** Her problems are well known in college life and college thought, but what about those other problems equally difficult to solve which the sophomore has to grapple with in the first few weeks of her second year? Think of her position when she first comes back! When she went away she was part of the class which received most attention in college. Every one had been watching that class, comparing it with its predecessors, prophesying its future, patronizing it, giving it parties, helping it out of trouble, and allowing it to waste its time and money in adulation of its superiors; in short it had been the spoiled darling of Smith. It had had, too, the priceless privilege of indulging in any infantine tricks or amusements that it liked. The joy of being naughty was its special and most cherished possession. This lasts for a year. Then follow a few short weeks of vacation, surely not conducive to mental growth, and lo! the freshman returns to college a sophomore. This is no trifling change. To put it briefly, she has changed from subordination to the upper classes to equality with them, and from the adorer, she has become the adored. And the mortifying discovery she makes on her arrival is that really she has descended from a pedestal and become nobody.

It shortly develops that this new position is not a sinecure either. Instead of regally waiting until advances are made to her, she has to make all the advances herself. The terrible responsibility of being nice to the freshmen has fallen upon her. Surely such a complete change of attitude might jar and bewilder any one.

And then if, like a large part of the entering class, she spent her first year off the campus and gets an assignment for her second year, she is as green in campus ways as any freshman and yet must hide her greenness. The first night of her arrival she is seated at dinner at a table full of girls she has never seen before. From their conversation she presently gathers that they are all seniors. On her left is a tall, handsome girl with an appalling society manner, who turns a very stately, cold shoulder on our poor sophomore. Evidently she thinks she is sitting next a freshman. This pleasant consciousness makes the



sophomore anxious to make remarks about "last year" and "generally here at Smith we do this or that," and she does this rather awkwardly. After dinner the senior on her right says chillingly, "I don't think you were very cordial to that poor freshman."

"What freshman?"

"Why the girl on your left. You didn't speak to her once!"

This causes the conscience-stricken sophomore more nervousness, and she spends the time until half-past seven vainly trying to get up courage enough to ask her stately neighbor to dance with her. As time goes on most of the girls she stands in awe of turn out to be freshmen, and she spends her days trying to treat them with proper dignity. The result of this is that her attitude is one of distant patronage, and they all set her down as a snob.

Nor are her troubles confined to her own house. Perhaps she gets into difficulties over making out her schedule. As she has done this terrible task but once before, she forgets a few minor points, and seeing her looking puzzled, an S. C. A. C. W. girl comes up with, "Can I help you?"

"Will you tell me please—"

But at this point the representative of the S. C. A. C. W., seeing her card says, "Oh, you are a sophomore, I beg your pardon," and departs, leaving our poor girl stranded and fairly ashamed to ask her question.

These, in brief, are some of the troubles which await the sophomore. Let her beware of the snares and entanglements her own pride will surely lay for her. And let the rest of the college turn aside occasionally from its preoccupation with the freshman class to spend a little pity on the unheeded, struggling, ignominious sophomore.

FANNY HASTINGS.

#### ASPIRATIONS

A beautiful face, and a longing  
To see what lies below,  
To find and to fathom the treasures  
That make it so.

A beautiful voice and a striving  
To be in sympathy  
With all that its tones are revealing  
So tenderly.

A beautiful life and a hoping  
Its blessedness to share,  
To learn and to live the God-life  
Reflected there.

RUTH STEPHENS BAKER.

It was a very warm day. The woodbine over the porch looked hot and languid, and its leaves hung heavy and exhausted. Betty was sitting in their shadow  
Her Dress shelling peas. Her small face was flushed, and her hair clung to her forehead in little, damp rings. Inside she could hear the thump thump of a flat-iron. She wondered idly how her mother could be so energetic. She frowned.

"I just hate to shell peas," she said, "and I hate to be hot, and I know mother won't let me have a new dress for Flora Lee's party. And Jane has such a pretty white one. I want a white dress. Shan't get it though."

"Betsy," came a voice from the darkened kitchen, "aren't those peas most done?"

"Yes'm," answered Betty, "they're all done," and she got up and came into the kitchen with them. Her mother stood by the ironing-board. On a table near her stood a row of stiffly starched pantalettes, like little towers.

"I've been thinking," said her mother, as she added another pantalette to the row, "that you may have to have a new dress. There's Flora Lee's party, and you haven't anything real nice to wear."

Betty's moist little face beamed.

"Oh, mother!"

"So we'll get you a pretty new print. It will be fresh for the party, and then it won't be too nice for you to wear common afterwards. Mr. Pease had some very pretty print with little roses on it."

The face fell.

"Mother, couldn't I have a white dress?"

"Mercy, no, child. It wouldn't keep clean any time at all. White pantalettes are bad enough without white dresses. If you want, you can go down to the store and pick it out yourself this afternoon. It's pretty hot though. Maybe you better wait until to-morrow."

She wanted a white dress, but to be allowed to pick out any dress at all was an event that might occur but once in a lifetime.

"I don't mind if it is hot," she said.

Thus it happened that the afternoon found a hot little girl toiling over the dusty road toward the store. Along the sides of the road the burdock leaves were covered with fine white dust. Even the leaves of the scrub-apple drooped. Not a breath of air stirred them. The goldenrod held up its gay head bravely, but its plumes hung heavily against the sturdy stalk. From hidden places came long, hot, stinging sounds.

Betty plodded on. She felt cross. Even the prospect of the new dress was not comforting. She wanted it, yes, of course she wanted it, but she didn't want any horrid little roses or stiff little figures on it.

At last she was climbing the steps of the village store. The storekeeper sat behind the counter, a big red handkerchief in his hand, a pitcher near him, with little drops of moisture outside and a clinking noise within.

"Hello," he said in surprise, "pretty hot day for little girls, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Betty, pushing back the damp little curls.

"Well, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"Mother sent me here to get some print for a dress." She was resigned to her fate, but interested in it nevertheless.

He got off his stool slowly.

"I've got some real pretty print," he said, as he pulled down a piece. "Little pink roses on it. You'll like that, won't you?"

Betty was silent. She had been brought up to tell the truth.

He spread it out on the counter.

"It washes beautiful," he went on. "Mirandy Snow had a dress off it, and it did up beautiful. It's wash goods."

Betty had an idea,—such an audacious one that it frightened her.

"What—what happens if it isn't?" she asked timidly.

The storekeeper wrinkled his forehead in masculine per-

plexity. "Well, I don't exactly know. I guess all them little roses would wash out; it would be an awful shame, they're so pretty. But you needn't be afraid. This'll wash all right."

Betty was trembling, but her resolve was made.

"Have you any prints that won't wash?" she said.

Mr. Pease looked over his spectacles at her in great astonishment.

"You don't want anything that won't wash, missy. Your ma wouldn't want you to get anything that won't wash."

"But have you?" persisted Betty.

"Well, I don't know but I have," he admitted reluctantly, and pulled down a second piece.

"You see it's not half so pretty," he said, "it can't come up to them pink roses."

But Betty did not care.

"I'll take it," she said decisively.

The astonished man made a few last objections.

"I don't like to let you have it. It ain't first-class goods. It ain't warranted to wash. Your ma—"

"Five yards, please," said Betty, firmly.

He cut them off slowly and with obvious reluctance, and stood looking after her as she went out into the heat again.

"Well I swan!" he said.

During the long, hot summer afternoons that followed Betty sat in the shade of the woodbine and sewed—with hope. She forgot the heat and the seams she hated, and remembered only that her dress with the ugly little blue spots on it now would be white after it was washed.

"He said the figures would wash out," she thought.

It was her secret. Mother did not even suspect it. She wondered what mother would say when her dress turned out white instead of with the little blue dots on it.

"I guess she'll be surprised," thought Betty, not without misgivings that she might be something else too.

And so it happened that one morning she sat under the woodbine shelling peas, for the dress was done. And inside she heard not the thump of the flat-iron, but the sound of the scrubbing-board. She listened and waited. At last she heard her mother's voice. It was quiet, but there were foreboding notes in it.

"Betsy, come here," it said.

Betty went. She was afraid mother did not like it. She almost wished—

"See here, Betty," said her mother,—and yes, she did sound surprised and angry.

Betty looked.

Why, what had happened? The blue was still there. It looked *all* blue, only it was not pretty,—it was not right. Some places the blue was in blotches, and some places you could hardly see it. And there was not any white at all.

She began to cry.

SYBIL LAVINIA COX.

Warm, moist air breathing the odor of sweet flag and spearmint; a country road with hot, dusty surface cooled by the evening dew; the frogs

**Shoes That Pass in the Night** croaking arguments from the mist-hidden swamp; the fireflies dancing here and there in the darkness; softly from the distance comes the regular sound of footfalls approaching. Soon a turn in the road makes the sound more distinct, and a light, now eclipsed, now swinging clear, half suggests in outline the cause of the rhythmic tread. Gradually the disturbers of the peace are more distinctly seen. They are four feet; but evidently not those of a quadruped as they are clearly divided into two pairs, which are in a row, or as much in a row as the unevenness of the ground permits.

Two of these travelers are clad in dark russet leather with exceedingly heavy soles somewhat muddy and rather damp. Nothing very extensive appears above the bobbing loops of the shoe strings except the beginning of what must be thick brown woolen golf stockings. The other pair are a good deal smaller and take shorter, more irregular steps with evident care for picking their way. They are a most dainty display of patent leather with toes that go up a bit at the end as if used to this tramp, but hardly bearing the strain gracefully. The little ties stop at the ankle, and the uncertain rise and fall of white lace around these now hides and now reveals a bit of the brightest plaid. Just in front extends a line of a stiff white hem which appears to be caught up at the sides as only starched scallops show here and there, while the embroidered ruffles

below hang limp and rather dirty where they have touched the moist ground. With resolute steps the four boots have approached and passed. Now the swaying lantern reveals in its yellow light only the russets, and the golf stockings cast their shadow on the white duck and the lace. A low monotone of conversation was wafted on the air as they passed, but it is soon lost in the distance. The feet fall into step more evenly now, but after a little space, the patent leathers suddenly turn right around and a moment later continue their march on the other side of the road—where the walking is much worse! The way seems hard and the little black shoes trip occasionally. Soon the brown ones come to the rescue and the lock step is continued, but presently it slackens and finally stops. The lantern is set down—hard, not carefully. One side of the skirt is dropped, then the other. Then suddenly both little patent leathers go right off the ground, a muffled cry sounds on the air and the lantern, jarred by the movement, slips from its critical position and the light goes out; but on the summer night sounds a glad, little laugh and the fireflies dance more giddily and the last, sleepy croak of the frogs is hushed.

HANNAH GOULD JOHNSON.

#### INSPIRATION

A scent of wild roses, a river's flow,  
Green grasses that bend and sway ;—  
And a half-formed wish that I hardly know  
Comes into my mind to-day.

A face that means all the world to me,  
Dark eyes now tender, now gay ;—  
And a clear ideal of what I would be  
Comes into my heart to-day.

MARGUERITE FELLOWS.

## **EDITORIAL**

One doctrine of the modern psychology of crowds emphasizes the loss of a sense of responsibility suffered more or less completely by the individual in a large assemblage. This principle doubtless contains the explanation of that most unpleasant phenomenon of our composite life,—the discourtesy of the college audience. Happily this discourtesy is by no means the habitual attitude; on the contrary, no other audience is more enthusiastic, more sensitively appreciative, when the right appeal is made; but woe to the orator or to the lecturer who fails to make this appeal! He may perhaps offend by the too ingratiating tone of his preamble. Then will the roses ranged before him prove to have thorns, and the sweet and gentle femininity that he so gracefully lauded vent its outraged feelings in a retribution quite incongruous with his metaphors. Again, he may be guilty of a grammatical slip, or of a peculiar style of enunciation, or of any mannerism in speech or gesture. Whatever the case, the result will be the same. The speaker will find himself looking down upon a sea of smiles of every variety,—the superior, the frankly amused, the furtive, the sneering, the tolerant because utterly scornful. It is a mistaken idea that an audience is helpless in the hands of the speaker to whose remarks it must listen for one hour or two without the liberty of reply; it has a variety of ways in which it may show its ennui, its disapprobation, or its superiority; and of these ways none is so effective as the smile. Confronted by this smile, the lecturer must feel as despairing as the vanquished ancients in the arena who looked up to the benches for their fate and saw every thumb turned down. The speaker is condemned; endeavor as he may, his cause is lost; and the audience has settled itself to enjoy the contemplation of his struggles. The man in the arena presumably has done his best. He can not be blamed for feeling somewhat harshly toward those who condemn him. In our day

of civilization and amenity, is not the speaker justified in harboring a like feeling? But this is perhaps irrelevant as a matter of indifference to the audience.

One demonstration, however, suffered by those who speak to us daily in the class room, is generally spared to the visiting lecturer; but for this immunity he has only the force of circumstance to thank. The public lecture, as a rule, is not scheduled to close at a given hour; the recitation or class room lecture is. The striking of the hour is the signal for us to pass on to fresh fields of occupation; and, faithful daughters of system that we are, we respond immediately to the signal. With each added moment that detains us, our desire to go is more emphatically manifested. Here again our sense of personal responsibility has been lost; we are no longer rude individuals, but integral parts of an outraged whole. Undoubtedly our righteous indignation is not ungrounded, and we may bring a counter-charge of inconsiderateness as an almost adequate extenuation. But the question of the trespass of one recitation period upon another must be debated in another tribunal than that of the undergraduate.

But where are we to find justification for that other discourtesy before mentioned,—the attitude of carping and petty criticism? It seems to spring from a two-fold source; partly from the haunting fear of our generation that we may fail to see "the funny side" of a thing; and partly from that other haunting fear that we may accept as good that which common consent condemns. But is the laugh worth while that must be obtained at the cost of so incessant a vigilance? And who in reality presents the more ignominious spectacle,—he who errs on the side of a taste too little fastidious, or he who in his over-mastering dread of being cheated rejects pure gold?



## **EDITOR'S TABLE**

In a long editorial in this month's issue, the Yale Literary Monthly protests against the opinion current throughout the college, that there is a certain way of saying things, vaguely known as "the Lit. style," to which all would-be contributors to its pages must conform. That such a belief is unfounded, not only in the case of the Yale magazine, but in the case of college periodicals everywhere, we may well be convinced. Even supposing the existence of an editorial board of such surprising unanimity as to agree in all matters of literary taste, and so left to itself as to long for a deadly monotony in its paper,—even then half a dozen undergraduates would scarcely presume to proclaim themselves literary dictators over their college. That there is a sharp and clear distinction between college magazine and college magazine is undoubtedly true. But this distinction is not fundamentally one of style; it lies rather in tone, in scales of value, in general attitude,—in the things that constitute the spirit of the college at large, and give it individuality.

"Seen and Heard at the Summer School," in the Cornell Era for this month, is a capital bit of writing of a type that we meet very seldom in college magazines—or indeed, in any others nowadays—half narrative, half essay, altogether charming. It does not represent the highest type of literary genius? What of that! Comparatively few of us lay claim to literary genius of the highest type. What was it that Caesar said about being second in Rome? If some of the fruitless, hopeless labor that is put into the writing of stories that are pointless and verses that will not scan, were devoted to informal, epistolary word-sketching of this sort; if college writers would realize their limitations and not force that realization upon their readers, the readers at least would find more joy in life. But, on the other hand, it might be gloomy for the writers!

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

### Library Work as a Profession for College Women

SCENE IN A LIBRARY. *Visitor*: How many books have you in the library?

*Librarian*: Between one hundred and sixty and one hundred and seventy thousand volumes.

*Visitor* (with visible admiration): And I suppose you have read them all!

Such was the popular notion:—that library work consisted of reading the library books in one's charge, and that the chief requisite of a librarian was to be a lover of books. When libraries were merely collections or storehouses of books, and librarians simply keepers, this idea may not have been so far amiss. But to-day when a library in its true sense is a living organism with the librarian as its moving spirit, such a conception can no longer be held by intelligent people.

That library facilities have been considered an important aid to education at Smith College is evidenced by the official circular, which for years has counted the Clarke and Forbes libraries among its advantages. But the library is now felt to be more than a prop or a buttress; it is an essential part of the structure of our educational system. For years our wisest men have put their best thought on the problem of the public schools, the education of the masses. Much must be accomplished in a time all too short, since the larger number of children become workers at the earliest age the law allows, and often before they are able to grasp the meaning of a printed page. Under the best conditions children can get from the public schools not much information and culture; but if taught to read intelligently, they are prepared to educate themselves by reading. The school starts the education, but the library must carry it on. This doctrine is being accepted by our best educators. The states are passing new library laws, and state library commissions are formed to encourage the founding and maintenance of public libraries and more recently of traveling libraries. Wealthy individuals, inspired by the work already accomplished, are giving of their means for its further development, as witnessed by many cities in our land.

Assuming that the Smith College student understands the importance of the library, she may still wonder what is the attraction which has led so many college graduates of varying capacities into this profession. What to do when college days are over is a question hard for many girls to answer. Teaching is most frequently adopted, and many find here their real vocation. Even to those with the instincts of a teacher, the library offers a field equal to that of the public school. The modern "children's room" is as good

ground as the kindergarten. The librarian, however, has an advantage over the teacher in that, once they form a habit of reading, her pupils are hers for a lifetime. Young and old alike come to her for help. The teacher in the public school, on the other hand, has her constituency mainly in their earlier years and only for the brief time of the school session. She but gets interested in one set of children when it is replaced by another. But there is another side of the library as distinct from what we have been considering as the university is from the common school. The library is the real university not only for the people but for scholars. In the leading colleges to-day the library is raised to a distinct university department, and the librarian is ranked as a member of the faculty. The colleges have awakened to the fact that the work of every department is based upon the library. Professors no longer depend upon text-books, but send their classes to the library, teaching them how to investigate for themselves and how to use books. With improved methods of administration and the reference librarian to guide, the library itself may become the real university. Librarianship then in a college library or in the reference department of a large library affords to the Smith graduate an opportunity to teach just as if given the title of professor. In either the popular or scholarly library one must have a knowledge of books and of men, and must be animated with an earnest desire to help.

Before really deciding that library work in its educational phases is better than teaching in the schools, the conditions under which the work must be done should be considered. The teacher at the most has forty weeks' work, five hours a day, five days in the week. Long vacations and short hours are an inducement; yet what teacher worthy the name ends work when the five required hours of the day are over? Papers to be corrected, reports to be made, and lessons to be prepared take many an hour, while the long vacation must be used for the teacher's own growth in knowledge. Add to this the nervous strain of controlling many children and of imparting knowledge which is not wanted, and the teacher's life is not an easy one. On the other hand, the attendant in a public library has at the most but four weeks' vacation and more often but two, and the time of service each day ranges from six to nine hours. To counterbalance this the nervous strain is much less, because the readers come for love of what they can get and not from compulsion. The salary of the public school teacher and the public library attendant is about the same. Salaries for the higher grades of reference work are considerably more and often are equivalent to the salary of the professor in the college.

To the student with an interest in sociological subjects and a longing to give some social service to her kind, the library offers an opportunity better in some ways than that offered by the social settlement in that the people feel no touch of philanthropy. The library belongs to the people as do the public schools. The work with children and the home libraries make openings for an acquaintance not only with the reader but with the reader's family and home conditions. Many a friendly visit may be paid under cover of library interests. What is more natural than to call upon a mother to inquire if she is willing to have her boy or girl use the library? This begin-

ning of a friendly relationship may result in drawing the whole family to use the library and in giving them a glimpse of higher and better living.

Yet all this work of helping readers can not be done easily unless the books are properly classified and cataloged. The economic side is an important one. To gain the best results with the least work at the least expenditure of time and money is the problem. All the modern methods are carefully adjusted to this end. To put these methods in practice requires both clerical and scholarly work, thus giving opportunity for the employment of varying degrees of ability. To those without missionary aspirations or administrative power, the routine part may furnish congenial occupation. Accuracy and order are the important qualifications for this technical part of library work. Consideration of the administrative side of the library has been purposely left until the last. This generally falls upon the head librarian. Leaders are wanted and there is plenty of room at the top for the college-bred woman. The natural qualities most important are executive ability, enthusiasm, and that indefinable quality, the power to influence people in a large and fine way. Planning buildings, locating branches, making regulations for readers and staff of assistants, presenting to trustees administrative problems, such as proposed changes, needed improvements, or reasons for additional expenses, sometimes influencing city councils with a view to increased appropriations, and above all making oneself felt to be a force in the community, affords ample scope for all one's power.

To those who not looking for positions may have "received their salary in advance," and who wish to use their abilities for the betterment of the communities in which they live, a word may here be said. A woman of education has a much better chance of election to the office of trustee in the case of a public library than has many a scholarly man, because there is no partisan prejudice of a political sort likely to interfere in her case. Then if she has prepared herself for such work by a course of training, she can render service of great value, since she will know whether the functions of the library which she may serve are being as adequately carried out as its funds will permit. In any case, whether entitled to official position or not, she can by the use of a little tact be of great aid to the librarian of her community, if she live anywhere but in the largest cities. This aid can be given not only in the selection of books, but in furthering all the modern methods for making these books useful. With a definite knowledge of means and of ends, a wide field of usefulness is open to her; without this definite knowledge she may find herself, even with the best of intentions, only a meddlesome intruder. Positions of honor and usefulness are also open to women on the state library commissions already alluded to, and much can be done by the woman who is willing to inform herself in the matter of starting or furthering a wise system of traveling libraries. Here just as in the case with settlement work, those who take it up as a temporary diversion hinder rather than help. A willingness to master details and to endure drudgery is quite as necessary as enthusiasm in both cases.

Here in merest outline are presented the chief sides of the library profession. All these functions, especially in the smaller libraries, are often combined in one person, and to perform these functions all the virtues are

required. Mr. Melvil Dewey, state librarian of New York, in speaking of the qualifications of an ideal librarian says:—"When we have covered the whole field of scholarship and historical knowledge and training, we must confess that overshadowing all are the qualities of the man. To my thinking a great librarian must have a clear head, a strong hand, and above all a great heart. He must have a head as clear as the master in diplomacy; a hand as strong as he who quells the raging mob or leads great armies to victory; and a heart as great as he who, to save others, will if need be lay down his life. Such shall be the greatest among librarians; and when I look into the future, I am inclined to think that most of the men who will achieve this greatness will be women." This ideal may appeal to one perhaps out of two hundred and then will come the question, How shall one attempt to realize it? The quickest way is to take a technical course at a library school. There the underlying principles are taught and also the application of those principles in the leading libraries.

The work in a library is so much more diversified than that of teaching that the all-round view of the situation given by the training school is perhaps more important to the would-be librarian than is the normal school course to an embryo teacher. Suppose, however, that an aspirant for library honors enters, let us say, a large library and is given work in one department. She may learn her special work thoroughly, and perhaps pick up a few hints of the work in other departments. It is for the library's interest, however, to retain her where she has become skilful rather than advance her to untried duties and replace her by a raw recruit. If she transfers her services to another library she may have the chagrin of finding that its methods in her own department are quite unlike those to which she has been accustomed. She may, on the contrary, have taken a humble position in a small library, but here, even with a superior able and willing to teach, the resources at hand will be insufficient to furnish a training conducive to future advancement. If herself given charge even of a small village library, it is well nigh needless to add that a dozen times a day she will meet with vexing problems which will make her sigh for such training as would have enabled her to foresee and provide for them.

The question frequently arises. What is there to learn that a two years' course is required? One has but to look over the curriculum of any one of the library schools to realize that the question should be, How can it all be learned in two years? The course covers a wide field broadly divided into the bibliographic, or more scholarly side, and the economic; the division pertaining to methods and accessories which facilitate the use of large collections of books. Again, both of these divisions may be studied from the historical or from the immediately practical point of view. Hence we have on one hand such topics as the history of manuscripts, their production, distribution, and preservation; the history of the printed book, followed by bibliographies of different countries and of different subjects,—bibliographies which furnish information as to choice of editions and such as give prices of rare and out-of-print books; and on the other hand the history of libraries in the past, how founded, and by what means carried on; beginnings of the modern library movement and resulting legislation in our own and in other countries;

followed by practical considerations of best methods of rousing interest and raising funds; proper housing of libraries, including heating, lighting, ventilation, and furnishing of buildings; best organization of the working force of the library; how to choose and buy books, involving a knowledge of prices, discounts, duties or free importation, auction sales, exchanges, bills and vouchers, as well as a knowledge of current bibliography. Then comes the still more technical side of recording accessions, classifying, including a knowledge of the different systems of classification; cataloging, again involving comparative study; proper shelving and arrangement of books on the shelves; best systems of notation and labeling; arrangement and preservation of public documents, pamphlets, manuscripts, maps, music, prints etc., with comparative study of the mechanical accessories applicable in each case; knowledge of correct forms of blank books, cards, catalogs, shelf-lists, guides and labels, as well as an insight into the practical work of preparing material for the press, proof-reading, and last but by no means least, knowledge of the detail work of book-binding. All this must of course but lead up to the great aim of all library administration,—the public and how best to serve its interests: the topics here considered are not only of the practical order, like those concerning regulations for readers, records of books loaned and accounts of fines due, shelves thrown open or barred off, and the advisability of establishing branch reading-rooms, delivery stations, or libraries; but also of the more bookish order, how to attract patrons to the library, to stimulate and increase the interest of the timid reader, how best to solve the question of reading for the young, how to prove helpful in reference work with the student, in short, how to make the whole library contribute, if necessary, to answer a single question.

The parent school was opened at Columbia College Library in January 1887, in response to a demand for trained librarians. In April 1889, it was transferred to Albany to become a part of the University of the State under the name of the New York State Library School. Only a limited number of students are admitted. The preference is given to college graduates who are admitted without examination, but only when of recognized fitness and character. The course is two years, though not all who finish the first year are permitted to take the second year. The student during the first year must show evidence of special ability to be admitted to the second year work. College graduates may obtain the degree of B. L. S. (Bachelor of Library Science) upon completing the course with an examination standing of ninety per cent or over. Detailed information may be obtained from the Vice-Director, Mrs. S. C. Fairchild, Albany, New York.

This school could not supply the demand for trained librarians and assistants, and other schools were started of which three, conducted by graduates of the original school, are worthy of consideration. The first to be started was that connected with Pratt Institute, Brooklyn (1890). Miss Mary W. Plummer, a graduate of the Columbia College Library School in the first class, is the director. In 1891, Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, opened a library school under the direction of Miss Alice B. Kroeger, graduate of the New York State Library School, class of 1891. In 1893, at Armour Institute, Chicago, the third school was opened under the direction of Miss Katherine

L. Sharp, B. L. S. '92 of the New York State Library School. In these Institute schools a college education is not required for admission, but examinations are given in literature, history, and general information. In 1897, the Library School at Armour Institute was transferred to the University of Illinois at Champaign, and the course is only open to those presenting two years of college work.

There are various summer schools carried on in connection with certain libraries, mainly for those already engaged in library work who can not spare the time to take a longer course. To the novice they furnish but a birdseye view of the field. In a few large libraries training classes have been formed to furnish assistants for the service of the library giving the instruction. All of this provision for technical library training makes it easy for one now wishing to take up librarianship as a profession. The schools do not guarantee positions for their graduates, but no student who has done good work and is not hampered by personal peculiarities is long without some opportunity to try her skill.

Notwithstanding the importance of technical training, that alone without the foundation of a wide and deep knowledge of books is of as little avail as a normal course to a teacher who has no knowledge to impart. To be sure, the librarian does not spend his time in reading the books in his charge, yet an acquaintance with their contents he must have. The college graduate then is the one most likely to have the widest knowledge of books and so may be the one best fitted for the technical training which leads to the ever widening library profession.

NINA E. BROWNE, '92.

Six months ago none of our Club had more than barely heard of the National Consumers' League, but an interest in social problems is a natural heritage of the girls who go out from

**A Recent Lecture on the** Smith, and while the chief aims of our  
**National Consumers' League** society have been to raise money for the college and to become better acquainted

among ourselves, a chance to learn the details of a work lately taken up in behalf of the laboring classes was welcome.

The National Consumers' League is the outgrowth of the local work of Consumers' Leagues in four different states: New York, Massachusetts, Illinois, and Pennsylvania. The New York League is the oldest, and its services in white listing stores are well known. For ten years a band of patient workers in New York City have treated with the shopkeepers at whose mercy are the clerks, and have pleaded with the buyers at whose mercy are the shopkeepers. They have planted themselves on the firm economic basis that the world of labor is hypersensitive to the wants of the shopper and responds almost immediately to the fiat of his purse, and their appeal is addressed to the people who buy, in the hope that intelligent organization among them may convince those who sell that their customers really care how the clerks behind the counter are treated and how the factory hands and sewing women out of sight are paid. The New York League led the way, and the other state Leagues followed. The work in its beginning was of strictly local

character, but when it came to the problem of dealing with long factory hours and sweat shop labor, disunion was weakness and the four Leagues co-operated and adopted a uniform label by which garments made under proper conditions may be known wherever they are sold.

This is only a hasty sketch of the history of the National League. It has been in existence a little over a year; its headquarters are in New York, its president is Mr. John Graham Brooks, and its secretary is Mrs. Florence Kelley, who was once a factory inspector in Illinois and is therefore peculiarly fitted to investigate the factories which ask to use the League label.

Mrs. Kelley lectured to us here in Hartford on the evening of March 20, in the Park Congregational Church, before an unusually attentive audience. She is a clear, forceful speaker, possessed of that coveted gift vaguely called magnetism, which might be defined as a faculty for making the rest of the people listen to what you have to say. She described to us the great need for a hearty and effective effort in behalf of the "sewing classes" by telling of sights she had herself seen, and she made clear many important points in the aim and working of the League.

It is a very common idea that paying a good, fair price for a garment, while it does not guarantee the amount of wages earned by its maker, at least makes it likely that a reasonable sum is received and acquits the conscience of the buyer. Mrs. Kelley disabused her audience of that comfortable notion. Many of the garments which bear the League label, made in good factories where the hands are well paid and a day's labor is not over ten hours, are of the cheapest sort, labor saving machinery has made their production possible at almost absurd prices, while at the same time thousands of garments of a better class, the medium quality which most of us buy, are farmed out, and the comparatively low prices they bear are made possible by the unfair wage paid to the worker. According to Mrs. Kelley, price is absolutely no clue to the conditions under which goods are made. She has seen a little girl working on garments of the very cheapest, meanest sort in a dirty kitchen where no one had had time to clear away the dinner dishes, while in a little, dark room off the kitchen the man of the family was stitching by artificial light on a handsome coat destined to fill the order of a custom tailor up town. The report Mr. Brooks gives of the relation between final prices and the wages of the workers is more encouraging; still the sum and substance of all the argument is that there is no guarantee that what we buy is made as it should be and where it should be, unless it bears some mark given only when strictly deserved.

There are some people who are easily convinced that a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together on the part of buyers who really care, might go far to stamp out the practice of sweating labor, because if the people call for goods rightly made the storekeepers will echo their demand, but they are not convinced that it is a sane and kindly thing to do. "What," they say, "is to become of the poor woman who, to be sure, is ground down by the middleman, but who still ekes out the scanty living of the family by making a little something by her needle? Will you not crush altogether the very weaklings whom you profess to pity?" Mrs. Kelley shed considerable light on this most difficult part of a difficult subject, and it must be remembered



that she has been a resident of Hull House and knows very well what she is talking about. The tenement house labor as she has seen it is far from being a blessing in any, even a disguised, form. It gives the husband or father of the family a chance to drink and to be idle. The woman slaves at what is properly his business, the support of the family, and the man is less eager to find a job when he is out of work, and more free to spend his wages for whiskey. According to Mrs. Kelley, it is sentimentalism pure and simple,—a sentimentalism of which we must rid ourselves,—to cry out that the poor woman who sews long hours of the day and night would starve if her work were taken from her in the course of fine economic plans for her class. When the women become what they ought to be, home-keepers, and the men are forced to work and be sober to support the homes for their wives and children, a great deal of the misery in crowded tenement districts will disappear of its own accord.

Another point which Mrs. Kelley touched upon is of general interest to us all, this time for more selfish reasons. It is the matter of contagion. Where the state inspection laws are inadequate or tend to be a dead letter, there is nothing to vouch for healthful conditions of manufacturing. Mrs. Kelley found in Chicago hundreds of trousers for little boys being made in a district where scarlet fever was rife,—in the very rooms where children were lying sick with it, the mother sewing and nursing her little patients by turns. These trousers were not for the most part to be sold in Chicago, but in other places; they were not even supposed to be made in Chicago,—so far as the knowledge of their future purchasers went they had nothing to do with Chicago. Stitched in each pair was a label which said "New York." It is against outrages which cut both ways that the work of the League is aimed. Its label is protected by law and is given only after investigation. The more call there is for garments bearing it, the more desire for it there will be among manufacturers. The abuse is guarded against by a penalty. Any manufacturer agreeing to conform to the standard adopted by the League and not living up to his agreement is liable to a fine of one hundred dollars.

There is a field of work here for *alumnæ*, who can help on the League all over the country, and for undergraduates, who can advertise it by asking for goods bearing its label wherever they may be, in Northampton, Springfield, the large centers, or in their own homes. The Massachusetts branch of the League is strong and flourishing and deserves support for the sake of its work in the past and because of what it bids fair to do in the future. Its president is Miss Edith M. Howes, 416 Marlboro Street, Boston. Several interesting experiments in details of management have been successfully tried in Massachusetts. Since the annual membership fee of one dollar is burdensome, where it bears a familiar likeness to the annual dues of a dozen other societies that beset the philanthropically minded, Massachusetts has set going a system of group memberships, so that four or sometimes even ten shares may be held in a single dollar, and one may find oneself a fraction of a member. Then too, there is a valuable section of the Massachusetts branch at Wellesley College. The story goes, and it came from headquarters, that a number of Boston stores had been vainly begged to keep in stock goods marked with the label. Wellesley became interested, and many of the girls

took the cards the League has issued with a cut of the label on them, and arranged to ask at a given number of stores within fifteen days for garments stamped with it. The response was immediate, the goods appeared at once on the counters.

Smith College has not of course a Boston to labor in, but there are few of us who would not say that its influence may be fully as wide. It is not a great thing to ask of "those who care" that they learn to know the label and remember to ask for it.

MARY A. GOODMAN '96.

The class of '98 held its second reunion last June, following the example of many of the other classes, which also had voted to have reunions in 1900. The headquarters of the class in the upper story of Arnold Hall made a pleasant rendezvous. Here too was the class register, in which fifty names are entered, and there were several here besides who did not register. Not more than thirty-five, however, were at the class supper, Tuesday evening. This also was in Arnold Hall. The evening was spent with a happy mixture of humor and seriousness from our toastmistress and from the girls who responded, telling us what they had been accomplishing in "the wide, wide world" since graduation. After the toasts the tables were cleared away and we finished the evening with dancing and singing. On the following morning the business meeting was held. At the beginning of the meeting the mother of Esther Clapp, whose death last spring so shocked us, came in and told simply and touchingly of her daughter's love and devotion to the class, and how she had hoped to live until this reunion. The shadow which this cast over the meeting was relieved by the presence of Mrs. Jennie Bingham Dowlin's little one year old boy, whom she had brought with her to our great delight. Florence M. Reed was elected president of the class till the next reunion; Georgia W. Coyle, vice-president; and Anna H. Hall was re-elected secretary, and Winifred Knight treasurer. The class voted to have the next reunion in 1903, which will be the quinquennial.

HENRIETTA S. SEELYE '96.

The Western Massachusetts Association of Smith College Alumnæ held its adjourned annual meeting in Northampton, October 2. The following officers were chosen for the coming year: President, Mrs. Caroline Hungerford Mills '82, Northampton; Vice-President, Mrs. Elizabeth L. Clarke '83, Williamstown; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Ysabel Swan '98, Northampton. The future work of the Association is now under consideration. Its coöperation with the Students' Aid Society has been suggested as one desirable line of work. All alumnæ residing in western Massachusetts who do not belong to the Association are earnestly solicited to add their names to its list of members.

A book has been placed in the Reading Room in which all alumnae visiting the college are asked to sign their names. The list of visitors for October is as follows:

'83.	Charlotte C. Gulliver,	.	.	.	October	1.
'94.	Ophelia S. Brown,	.	.	.	"	1.
'97.	Josephine Devereux Sewall,	.	.	.	"	2.
'98.	Mary R. Joslin,	.	.	.	"	20.
'99.	Carrolle Barber,	.	.	.	"	1, 17.
	Mary C. Childs,	.	.	.	"	1.
	Helen K. Demond,	.	.	.	"	1.
	Mary E. Goodnow,	.	.	.	"	2.
	Frances E. Rice,	.	.	.	"	2.
	Mary Alice Smith,	.	.	.	"	17.
	Louise Barber,	.	.	.	"	17.

Contributions to this department are desired by the second of the month in order to appear in that month's issue, and are to be sent to Ruth L. Gaines, Morris House.

'88. Carrie A. Marsh is teaching in Somerville again this year. Her address is 179 School Street, Somerville, Massachusetts.

Professor E. S. Shumway has been appointed a member of the Law Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania to teach Roman law, and will enter upon his duties at once. The Shumways will for the present continue to make their home in New Brunswick, New Jersey.

'85. Sarah P. Browning is now at Roxbury House as Head-worker.

'86. Zulema A. Ruble is Principal of the Academic Department of Graham Hall, a school for girls, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

'87. Helen Winifred Shute was married June 21, to Mr. Warren Joseph Moulton. Her address for the coming year, as well as that of her sister, Mary Appleton Shute '87, will be 191 Bradley Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

'88. Mrs. Martin J. Hutchins, Jr. has moved from New York to Chicago, Illinois.

Mary L. Bufkin was married October 8, at Chicago, to Mr. Wilmot R. Jones. Address, Stamford, Connecticut.

'90. Pauline G. Wiggin is studying at the Albany Library School.

'91. Lillian M. Skinner is to spend the year studying economics in London.

'93. Frances Darling was married September 27, to Reverend Edward Niles of Brooklyn, New York.

Jessie C. Grant of Syracuse, New York, was married October 8, to Mr. William Adams MacKenzie.

Of the class graduating from the Johns Hopkins Medical School in June, Florence Sabin received the first hospital appointment, and Dorothy Reed '95 the third.

'94. Frances M. Bancroft was married September 5, to Dr. William J. Long of Stamford, Connecticut.

The engagement is announced of Mary B. Clark to Mr. Charles Putnam. Susan E. Coyle is teaching in the Portland Academy, Portland, Oregon. Gertrude Gane and Una McMahon are spending the winter together at Kurfürsten Strasse 48, Berlin, Germany.

Cornelia Trowbridge does not return from abroad until November.

95. In correction of a mistake made by the class secretary in June, it is announced that the class baby is Katherine, the daughter of Pearl Gunn Winchester, born July 29, 1898. Mrs. Winchester's home is now in Portland, Oregon.

Anna K. Allen was married September 6, to Mr. Seaver Buck. Her address is Hackley Hall School, Tarrytown, New York.

Bertha Allen was married October 25, at San Juan, Porto Rico, to Lieutenant George Wood Logan, U. S. N.

Kate Deane, a former member of the class, was married August 29, to Mr. Alfred E. Stearnes of Andover, Massachusetts.

Ethel M. Fifield has taken the degree of S. B. at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and has already begun a series of lectures on domestic architecture at the School of Housekeeping in Boston.

Rebecca Kinney is teaching in Miss Windsor's School, Boston.

Margaret Long is spending the winter in Colorado.

Sara B. Marsh was married September 27, to Mr. John Mustard. Address, 35 Philhellena Street, Germantown, Pennsylvania.

Adelaide Preston is teaching at the Leache-Wood School, Norfolk, Va.

Emily Washburn was married in August to Mr. Alvin W. Bancroft of Gardner, Massachusetts.

Frances Ward was married September 18, to Dr. Henry E. Hale of New York City.

Anna S. Wells was married September 26, to Dr. Horace Bigelow of New York City.

96. Isabella H. Bartlett is teaching in Chicago.

Eleanor H. Bush is agent of the South Boston District of the Associated Charities of Boston. Address, 866 Broadway.

Maude Carpenter Murphy is living in Chicago.

Flora C. Clark is now Mrs. George Wesley Winchester, and is living in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Anna B. Day was married September 27, to Mr. Per Lee Hunt. Address, Massillon, Ohio.

Isabella S. Foote was married in July to Mr. Walter S. Pinkham, and is living in Wollaston.

Julia E. Gilman has announced her engagement to Mr. Walter Clark of Hartford.

Helen Irons is taking postgraduate work at Radcliffe in English literature, French, and German.

- '96. Eva L. Hills took her Master's degree at Radcliffe in June, and with one other girl was the first to receive honors in philosophy.  
 Nancy Hoisington's home is now in Port Kennedy, Pennsylvania.  
 Mrs. Walter Mooers (Maria Keyes) has moved to Arlington, Mass.  
 Elizabeth King will study singing again in London this winter. She and Georgia Pope were together at the Ober-Ammergau Festival this summer.  
 Hannah G. Myrick was graduated from the Johns Hopkins Medical School in June, and is now interne at the New England Hospital for Women and Children, Roxbury, Massachusetts.  
 Mary Poland announces her engagement to Mr. Robert Cushman of Boston, Massachusetts.  
 Georgia W. Pope is keeping house this winter with her mother in Berlin, Germany.  
 Anna Thatcher is teaching at Mount Holyoke College.
- '97. Mary Barrows is assisting Miss Luce in the English Department of Oberlin.  
 Emma Lootz and Alice W. Tallant had an article on "The Relation of the Electrical Conductivity of Blood-Serum to its Alleged Bactericidal Power" in the Johns Hopkins Bulletin for September. The article has since been printed in pamphlet form.  
 Julia B. Sturtevant was married September 5, to Mr. Charles W. Merriam, Springfield, Massachusetts. Address, 111 York Street, New Haven, Connecticut.
- '98. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Beattie will spend the winter in Springfield.  
 The marriage of Mary F. Banks to Mr. Herbert Marples was announced during the summer. Address, 201 Warren Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 Annie Brooks is spending the winter at home.  
 Iola Clark has announced her engagement to Mr. Albert Brown of Northbridge, Massachusetts.  
 Josephine M. Clarke is again teaching in an evening school at Waltham.  
 Rejoyce B. Collins is teaching in a boys' private school in San Antonio, Texas. Address, 800 West Crockett Place.  
 Georgia W. Coyle is living in the Nurses' Settlement, New York City, and teaching in one of the public schools.  
 Louise C. Hazen is taking graduate courses in astronomy and physics in the University of Pennsylvania.  
 Leila Holmes was married in June to Mr. Dudley Vaill. Mr. and Mrs. Vaill spent the summer in Europe. They are living in Winsted, Conn.  
 Alice Gibson studied embryology at Woods Holl last summer.  
 Mary Joslyn is tutoring and studying French.  
 Mabel Rice is teaching in the Pittsfield High School.  
 Ysabel Swan will spend the winter with her uncle in Chicago.  
 Vera Scott has just returned from Europe.

- '98. Henrietta Seelye will sail for Italy in December.  
 Harriet Winsor is in the Springfield Library.
- '99. Mary D. Adams will spend the winter in Rome. Address, Care of Brown, Shipley and Company, London, E. C.  
 Ethel Darling is to enter the Presbyterian Hospital of New York for a three years' course.  
 Clarace Eaton is studying English at Radcliffe.  
 Carolin Eddy has announced her engagement to Mr. Walter Hosley of Springfield, Massachusetts.  
 Alice M. Foster was married June 21, at Leominster, Massachusetts, to Mr. Edward W. Blodgett. They live in South Framingham, Mass.  
 Virginia Frame's address is now 2727 California Street, San Francisco, California.  
 Amanda Harter has announced her engagement to Mr. James Fogel.  
 Caroline C. Hills announced her engagement in June to Mr. J. Weston Allen of Boston.  
 Ruth Louise Homer was married September 20, to Mr. George F. Allen of St. Louis.  
 Ruth M. Huntington is doing scientific drawing for the Anatomical Department of the Johns Hopkins Medical School.  
 Edith Kelley is studying geology and mineralogy at Radcliffe.  
 Alice A. Knox's address is now 86 Green Street, Northampton.  
 Grace E. Mossman was married June 27, to Dr. Walter F. Sawyer. Address, 17 Pleasant Street, Fitchburg, Massachusetts.  
 Mary Alice Smith is teaching in the High School of Brookfield, Mass.
1900. The members of the "Lark" spent two weeks at Christmas Cove after Commencement.  
 Ruth Albright was in the Adirondacks during the summer, and will spend the winter at her home in Buffalo.  
 Agnes M. Armstrong is teaching Latin and German in the High School in Ontario, New York.  
 Harriet Barnes spent the summer abroad, where she will probably remain until next summer.  
 Stella Barse was on the Maine coast and at Lake Miltons in Minnesota during the summer, and will spend part of the winter in the South.  
 Alice Earle Barrows was married May 24, to Mr. Robert True Fowler. In June they sailed for their future home, Auckland, New Zealand.  
 Elsie Bates is teaching in the academy, Woodstock, Connecticut.  
 Marguerite Bigelow spent the summer in France and England.  
 Edith Imogene Brown is teaching mathematics and science in the High School at Rutland, Massachusetts.  
 Sara Maude Brown spent the summer abroad in Paris and London, and is now working as an assistant in the High School at Nahant, Massachusetts.

1900. Otelia Cromwell is teaching mathematics and English in the Washington High School.

Mary L. Dean is teaching in the preparatory class of the East Hartford (Connecticut) High School.

Adelaide Dwight is teaching in the academy at Morrisville, Vermont.

Harriet Dillon is teaching in Epping, New Hampshire.

Charlotte Eggleston expects to study mathematics at Columbia this winter.

Faith Fischer is teaching mathematics and advanced Latin in the Brooks School, 251 Ashland Boulevard, Chicago.

Ethel Norcross Fish expects to study in Boston this winter.

Catherine Ogden Fletcher is teaching Latin and Greek in the high school department of the State Normal School in Plymouth, New Hampshire.

Julia Fay is teaching piano playing in St. Paul's School at Walla Walla, Washington.

Mabel Hartsuff will leave New York the last of November for a trip around the world.

#### BIRTHS

'85. Mrs. A. L. Van Osdel (Grace Mercereau) a daughter, Esther, born July 4.

'88. Mrs. George L. Amerman (Harriet E. Duguid) a son, Henry Duguid, born August 24.

'91. Mrs. Blanche Bowman Watkins a daughter, Helen Bowman, born August 2.

'96. Mrs. J. E. Blunt (C. M. Curtis) a son, born in September.

'97. Mrs. L. P. Guion (Ellen F. Lormore) a daughter, Adelaide Lormore, born August 25, in Kenwood, Chicago.

'99. Mrs. Andrew Henshaw Ward, Jr. (Margaret E. May) a daughter, Margaret Henshaw, born August 11, in Milton, Massachusetts.

#### DEATHS

'99. Allace Corbett Chase died June 5, at her home in Randolph, Vermont.

Lucie F. Heath died September 3, at St. Paul, Minnesota.

1900. Madalene Marie Byrne died of tuberculosis August 2, at her home in Syracuse, New York.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

As every undergraduate has her own view about alumnæ and what their place at college is, it seems only fair to take up this subject partially from the standpoint of the alumna who is not here to speak for herself, and see in how far the two attitudes agree. There are

The Relation of Undergraduates to Alumnæ

two main classes of alumnæ, those who have friends still in college and those who have not. It is fortunate that the latter is the smaller class, as there must inevitably be bitter preponderating over the sweet in their visits here. At least that is the testimony given by some who have said, "Yes indeed, it is a perfect nightmare going back and not knowing any one. I'll never do it again." For such as these, it is hard to know what to do. All that lies in the power of the undergraduate is perhaps to modify our attitude of aggressive and exclusive ownership which has been remarked on by the few who seemed to feel particularly unwelcomed and out of place on their return. The others, who come back with, or to, their friends present easier problems. Many of them come all through the year for longer or shorter visits and their continued presence here argues the fullest enjoyment. They find the college in the usual running order, with everything awaiting their inspection; they take pleasure in criticising and admiring the improvements, though there is a secret feeling that while this is all very fine and up-to-date, still "it can never be quite as nice as when we were here." They find their friends vying with each other in attempts to make it pleasant for them to such an extent that the few days of their stay seem to combine the social events of four college years. With alumnæ like these the pleasure is mutual and the appreciation evident on both sides is proof of the perfect good fellowship and loving spirit existing between them.

It is at Commencement time, however, that we must perforce come in contact with the enthusiastic bands who come back for their reunions. Between these companies a certain restraint sometimes exists which is most deplorable and is chiefly due to mere thoughtlessness. This feeling arises frequently in reference to functions from which alumnæ are shut out because of undergraduates, and vice versa. Take for example Senior Dramatics. The alumna comes back feeling that if any one has a right to see Senior Dramatics, it is herself. The undergraduate looks upon everything done by the college as for her special benefit, and grumbles because she is not welcome to all three performances; as a matter of fact, is not this demand unreasonable? Senior Dramatics is the mode taken by the senior class to entertain their guests and those of the college during Commencement. So that privileges



accorded to the guests will come to the undergraduate if she will but wait for time to take its course.

But while those who come back to us from the "wide, wide world" may sometimes seem unnecessarily self-assertive, we undergraduates perhaps forget that, especially at the Commencement season, they are the first to be considered, and that it is our place to remain in the background. We ought certainly to have a warm place in our hearts for all those with whom we have one of the strongest of common bonds, in that we are all alike sharers in the spirit of our college. Nor should we forget the large debt we owe to the *alumnæ* for their never ceasing interest and their extensive and most liberal gifts to the college, in the *alumnæ* gymnasium and the library fund, evidences of their unceasing and tireless energy on behalf of the *alma mater* that they love. Especially now we owe our heartiest thanks to them for having resolved to bend their energies toward enlarging the Students' Building fund. One of the great advantages of waiting until we can combine in one building our student rooms with rooms for the *alumnæ*, and the needed assembly hall, seems to be that in this way we might as a body show to our elder sisters that there is a sure welcome always waiting for them when they choose to come to us. And though that is uncertain and must be left to the future, there is something we can all do now in cultivating a feeling of grateful appreciation and sincere welcome which will need no change when we step from our present life into their wider one.

CONSTANCE CHARNLEY, 1901.

We hear of religious revivals and revivals of learning, but this fall in college we have experienced a new revival,—that of good, wholesome exercise.

Unusual enthusiasm has been displayed in every line of ath-

**Athletics** letics. Early in the autumn every tennis court on the campus was constantly in use and an unusual number of girls entered the fall tournaments. The old walking club has been revived and several long walks have already been taken. The golf club is flourishing with the membership roll full and a long waiting list. More enthusiasm than ever has been shown for basket ball. One hundred and fifty girls of the freshman class are playing in organized teams, and six scrub teams have been formed in the sophomore class. The new game has been adopted and meets the approval of all. Even the seniors and juniors in the campus houses who have never played before have suddenly begun to organize teams and challenge each other to games.

New opportunities are offered for general gymnasium work since the "old gym" has been transformed from a recitation room into a regular gymnasium, provided with complete new apparatus of the most approved make. The small rooms on the lower floor contain new lockers and all the rooms in the building are provided with electric lights. The increasing size of the classes and the constantly conflicting demands for the regular gymnasium have formerly made it necessary for many of the classes to meet at unfavorable hours, and these difficulties are partially relieved by the smaller hall which is a necessary and welcome addition.

The success of the competitive drill which was held last year for the first

time should inspire every girl to take some kind of gymnasium work and to do her part toward its repetition this year. The drill is not one in which the girls perform acrobatic feats, but simply shows the good regular work done through the year. A challenge cup for this drill has been presented to the college by Mrs. S. F. Clarke, to stimulate the girls in their gymnasium work. Since the cup can not be awarded at all unless thirty girls from each class promise to take part, we should all feel a certain responsibility in this matter and should show our appreciation of the gift by making the contest a prominent feature of the college life.

As to the exercise requirement for the two upper classes made this year for the first time, the new system must, on careful and candid consideration, commend itself to all and will undoubtedly produce great results. If we want to preserve the proper equilibrium between mental and physical development, to possess active minds and energetic bodies, we must exercise. Let us then grasp with appreciation every opportunity which the college and its surroundings offer us for this purpose.

AGNES PATTON, 1901.

There are a number of trifling annoyances resulting from the freedom of Smith College life and from American energy, and one of these is the increasing tendency to embroider in analysis class. If the young women who take this liberty would think of the position in which they place themselves they would mend their ways. In the first place, this custom is discourteous to the musician and to the music. In calling one would not sew while the hostess entertains by conversation, music, or any other form of amusement; it would be unheard of to take needlework to a large concert; yet here is precisely the same situation. A student who does fancy work during analysis class virtually says that she considers the rendering of the music unworthy, but will accept it as an accompaniment to the movements of her needle. It is discourteous to the music, because it admits that one does not think the composition needs undivided attention. Yet many geniuses have said that music is the highest form of art, containing more revelation than all wisdom and philosophy. And certainly the music played at analysis class belongs to this high rank.

Such is the impression the energetic worker makes upon those about her. Her labor can not possibly make the music more acceptable to herself. When the interpreter is rendering a story of great passion, or when the music in a sudden flight lifts itself far above all known things, how exalted one must be to find the edge of a violet uneven or the padding in the calyx too high. How can one forget time and place, breathe a newer, fuller life, and gain inspiration for nobler endeavors when threading a needle? Besides all these objections it is exceedingly annoying to the people round about, who are devoting all their energy to understand the music. When a needle has a long thread in it, it comes constantly very close to the neck of the neighbor. At such a time it is as hard to concentrate one's mind as when a fly is buzzing around one's face. Then the noble result,—to have the satisfaction of completing a dozen doilies which nobody wants!

ETHEL K. BETTS, 1902.

Last year, in order to insure sufficient exercise to the members of the junior and senior classes from whom the regular gymnasium work is not required, the system of exercise cards was introduced.

**Exercise Cards** The keeping of these daily records was purely voluntary, but it was hoped that the students would be conscientious in passing them in, and that the records might also serve as data for valuable scientific statistics. The statistics actually obtained proved to be of merely local interest, being as follows: in October, about twenty-nine per cent of the whole number passed in their cards; in November, twenty per cent; and in December, thirteen per cent. After this the system was abandoned for the rest of the year as a failure. The necessity for a change this year was obvious. The juniors and seniors need exercise as much as ever, and the only alternative has been adopted; this year the keeping of the exercise cards has been made a regular requirement, and the amount of exercise required is four hours a week. And what could be more reasonable? The proportion of four hours exercise to forty hours study during the week can surely not be criticised by the most extreme type of indoor girl. It is painful to hear of a senior who actually did not go off the campus grounds for three consecutive weeks last year; and there are others of this same over-conscientious type who regard exercise as a most unimportant part of their college life. For these it is necessary to put exercise on a par with the regular recitations; for those who take exercise without urging, the only possible inconvenience of the new requirement lies in remembering to keep the daily records and to pass them in promptly at the end of every month; and this is undoubtedly good mental training.

Miss Berenson has been at great pains to make the requirement as easy and simple as possible, giving the girls free choice of any kind of exercise and making the required number of hours as small as any one could wish. But in order to insure promptness in securing cards and in returning them, the students are reminded that the faculty have voted this a regular requirement and that it is now an actual part of the college curriculum.

The Student Volunteer Union of Western Massachusetts held its fall meeting in the Edwards Church, on Saturday afternoon and evening, October 20, being entertained by the Smith band. The

**S. C. A. C. W. Notes** general subject of the meeting was "The Place of the Holy Spirit in Missions," and short talks were given by representatives of the different bands upon various aspects of the Holy Spirit's work. An open discussion followed, after which the speaker of the afternoon, Arthur B. Williams, Jr., Yale '98, gave a most helpful talk upon the necessity of consecration in missionary work, laying especial emphasis on the faithful observance of the morning watch as a gauge of spiritual life. At the evening session which was short and very informal, there was a general interchange of helpful thoughts gained from the afternoon. There were about forty volunteers present, and each one felt a new and deeper inspiration from meeting so many others, all guided by one common aim. The spring meeting of the Union will probably be held at Mount Hermon.

ALICE L. BATCHELDER, 1901.

The work carried on at the Home Culture Club in Northampton under the auspices of Mr. George W. Cable and the immediate direction of Miss Adeline Moffat is nevertheless in some degree dependent upon the students of Smith College, and should therefore be of peculiar interest to them. The basis of all work at the club house is the small class,—small enough to allow the leader free scope in dealing with individual needs. The majority of the leaders have always been college girls. The work required of them is not exacting; it takes but one hour a week, and so far as possible they are urged to consult their own tastes in selecting classes. The choice is large, ranging from spelling to English Literature.

This work is not charity, it is mutually helpful, the leader is benefited no less than the class. Not only is there well recognized mental gain from the mere effort of self-expression; the horizon is likewise broadened by the active realization of the essential oneness of each individual with his kind. The whole work of the Home Culture Club hinges on the idea of fellowship. It is impossible to show in a few words more than one side of this work. But simply to mention the classes in dressmaking and gymnastics, the Saturday evening receptions, and the flower garden competitions, is enough to convince those interested that the work is being conducted on the broadest possible lines. Any more definite information will be gladly given by the General Secretary, Miss Moffat, or by the secretary of the College Chapter. All interested will be cordially welcomed at the club house and their services warmly appreciated. There is especial need for teachers of music, both vocal and instrumental.

ALICE E. EGBERT, 1902.

Owing to the kind consent of Miss Lyon and the Library Committee, to whom we would express our thanks, the Missionary Library has been placed in one of the upstairs alcoves of the College Library. There are some of us who read even amid the multiplicity of college events. The books in the Missionary Library are there to be looked over, taken out, and read. Dr. Lawrence's "Modern Missions in the East," "The Life and Letters of Joseph Hardy Neesima," "Chinese Characteristics," and "Village Life in China," need no recommendation. The Missionary Library is now in a central place and is ready for personal investigation.

ALICE DURYEE, 1901.

In connection with the S. C. A. C. W. work one must keep in mind the Students' Exchange. Its purpose is the mutual benefit of those who wish to do work to help pay their college expenses and of those who have work to be done. Sewing, painting, reading aloud, and dusting are some of the many kinds of work to be had. Office hours are held in the new gymnasium in Dr. Brewster's office on Thursday and Saturday mornings from nine to ten, and applications may be made there. The house address is 30 Washburn. This department will be of great value if the students will keep it in mind.

MARY R. HOWE, 1902.

*Extract from a letter of Dr. Meyers, dated Amoy, Sept. 13th.*

My stock of Smith blue prints has had two nice additions this summer. You don't know how I enjoy them all and how interested every one else is in seeing them too, especially Dr. Paton, an English girl who came out just ahead of me. She came to see me one afternoon and was so pleased with my

room. "It's so like a home room," she said, and then I went around showing her what a share of its hominess was due to a certain Smith box. Before long I'm hoping to have a picture taken of it to show you. During the summer it is too hot to do much photography for the gelatine has a most objectionable way of melting.

Just now I (and every one else, for that matter, who owns a camera) want to get some good shots at the Chinese soldiers who are all about. They are most unsoldierly looking according to our idea. For instance, I saw some on Sunday who were resting in the shade of a big banyan. There were four of them and all their guns were leaning up against the tree trunk. Two of the men were awake and sitting on a bench, but whether the other two were awake or not I couldn't tell. At any rate they were stretched out at full length most comfortably on a mat. They are such a contrast to the Japanese marines who have been here too. These little men have a natty uniform and stand up straight with their guns in hand.

I suppose you have wondered whether the present troubles in China are at all threatening Amoy. It seems as though they would all blow over as far as one can tell at present. But then all summer long we have been living in the most absurd alternations of hope and fear,—hope that we could stay on here peacefully, and fear that we should be obliged to leave unceremoniously for Japan in a gunboat. Most of us packed the most valuable of our possessions together with a very few clothes and necessities into a small compass so that we could grab them and run at short notice. And there they have stayed and here we stay, too, and now I hope very much we shall not have to go at all. To-day is a day that was set—according to rumor—for a general massacre of all foreigners, but it has been as peaceful as other days. Probably the rumor was unfounded, but perhaps the Chinese really meant it but do not dare to attempt any violence because of the warships in the harbor. There are seven of them just now—four Japanese, one American, one English, one French—and we feel very well protected. We did have a Russian gunboat and a German, but they have gone. That was just after our latest scare when the Japanese claimed that the Chinese burned one of their temples and landed marines on Amoy island and on Kolongsu. As the Japanese are very much hated here we did not know what the excitement among the Chinese would amount to, but it came to nothing.

In my next letter I hope to be able to tell you of my beginning work. A very small beginning it will be at first,—only a clinic a week for the women. But I assure you it seems large enough to me, for how I shall talk to them and understand what they say to me I'm sure I can not tell. But I have offers of help and I suppose I shall survive it.

The College Clef Club held its first meeting Tuesday evening, October the twenty-third. Dr. Blodgett explained the purpose of the organization and suggested in general the plans for this year. It is the object of the club to do, in an informal way, work which none of the actual music courses cover. The membership, therefore, is not confined to those who are studying music, but is open to all who are interested in it. The program for the meetings of this term includes a talk by Dr. Blodgett on Student Life in Germany

Twenty-five Years Ago, a Students' Recital, and for the last meeting before the Christmas vacation a talk on the History of Christmas Music by Dr. Blodgett.

CLARA M. KNOWLTON, 1901.

The first round of the third inter-class golf tournament was played on the Warner Meadow Golf Links, October 17, when the two upper and the two under classes played against each other. According to the general Golf custom, the teams were composed of the four best players from each class, and the result was decided by the aggregate number of holes won by each side. In the first round, the seniors won from the juniors, and the first class from the second class, making the following scores:—

1901				1902			
Miss Sheldon,	.	.	13	Miss Gardiner,	.	.	0
Miss Oakes,	.	.	0	Miss Bissell,	.	.	0
Miss Droste,	.	.	10	Miss Kidder,	.	.	0
Miss Childs,	.	.	11	Miss Holmes,	.	.	0
			<hr/> 34				<hr/> 0
1903				1904			
Miss Hastings,	.	.	1	Miss Boynton,	.	.	0
Miss Beecher,	.	.	0	Miss Hotchkiss,	.	.	7
Miss Leavens,	.	.	0	Miss Buck,	.	.	12
Miss Trull,	.	.	0	Miss Covell,	.	.	4
			<hr/> 1				<hr/> 23

The final round was played October 20, when the seniors won from the first class, making the following score:—

1901				1904			
Miss Sheldon,	.	.	7	Miss Buck,	.	.	0
Miss Oakes,	.	.	0	Miss Covell,	.	.	0
Miss Droste,	.	.	7	Miss Ellingwood,	.	.	0
Miss Childs,	.	.	2	Miss Peabody,	.	.	0
			<hr/> 16				<hr/> 0

JANET S. SHELDON, 1901.

On Monday evening, November 5, at an open meeting of the Philosophical Society, Dr. Perry gave a very interesting lecture on the "Moral Value of Freedom."

Owing to an omission, the *Monthly* neglected to state in the October number that the last three articles in the Literary Department, "An Undergraduate View of Smith College Ideals," the poem, "To Smith College," and the story, "One College Success," comprised the students' contribution to the Quarter-Centenary exercises.

On Tuesday, October 30, the Adamowski String Quartette gave a concert in Assembly Hall, which was free to all members of the college.

At the meeting of Telescopium, held on Wednesday, October 10, the following officers were elected :—Vice-President and Chairman of Executive Committee, Nona Burnett Mills 1901; Secretary and Treasurer, Edith Lilian Clafin 1902; third member of Executive Committee, Antoinette Putnam-Cramer 1901.

On Thursday evening, October 11, at an open meeting of the Biological Society, Professor Emerson gave a lecture on Alaska. He spoke of his travels in this country and illustrated his lecture by interesting stereopticon views.

The class of nineteen hundred and one wishes to announce that the senior play for this year will be Tennyson's "Foresters." No doubt some surprise will be felt at the decision of the senior class to depart from Shakespeare; but it has seemed inexpedient to allow the precedent for giving Shakespeare's plays to become too deeply rooted in the college. Further, the best Shakespearian comedies have already been presented by preceding classes, those that are left being either impossible for women to present or unworthy of the large amount of time usually spent here on Senior Dramatics. "The Foresters," which meets with the faculty's approval, seems to combine many advantages, having a great variety of characters and scenes, a large cast and beautiful scenic effects, while the lines are certainly worth the study that the actors must put upon them. The play has therefore seemed to the class its best choice and one that will prove interesting and delightful to its Commencement guests.

ELLEN T. EMERSON, President of the Class of 1901.

## CALENDAR

- |      |     |   |
|------|-----|---|
| Nov. | 15, | Biological Society.                     |
|      |     | Concert. In a Persian Garden.           |
|      | 17, | Alpha Society.                          |
|      | 19, | Philosophical Society.                  |
|      | 20, | Colloquium.                             |
|      | 21, | Albright House Dance.                   |
|      | 23, | Société Française.                      |
|      | 29, | Thanksgiving.                           |
| Dec. | 1,  | Phi Kappa Psi Society.                  |
|      | 3,  | Philosophical Society.                  |
|      | 5,  | Tyler House Dramatics.                  |
|      | 7,  | Société Française.                      |
|      | 8,  | Alpha Society.                          |
|      | 12, | Dewey, Hatfield, and Haven House Dance. |
|      | 13, | Biological Society.                     |

~~Educ R 5872.9:5~~

Educ 7310.17

The  
Smith College  
Monthly

December - 1900.

Conducted by the Senior Class.



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***THE PRESENT STATUS OF MARKS IN COLLEGE  
LIFE AND OPINION***

The statement that Smith is a college without marks is quite true as far as the students' knowledge of the marking system is concerned. We know that such a thing exists, and that each student's grade is kept carefully recorded in the registrar's office for members of the faculty to inspect at will. Moreover, we know that if our work falls below a certain standard, we shall be notified of the fact; first, by the professor in whose class it occurs, and then, if the certain amount of improvement does not take place, by a notice from the office, after examinations, of a low grade or even a condition in that subject. These we are told lower our standard; and popular opinion, while believing that a low grade has the greater effect in that direction, nevertheless declares in its favor, as there is nothing to be done about it, while in the case of a condition a second examination is required.

On account of the size of the college the scientific student, it seems to me, has the advantage over the literary or classical one in the matter of feeling in touch with the department; for her laboratory work is under constant supervision and her note book

must be passed in at certain stated intervals and is returned with criticism. Superlatively good work in any department is usually awarded a public recognition in the shape of election to membership in the society connected with the department; and this recognition is considered more or less official. In general, the students believe that to be a member of a department society means real worth, while they are often skeptical and a great deal more critical towards the elections of the two literary societies, because in the former case they suppose that one who is in a position to do so has passed judgment upon a student's work, while in the latter case they know that the decision has devolved upon those who have no definite knowledge beyond a certain point and are therefore liable to make mistakes. For the average student, excessively bad work seems to be the only way in which she may gain official recognition of any sort; for her recitations and written lessons are neither good enough to call forth commendation, nor poor enough to call forth expostulation.

But notwithstanding the existence of official warnings and department societies, the fact remains that responsibility for work done is shifted between the professor and the student, any definite knowledge as to quality being left to the discretion of each according as conscience or curiosity may dictate; in other words, there is no consistent, definite recognition by the various departments of each student's work which she is permitted to know except by indirect means. However, we all adapt ourselves to the present state of things,—the majority of students, I think, being in full sympathy with it, since they declare that a knowledge of marks would tend to create an unfriendly spirit of rivalry which would lead to bad feeling. They say that they have no desire to know their standing, though whether this unselfish suppression of curiosity is in the interests of learning or in the interests of the individual, it is sometimes difficult to determine. On the other hand, there are some students to whom this imposed ignorance is a daily trial; they do not dispute the merits of the marking system, they know nothing about systems; they simply ask that the privilege now accorded to the faculty alone may be extended to the students, that each one may know from time to time in every department what the professor's estimate of her work is; and they believe that the positive good resulting from this knowledge would far outweigh the predicted evils.

In the first place, to the student who does her work well and knows that her standard is high, marks would at least be a satisfaction. It is without doubt true that close study always brings its own rewards and that scholarly work is sure to call forth commendation ; but occasional praise is by no means the same thing as scientific knowledge of well-doing set down in black and white, which would enable the student to compare her work in different studies, and would afford her real satisfaction.

In the second place, to the student who does very average work, marks would be an inducement to study harder ; and real study, it seems to me, is what we need more than anything else, for I think that a large proportion of the poor work that is done in recitations and examinations is due, not to lack of ability, but to lack of application. In a good many subjects we think that reading over a lesson twice at the most is quite sufficient : but unfortunately, if our minds grasp the salient points, our vocabularies are inadequate to extemporaneous elaboration ; or we fail to grasp anything and go to class with a supersaturated solution of ideas in our heads, hoping that it will be crystallized by the professor's question. But chemical laws can not be depended upon in such cases, and instead of even decent answers a very groping recitation is usually the result. It must be discouraging for the professor and it is certainly very bad for the class, encouraging those who are in a like condition and enraging those who have really studied.

And how would marks better this state of affairs ? If the "half-baked" students actually could see what the long-suffering professors now keep to themselves, I think they would put more time on their work, for the pride of getting good marks if for nothing else ; and I do not see how harder study can help leading to more interest in the subject itself, so that in the long run marks would after all come to be a subordinate incentive to work. I grant that if a student lacks application the only thing that can ever help her permanently is her own will ; but you have only four years in which to educate that, and even if the lesson is learned in the end and she really studies in her senior year, it seems to me that there has been time wasted in the process and that the same result might have been gained earlier, if she had known definitely from the very first of all her failures and successes.

And then in the third place, for the student who does just as little work as possible, a knowledge of marks would throw the entire weight of responsibility as to her position on her own shoulders. She would have a constant knowledge of her standing, and could plead no previous ignorance when called to account for poor work. But there is an objection which some students urge against a knowledge of marks, which is that even if a student is doing her very best she sometimes fails to grasp a subject, and the discouragement which positively knowing this brings is very disheartening. I can not see, however, that it is a disgrace not to be able to do some things, since there are sure to be others in which we excel; and the sooner we realize the fact the better, for then much time and strength spent on the subject we can not grasp may be utilized in those subjects which we can comprehend, and much friction of vain adjustment will be saved.

As regards the college in the aggregate, I think that a knowledge of marks would remove much of the tension which exists from the time that the examination schedule is posted until after the notices of low grades and conditions have been sent out. Even the most sensible occasionally succumb to the general excitement and declare that they are going to get a low grade in—well, anywhere from one to three subjects, though whether they always believe it, or offer the suggestion in sympathy to others who really stand in danger, I can not say. It is almost pathetic to see how the students depend on each other for reassurance. Perhaps one has failed in a previous examination and the dread of doing so again hangs over her, although she is certain that her work has improved. She hopelessly tries to remember the number of good and poor recitations she has made throughout the term, the quality of her written lessons, and ends despairingly to a reassuring friend, "Well, I may get a low grade, but I don't see how I can get a condition." Of course a student will always worry over examinations to a certain extent, either from the desire to pass brilliant ones or from the fear of failures; but it seems to me that a great deal of the strain would be removed if we were accustomed to think of the teacher's estimate of our work rather than our own or that of our friends.

Many of the students think that in their relations with one another a knowledge of marks would be unfortunate, as it

would lead to competition and criticism. But as to competition, if it is carried on in the proper spirit nothing is more desirable ; and as to the critical faculty, it is not wholly undeveloped within our midst, even now. The present system has its merits, without doubt, and may accomplish the same ends as a system in which a definite knowledge of marks is the predominant feature ; but the former seems to me very much slower and attended with far more waste energy than the latter. The failure or success of this last would depend to some extent, I suppose, upon the temperament of the majority of the students, upon whether a knowledge of marks acted as a favorable stimulus to their work ; but beyond that, I should like to see the system tried, on the principle that in the case of anything definite enough to be estimated at all, knowledge is always more desirable than ignorance.

ALICE DURYEE.

### THE HOLY GRAIL

It was the night ; my Master's hand  
I could no longer find ;  
Alone was I in a strange, strange land,  
Weary in heart and mind.

And Faith and Trust, that once would bless,  
Were gone from me apart,  
And loneliness and bitterness  
Took hold upon my heart.

A sudden voice to me was sped  
That bade my doubts to cease.  
"Lo, he who seeks not Me," it said,  
"Hath far to seek for peace."

I sent my soul up through the night  
To seek my Master's face ;  
My stricken soul could find no light,  
My dove no resting-place.

Once more unto my Lord I cried,  
Who was most dear to me :  
"Were I to fall by the dark wayside,  
Could I lay hold on Thee ?

"My Saviour Lord, were I to die,  
Should I now find Thee near?"  
There came no light and no reply,  
And my heart shrank for fear.

"My Lord, I can not let Thee go,"  
In sorrow then I said,  
"Who for my sins, 'mid shame and woe,  
Seven times Thy blood didst shed!"

"By those last roseate drops, I pray,  
Let not Thy mercy fail!"  
Then to my heart did something say,  
"Go, seek the Holy Grail!"

My restless heart with joy uprose,  
And fared forth on the wild;  
Welcome were wind and drifting snows;  
Had not the Master smiled?

For many a day we wandered on,  
My heart and I, in hope;  
And many a night, when light was gone,  
All undismayed would grope.

But never a voice and never a form  
Unto our wandering came,  
And the cold white whirl of the shifting storm  
Was evermore the same.

"'Twas but Hell's mockery," then I sighed,  
"That urged us on our way!"  
Yet smote upon my breast and cried,  
"I trust, although He slay!"

Weary to death, upon the ground  
I sank, and could no more.  
The Holy Grail I had not found,  
And all was as before.

"I was not worthy, Lord, of Thee  
Who yet art still my All;  
My Lord, Thou hast done righteously  
That Thou hast let me fall."

There came a brightness through the night,  
A glory through the snow,  
A radiance strange, that human sight  
Hath not the power to know.

I bowed myself ; I hid my eyes ;  
I could not speak for fear.  
There came a Voice out of the skies,—  
And yet that Voice was near,—

“Lo, all the sorrow thou dost bring  
Ascendeth up above ;  
The Lord hath seen thy wandering,  
The Lord hath known thy love.

“And for that thou hast craved to see  
That cup, that stayed the flood,  
The holy tide on Calvary  
Of water and of blood,

“And for that thou through all these years  
Of pain the Faith hast kept,  
Think not He hath not seen thy tears,—  
The Lord with thee hath wept.

“Ah, far more blest art thou than all  
On whom He hath but smiled !  
Fear not ; it is thy Master's call,—  
‘Lift up thy heart, my child !’

“Yea, lift it up, that pain and woe  
Did to a chalice hew ;  
Into thy heart, upholden so,  
His tears shall fall like dew ;

“And blood is mingled with the tears,  
And nations cry, ‘All hail !’  
Heart, hast thou doubts ? Heart, hast thou fears ?  
Thou art the Holy Grail !”

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR.

### THE HOUSE OF SHOVELS

If Jimmie Tyler and Shovels had not both attached themselves so firmly to Roberta Vibert, this story would never have come to be written ; but they had. Jimmie was what girls call a man, meaning a young man of pleasing exterior and sufficiently entertaining interior ; to judge, that is, from that portion of his inner nature revealed in ordinary social inter-



course. Shovels was not quite a dog. He was a cur, and a small, half-grown, mangy yellow cur at that.

Shovels had been wont to spend his days in hanging around the railroad station among the cab drivers; but one day Roberta stopped to order a carriage to be sent up next morning, and Shovels saw her. He sat down and looked at her while she gave her order to the cab driver. Certainly she was the prettier of the two. Perhaps life held better things than cabmen. Shovels winked a pink eyelid, rose, walked over, and began to sniff feebly at Roberta's skirt, while he moved up and down what looked like a very much worn and soiled, dun-colored ostrich tip. Roberta's brown eyes looked down at him and Roberta's voice exclaimed, "Oh, you poor little thing!" Roberta stooped over him, and he felt her hand on his mangy back. He pumped the downtrodden ostrich tip harder. Then she turned to go. Shovels watched her another minute, winked the pink eyelid again, and followed.

About a month before, Jimmie Tyler had met Roberta at a whist party, whither he had grumblingly gone to waste an evening playing whist "with girls." After it was over, he had set Shovels the example of going home with Roberta. Then he had returned to his own home, to devote himself to the pursuit which is the nineteenth century equivalent of Benedict's "brushing his hat of a morning"; to wit, parting his hair with extreme nicety every evening, influenced by a half-conscious conviction that the chances were as nine to ten that Roberta would see that part.

At the end of the first week, Jimmie had called on Roberta twice, had discovered that she adored Richard Harding Davis, that she detested Kipling, that she thought *Cyranus de Bergerac* the noblest effort of the modern drama, that she didn't care for the German Opera or tennis, but was "perfectly daffy on golf."

At the end of the second week, Jimmie had called six times and taken Roberta out twice. He had found out that she preferred violets to roses, that chocolate peppermints were her favorites in the line of confectionery, that she danced well, that she thought *Julia Marlowe* affected, that she always wore pretty clothes and carried dainty lace handkerchiefs, and that her hair curled naturally.

With the end of the third week, Jimmie had become confirmed in a habit of dropping into a certain chair on the Vibert

veranda on every evening when he did not take Roberta somewhere else, and remaining a fixture there until some more or less advanced hour. Not content with this, he had taken Roberta up to the golf links on Saturday afternoon. He had discovered that his golf was about equal to hers, he having played only twice before; also that she did not like snakes. But this, he reflected, he might have guessed anyway.

At the end of the fourth week, he was introduced to Shovels, who, having once followed Roberta home, had refused to leave at any hour, however late. Jimmie and Shovels looked at each other. Both sniffed disdainfully, and Shovels retreated to sneeze pitifully under the shelter of Roberta's skirts.

"Poor little thing!" said Roberta, stroking Shovels' mangy back with a little brown hand. "He was so sick I couldn't help feeling sorry for him, and now he is so trustful I am beginning to love him. Just see how he comes and snuggles up; isn't it fairly touching?"

Jimmie looked on with gloomy envy for a minute. Then he made a noble effort to stifle his contempt for a dog without a pedigree.

"Well," he said slowly, "he certainly isn't pretty to look at, but I reckon there are plenty of good points about him," and he held out his hand to Shovels.

Shovels looked around Roberta's skirts, sniffed again, and winked the pink eyelid. Jimmie drew back his hand.

From that day, Jimmie felt that he had a rival in Roberta's good graces. When he dropped into his usual chair on the Vibert veranda, Shovels was always opposite him, nestled in the shadow of Roberta's skirt. And Roberta's affection for him seemed to increase daily. This was the first discovery concerning Roberta's likes and dislikes which had given Jimmie serious trouble. Her talk was now chiefly of the time she had spent during the day in washing, combing, and feeding the small forlornity, with requests for advice as to lotions to be poured over his mangy back or syrups to strengthen his weak throat. Jimmie smothered his feelings outwardly, but inwardly indulged them for another week. Then it struck him as ridiculous that he should allow himself to become jealous of a dog, and of such a pitiful little cur as Shovels at that. He resolved to like Shovels, for Roberta's sake and because, as before said, it was beneath his dignity to hate him; and he renewed his

overtures of friendship. But it proved impossible to make friends with Shovels. The utmost return he would ever make would be to walk up, sniff once at Jimmie's boots, and retreat again to Roberta. To like him for himself and in spite of his coldness proved equally impossible. Jimmie tried his best, but there were qualities about Shovels, such as his prevailing manginess, the continual wheezing which shook his poor little body, and a disposition to flee before the toy terriers at the corner, which could hardly appeal to the masculine temperament of Jimmie as they did to the womanly compassion of Roberta. Jimmie decided that the most that he could do would be to tolerate Shovels, promising himself that if at any future time he found himself able conscientiously to do so, he would like him.

So Jimmie settled down to tolerating Shovels, and Shovels continued to despise Jimmie, but clave ever closer to Roberta, who patted and petted and talked to him, and between whiles threw in a word or two to the man sitting opposite her. For Jimmie continued to drop into his appointed place on the veranda as regularly as ever. He had tried staying away for two nights, but it did not work. Roberta's company had become a daily necessity to him, until even a Roberta with a Shovels in her lap was better than no Roberta at all.

Jimmie looked on and tolerated Shovels for ten days, and then decided that he could tolerate him no longer. But neither could he hate him. He had agreed that that was beneath his dignity, and besides, Roberta would never endure it. Clearly, there was but one way out. Jimmie gathered himself together and swore to like and gain the good will of Shovels or perish in the attempt. He did not dare approach Shovels directly, for fear of the chilling influence of another rebuff. The only way to him was through Roberta. Jimmie bethought him of a bottle of medicine bought when his own high-bred setter developed a slight case of mange. He resolved to bring it out and take it to Shovels, or rather to Roberta, that very evening. It might do the little beggar some good, and if he only looked a little more—well, like a dog, perhaps.

Jimmie opened the door of the medicine closet, to find himself staring squarely at a large bottle adorned with a scarlet skull and cross-bones and bearing the word "Poison!" printed in staring red letters underneath that gaudy emblem. He stood

with the closet door in his hand, his eyes fixed on the bottle with the red label. The stare grew first thoughtful, then joyful. He stretched out his hand. It had nearly reached the bottle when the stare changed to one of horror, and he hastily slammed the door and fled the spot.

A little later, Jimmie, still penitent at the thought of what he had for an instant meditated, came up the walk toward Roberta's house. She met him at the veranda step, Shovels as usual wheezing behind her.

"Good evening, Mr. Tyler," said Roberta, holding out her hand.

"Good evening, Miss Vibert," returned Jimmie, and then added with guilty cordiality, "And how's Shovels to-night?"

"Well," said Roberta slowly, seating herself in the hammock and lifting Shovels up beside her, "I'm afraid he isn't very well to-day. He catches cold so easily, you know. And the cook said yesterday she wouldn't let him sleep in the kitchen any more, so I put him out in the woodshed, and he caught an awful one. He nearly strangled with it this morning. And that horrid old thing won't let him come back into the kitchen to-night to get over it. I was going to take him up into my room then, but mamma wouldn't let me; she said he'd keep the whole house awake coughing, poor little thing; and he snores, too. So I didn't know what to do. But Mr. Weston was in this afternoon, and he said there was an old dog-house down in the cellar of his empty house down the street there, and I might have it if I could get somebody to go and get it for me. And I thought that perhaps if I put Shovels in it with some flannel, and turned it away from the woodshed door, he wouldn't be in a draught; and so I thought when you came up to-night—that is, I—I thought you might come up to-night, and if you should, I thought I'd ask you, if you wouldn't mind very much,—that is, if you'd just go down there with me and carry the dog-house home for me."

Anxious in all things to oblige Roberta as he was, Jimmie hesitated. It was not yet dark on a summer evening, and to a man who had the day before obstinately refused to carry home a bonnet box for his sister, the thought of walking past those two blocks of densely populated piazzas and shortly retracing his steps, his arms squarely filled by a dog-house of unknown dimensions, had little of the charm of adventure. But on the

other hand, he was still guiltily conscious of the wrong he had meditated toward Shovels, and of the much greater wrong toward Shovels' mistress implied in the contemplated crime. It seemed that here might be a way of atonement. After all, it wouldn't last so very long, and it wasn't such an awfully hard thing to do; and after all—and more than all—it was Roberta who asked it.

"Of course, if you'd rather not—" began Roberta.

Jimmie rose hastily. "Oh, no indeed, Miss Roberta,—that is, I mean yes, of course. When shall we go?"

"Why, I think we'd better go now, before it gets any darker down in that cellar," responded Roberta, promptly. "That is, if you're sure it won't be too much trouble?"

"Not a bit, I'll be only too glad to do anything for you—and Shovels." Jimmie was still penitent, but the last part of the sentence would divide with a little jerk.

"All right then, let's go." And Roberta shut Shovels inside the screen door, where he immediately began to scratch and whine until interrupted by a violent fit of coughing; and she started down the walk.

Jimmie followed resolutely, lifting his hat to an acquaintance on this or that veranda, and in spirit hearing their comments as he passed on the return journey.

They reached the house they sought and went around to a side door. Roberta produced a key from some mysterious receptacle which was not a pocket, Jimmie opened the door, and they found themselves standing in a small passageway with a door in every one of its four walls. After trying two doors and finding entrance into the kitchen and the front hall, Jimmie opened a third and looked down into a well of darkness.

"I guess this must be the place, Miss Roberta," he announced confidently. "You'd better stay up here where it's light; I'll go down and get it." And he advanced bravely, feeling with his foot for the edge of the step—to bring up with a sounding thud against the shelves of a small, dark closet.

"Oh, did you hurt yourself?" exclaimed Roberta, behind him. "What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much," returned Jimmie, removing a hand from his head. "It turns out to be a closet or something, that's all. I guess the cellar way must open into the kitchen, after all."

Inspection of the kitchen revealed three doors. Jimmie opened the most probable, and, mindful of former experiences, thrust an inquiring arm into the darkness until he nearly lost his balance. He recovered himself in time, however, and stumbled cautiously down. He reached the cellar floor without further mishap, and by the feeble light of the cellar windows obtained some faint idea of direction. He decided, however, that for a systematic search of the premises more light would be required, and so struck a match. Holding it carefully in front of him he advanced, peering forward into nooks and corners for the first glimpse of that which he sought.

The match burned down to his fingers, and he started to kindle another one as he walked. The second light flared up into his eyes, and even as it did so, Jimmie felt his foot strike violently against something. He staggered forward and thrust out his arms to restore his balance, but too late. The flame of the match seemed to multiply before his dizzy eyes into a myriad of flashing stars, and he felt something shaking in the hands that had convulsively closed upon it. The next instant the shaking something toppled and fell on top of him, and he felt the grime and soot of the cellar floor rubbing its way up his sleeves and down his neck. At the same time, the air was filled with a noise as if all pandemonium had broken loose in the deserted cellar,—a noise as of flapping wings, shrill cries, and rattling of cymbals and castinets. Shrill, inexplicable, discordant, deafening, it rang and echoed from pillar to post through unknown depths of shadow. Jimmie struggled wildly to regain a few fundamental conceptions of the universe, and finally so far succeeded as to remember that the position most natural for his species is an erect one. He lifted up an arm and with some difficulty rolled off the weight encumbering him. Then he slowly rose to his feet. The inexplicable noises still continued, and now they were assuming a weirdly familiar tone more exasperating than the wildest uproar.

"It's like it for all the world," muttered Jimmie, "but how in creation—"

He raised one foot and struck another match, thereby producing an increase of the clamor around, if such a thing were possible. But as the cause of the disturbance rushed wildly across the cellar, the feeble light fell full upon it. He also caught a side glance at the obstacle over which he had fallen.

Jimmie resignedly sank back against a convenient furnace. The case was beyond swearing. That was played out, he had sworn when he first fell down. For a moment he was too whitely angry for words. Then speech returned to him, and he slowly and solemnly voiced his feelings to the blackness around.

"People who keep hens in dog-houses down cellar ought to—to be put in the pillory and pelted with rotten eggs."

The sound of his voice seemed to add the finishing touch to the terror of the unfortunate biped. She dashed wildly to and fro across the cellar three or four times, like a figure cast on a screen by a magic lantern and immediately withdrawn. Then, her good luck guiding her toward her accustomed loophole of ingress and egress, she fled screaming off, and Jimmie heard her excited tones die away on the outer air.

As the noise in the cellar diminished, Roberta's voice became audible from the head of the stairs.

"Oh, what is the matter? What *has* happened? Did you hurt yourself, Mr. Tyler? Shall I come down and help you? Can't you find it?"

"No," roared Jimmie, desperately, "stay where you are! It's all right. I've found it and I'll bring it up in a minute. I just stumbled over it, that's all. There was a hen in it."

"A hen!" There was a sound as if Roberta had started to come down.

"Don't come down," called Jimmie, "you'll only stumble over things; it's awfully dark. I'll bring it up in a minute."

"The hen?—what for?" asked Roberta, innocently.

"No! The dog-house! The hen's gone," and Jimmie, under his breath, added some very uncomplimentary remarks about the intelligence of girls.

"Gone? Where? What did you say? What was it all, anyway?" came down the stairway.

Jimmie did not answer. He stooped and resolutely lifted the dog-house in both arms and cautiously made his way toward the stairs. Just by the door of the kitchen stood Roberta. Jimmie had always admired the daintiness of her dress, but this time he found it a trifle exasperating. To be confronted with such immaculate white duck prettiness was less agreeable when it formed such a lively contrast with his own soot-stained ducks, crushed collar, tumbled hair, and shirt bearing visible traces of

the furnace against which he had leaned. His answers to her eager questions were somewhat of the briefest. As soon as possible he walked out into the passage.

"I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to open the door for me," he here remarked; it's either that or carrying this thing."

"Oh, certainly." Roberta threw the door open and stepped aside to allow him to pass.

Jimmie stepped out into the open air, and instantly felt himself grasped by a sturdy arm.

"Come, none o' that now," said a voice to match the arm; and the bearer of the dog-house turned to find himself in the grip of a stalwart man who held him with one hand, while the other grasped the club of a night watchman.

"What's the matter?" came Roberta's voice once more, as she too stepped out. "Oh, it's all right, Mr. Bassett. Mr. Weston said I might have that dog-house if Mr. Tyler would come and take it away for me. And he gave me the key, you see. And you know me, don't you—Miss Vibert?"

"Oh, yes, miss, then it's all right," returned the watchman, releasing his victim. "Beg pardon, sir, but—I guess you've fell down, haven't you? So I didn't notice the difference at first. You see, I've found out they's been some tramps got into this house a day or two ago, so I came up early to lay for 'em. An' when you came out, I thought you was one sure, and nabbed onto you."

"Tramps!" Roberta's eyes were big with terror. "Why, they might have come when I was all alone up there and Mr. Tyler was down cellar."

"They might have clubbed me dead, when I fell down and knocked that infernal hen out of the dog-house," muttered Jimmie to himself, but aloud he merely said,

"Well, it's lucky they weren't there. Let's go home."

The darkness had come on faster than Jimmie had dared to hope, or else his adventures in the cellar had taken longer than he thought. So their homeward journey attracted less notice than he had feared. To be sure, they did run square into Billy Davenport, who asked if Jimmie was moving, and if the van followed with the rest of his furniture. But with this exception the first block was passed in safety. They were nearing the electric light at the head of the second and could almost see the veranda of Roberta's house, when two figures struck into



the circle of light just in front of them. The figures were both those of young men, and the light revealed the fact that they were in the most immaculate of summer attire. Jimmie shrank back further into the shadow, but Roberta went forward without noticing. Just as she was well within the light, some unknown cause impelled one of the men in front to turn. At sight of her he immediately lifted his hat and advanced with outstretched hand, exclaiming,

"Why, how do you do, Miss Vibert? Halley and I are just on our way to your house."

"Why, I'm so glad I came back in time," said Roberta cordially, as she shook hands. "Mr. Tyler and I— But I forgot, you don't know Mr. Tyler. Mr. Halley, this is Mr.— Why, where are you, Mr. Tyler?"

There was nothing else for it. Jimmie set his teeth, strode into the light, and stood there, his tumbled head rising above the dog-house clasped to his bosom, to confront the amused eyes of the stranger youths.

"Mr. Tyler is just being good enough to carry a dog-house home for me," explained Roberta calmly, and went on with the introductions. Jimmie twice nodded his head stiffly over the ridge-pole of the dog-house, and then Roberta turned and started up the street between the two men. Jimmie followed, bearing, with the load that filled his outstretched arms, a grotesque resemblance to an irate locomotive, with a yawning void where the headlight should have been.

They reached the house at last, and Shovels, wheezing as usual, came feebly out to meet them. Roberta assigned the strangers chairs on the veranda, but commanded Jimmie to carry the dog-house around to the woodshed, and followed herself to put Shovels to bed.

"Now," she said briskly, when the house was finally disposed to her satisfaction, "you just go out there and entertain those fellows till I get Shovels settled for the night. No, I don't want any help, you just go and tell them I'll be out presently."

Jimmie stalked moodily around the house and up the steps toward his usual chair, to find a dark figure already in possession. He dropped angrily into the corner farthest removed from the hammock, and sat there, bolt upright and silent.

"It's an awfully warm evening," remarked one of the men, after a minute or two.

"Very," returned Jimmie savagely, conscious of a stream of perspiration trickling down his nose. The subject fell to the ground and a silence ensued.

"Miss Vibert is a very attractive girl," at length remarked the second man. This man, as exasperated friends sometimes told him, had a genius for "putting his foot in it."

"Very," snapped Jimmie, and that subject fell on top of the first, and the three sat in gloomy silence until Roberta appeared.

The evening was not a pleasant one. Roberta classed it afterward as one of the hardest in the course of her entire social experience. She tried her best to make conversation, and two of her guests tried hard to respond. But the efforts of all three were powerless to dispel the gloomy atmosphere which overhung the occasion. And this atmosphere emanated from a disheveled figure sitting bolt upright, silent, persistent, and defiant in a shadowy corner,—a figure which refused to unbend, or to remove the baleful shadow of its presence, but stayed on, mutely insisting that in spite of soot or crumpled collar or tumbled hair "a man's a man for a' that," and, if he choose to do so, has an inalienable right to overstay any other man whom he can tire out. In the end, the determined patience of this moody onlooker proved too strong, and his opponents retired from the field.

As they turned down the walk, Roberta, in a desperate attempt to appear unconscious of the sullenness of her remaining guest, leaned forward from her hammock and began vivaciously, "Oh, Mr. Tyler, Shovels was—"

Jimmie's self-control gave way. He leaned forward suddenly in his turn.

"See here, Miss Roberta, which do you care most for, me or Shovels?"

His tone was masterful. Against the glare of the nearest electric light he could see the outline of Roberta's head. The chin went up in a defiant little tilt which he knew only too well, and her voice was mockingly sweet as she answered, "You or Shovels? Why—Shovels, of course."

"All right, good night," and Jimmie picked up his hat, realizing that further discussion was useless just then.

He had reached the end of the little lawn and was turning into the sidewalk, when he heard Roberta's voice call, "Mr. Tyler!"

He turned, saw her standing at the top of the step, and went slowly back. Roberta was picking a honeysuckle leaf to pieces. Jimmie stood expectant at the foot of the steps.

"Er—good night!" said Roberta, still looking at the leaf she was tearing into bits.

Jimmie could not have told how, but he suddenly realized that the moment was critical and called for decisive measures. He bent toward her.

"Roberta Vibert, look me in the face, and tell me that was what you called me back to say to me!"

Roberta hesitated, picked at the leaf again, and then—looked up. As their eyes met, Jimmie made a curious, sudden movement forward, with arms outstretched, then drew hastily back.

"Oh, I forgot,—I'm all soot," and he laughed a little foolishly.

But as Jimmie had started, Roberta had started too. She had not stopped, and that is the reason why, before the words were well out of Jimmie's mouth, the soot from the cellar was sprinkled impartially over himself and Roberta.

It was some time later, at an hour which it is better not to mention, that Jimmie took his final departure for that night. As he once more reached the edge of the lawn, he turned and looked back at the house, while a whimsical smile gradually spread itself over his face.

"Well," he remarked, as he turned away, "I hope Shovels is happy."

The abounding peace and good will in his heart had grown great enough to include even one mangy little cur. Despite crushed collar, bruised shoulders, and blackened cuffs, he liked Shovels at last.

NONA BURNETT MILLS.

### SCYLD'S DEATH SHIP

Out of the damp of the mist it comes, drifting,  
Specter ship in the shadowy morn,—

Seen, but half seen,  
Gray with the ice sheen,  
Seeking the haven ;

Headed for port that is known by no sailor,  
Solemnly bearing the dead to his resting,—  
    On each billow lifting,  
    Adrift, but not drifting,  
    Seeking the haven ;

Bearing the warrior as he had willed it,  
Laid on its hard breast under his standard,—  
    On each billow lifting,  
    Adrift, but not drifting,  
    Seeking the haven.

Into the heart of the mist it goes drifting,  
Never shall song be sung of the landing;—  
    Seen, but half seen,  
    Gray with the ice sheen,  
    Seeking the haven.

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE.

### THE IDYLIC PATCHWORK QUILT

The patchwork quilt, product of long, slow winter days, relic of the time when provident mothers set their little maids of seven or eight to taking small patient stitches in blocks of calico that were designed for the wedding chest, is fast disappearing from among us, well-nigh exterminated since the arrival of the "boughten," machine-made comfortable. We have societies for the preservation of "our feathered songsters," societies to guard against the destruction of the forests ; we have game laws and lobster laws, but where is the club or the statute to prevent the disappearance of the patchwork quilt ? To be sure, its relative, the blue and white knitted quilt, has found temporary favor as a door hanging or a couch cover, but the patchwork quilt is given neither respect nor admiration ; stowed away in some remote corner of the attic, it waits with the biscuit pillow and the rag rug for the day when a house cleaning or a moving shall cast out such useless truck to the scrub woman or the furnace man.

Yet it is not for the patchwork quilt that I am pleading, but for us, if we fail to appreciate it. Those many-patterned blocks of calico should meet with tender regard from us and be given a goodly place in our affections. Who of us can forget the

stories our grandmother has told us, as she pointed out the tiny pink scrap in her "fox and geese" quilt that was a piece of our mother's first little colored dress? Mysterious time when our mother was a little girl! The dead days are alive before us in their sweet, homely commonplaceness, as we listen to the history of the buff-colored calico, the first dress that grandfather ever bought for grandmother; of the little brown apron that little girl grandmother sewed for herself when she was seven; and of the blue-sprigged cambric that grandmother wore when grandfather told her that he loved her. We find genuine gratification for our affections in picturing "our family" of a generation or two ago going to missionary sewing-circles in the brown and buff calicoes they were so fond of in those days, the like of which can not be bought now; or taking its place in church with a modest consciousness of the new white lawn, sprinkled with violet, squash-shaped figures, that graced the delicate form of its oldest daughter. There are romances in patchwork quilts.

Even if we have no grandmother to tell us musingly the stories of the quilt, and to smooth the little blocks lovingly as she tells, the oddly shaped pieces themselves will bring back the life of other generations and the every-day interests of grand-aunts and cousins who lived so long ago that their names are only myths to us now, around which we group all qualities of gentleness and beauty and charm. That one tiny bit of white with the queer, prim little rosebuds strewed over it, which has no mate anywhere in all this expanse of quilt, surely that was put in because of some tender association. Perhaps an Elizabeth of the past saved it because her sweetheart began his long Sunday evening visits when the dress was fresh and new; or perhaps some mother one day found it at the bottom of her remnant bag, and remembered how her little dead child had patted the rosebuds and had cried, "Pitty, pitty!" as she was fashioning the little frock for her. And all these blocks with the intricate pattern and the fascinating combinations of nameless shades of orange and red and brown,—we can see them, those quaint ladies with their many-flounced skirts and their India shawls, as they gravely inquired over the counter if this would keep its color well, and assured each other that it was a very handsome pattern and certainly would make an "elegant dress" for Martha, with her black eyes and hair. One almost

likes better the quilt that has come down with no ready-made stories, so absorbing is it to construct them and imagine always beautiful, always interesting dames and maidens to figure in them.

The very patterns suggest remoteness and another civilization, so quaint and curious are their colors and designs. Stiff little thistles of lavender and red set off against dull, dark brown, unanalyzable intricacies of terra-cotta blocks and orange scrolls with blue leaf-stripes wandering aimlessly hither and thither over all, and lifelike squashes, big or little, of every shade known to man, imprinted startlingly on nicely contrasted backgrounds,—these are familiar and honored contributors to the patchwork quilt.

But you say, with a polite little shrug, that they wasted hours over their quilts, those grandmothers of ours,—that they spent their time snipping up good whole cloth and then sewing the pieces together again. What if they did cut up their extra quarters of a yard? There was ample reward for the time spent, in the pleasure of carefully arranging the blocks and the contrasts of color. Who, with any bump of order or appreciation of "effect," would like his quilts made of the odds and ends from his wife's remnant bag, sewed together hit-or-miss? And what a satisfaction they had in piecing them, in the lonely farm-houses while the twilight crept up over the white fields and the rose of sunset shone fair on the snow! Quilts for the daughter's housekeeping and hair rings for the far-away son are the progenitors of the sofa cushions we make for brothers' college rooms and the lace handkerchiefs we bestow at Commencement time.

Nowadays we have books of our baby sayings; somewhere, in some secure corner, our mothers have put away the shining, fine golden curls that once belonged to us; our christening dresses and our first shoes they keep to remember their babies by. Why should we not each of us own a quilt made from pieces of all the gingham dresses and the lawns we had before we were eighteen? It would be a faithful record of other days,—as interesting as an old diary. The scraps of cambric and lawn that our mothers have treasured up, remnants of our little girl dresses, of our first long "young lady" gown, of the frocks we romped in, and of those we proudly wore to parties,—they all bring back to us the merry, questioning, strange little

beings we once were. And who of us does not love ourselves of the past with tender affectionateness?

For me, I like the patchwork quilt before the "boughten" comfortable. The beauty of my comfortable pales when I have seen five or six others just like it displayed in the shop-windows for two weeks at a time. Yes, the comfortable is lighter than its ancestor, but I will gladly suffer the few extra pounds avoirdupois for the sake of the individuality and the stories I find in the patchwork quilt.

ETHEL MARGUERITE DELONG.

### AMONG VIRGINIA'S HILLS

The homestead stood on the top of a low hill just above the town. Below were the old, tumble-down, squalid huts at whose doors the mammies smoked their pipes. There the only street wound its tortuous way among shops of the poorest, meanest kind, and the mule-car made leisurely trips from one end of town to the other. No, the poor place had no beauty of its own; it was justified only by its surroundings.

A rough, stony road led up to the hilltop; and after the summit was rounded, the town was lost to view, its squalor was forgotten. Out, out, out, beyond yellow and green fields, beneath the deep blue sky and the skimming clouds, lie the Blue Ridge Mountains. They are shrouded in misty, vaporous haze, or they are overhung with tremendous thunderheads. They are shadowy in the morning sunlight or they are black against the evening's gold sky. They are ever changing,—now sublime, now beautiful, now fearful. But lying nearer and encircling the town, looking down upon it with their great, wonderful faces, are the nearer hills. They do not tire of withstanding wind and storm to shelter the village; and each seems to have a peculiar message of truth to give it.

Yonder on the east is the dark, grim old mountain. On its bleak slopes the shadows are heavy and mournful, clouds rest on its rugged summit, and its lines are heavily drawn against the sky. It is a somber, solemn old guardian, and its message is of toil, stress, and sorrow. But by its side stands a hill over which the sunlight plays joyously or the cloud shadows rest

but lightly. It is green and beautiful; its slopes are soft and gentle. Laurel blooms among its rocks. Its message is of joy, peace, and loveliness. To the west lies a hill that seems always wrapped in haze; its outlines are vague, its slopes shadowy, silver maples crown its summit, its rocks are mossy. At evening time its misty head rests on the sunset clouds, reflecting their glow rather than darkening it, blending its own silvery green with the golds and the reds. Does not this fair, hazy hill speak of dreams and visions, of mystery and wonders?

But there to the north stands an ugly mountain, whose sharp top is clear-cut against the sky. Shadows rest upon its bare slopes, shunned by the sunlight, naked of any grassy covering, broken here and there by grim boulders. The lines of this sinister mountain are sharp and distinct and unrelieved by pleasant curves. Great pines raise their bristling heads above its crest and stretch out their gaunt arms. Can this unpleasing hill have any message of truth to give the little town at its feet, upon which it seems to glower in obstinate anger? Yes, but its message must be sought for, like all most precious things. Through the heart of the dark pine woods that lie on the further side of the mountain, there is a little, sandy path. After wandering a long way over rough rocks and beneath solemn pines this path suddenly stops. And where? On the pebbly shore of an exquisite little lake. The beautiful sheet of water is bordered on one side by a grassy slope, dotted with daisies and buttercups. Close to the water's edge the cardinals shake their scarlet bells and the forget-me-nots smile at the reflection of their own daintiness. On the other side the shore rises sharply to a ridge sentineled by great and mighty pines, majestic keepers of the mountain's heart secret. Here the bright lake lies misty in the morning sun, glorious in the noon-day, mirroring the myriad colors of the sunset sky upon its crystal surface. Here to the heart of the seeker the mountain's message is whispered by the clear, silver white waves as they ripple on the white pebbly shore. Surely it is the message of purity.

EDITH BURBANK.



## ***THE PASSING OF THE CENTURY***

The years pile up beneath my pilgrim feet,  
As still amid the softened, star-pierced shade  
Of these declining hours, I mount the steps  
Which lead me on where stands awaiting me  
A child born of the loves and purposes  
Of nineteen centuries, a spirit sent  
To take from me the future's heritage,  
And bear the message of the mighty past  
Up to the summit of the rising years.

The mighty past!—Ah, once before I rest  
My love would fain recall the memories  
Of those still living deeds my scribe has writ  
Upon the world's remembrance. Much he used  
The bloody ink of war; therewith at times  
He needless stained the parchment. Fairer far  
The colors where the quiet pen of peace  
Has traced a nation's progress, signed decrees  
That fostered art and commerce, freed the slave,  
Awoke from centuries of sloth and sleep  
The Orient world, or formed of petty states  
One glorious empire.—Look! In vision now  
Methinks I see once more the passing forms  
Of those whom I have used above their fellows  
To be my active agents. Theirs are names  
Renowned for courage and for strategy;  
For skill in making light man's daily toil,  
Or finding him new pleasures, stretching out  
The limits of his small, self-centered sphere  
To hold more of God's boundless universe;  
For power to sway with pen or brush or tongue  
The heart and will, that they may exercise  
Their God-born right to joy and pain and love.

And still there rise before my inward eye,  
Thronging the hillsides far into the night,  
The souls that traveled where my foot-steps led.  
Upon their waxen tablets life has stamped  
Its marks of joy and care and labor done;  
Its scars of noble sorrows long lived down,  
Temptations put to flight, or sins atoned;  
The unhealed wounds of many a soul's defeat,  
Whence bleeds the unresisting life away.

The souls are gone ; the midnight shadow casts  
Oblivion o'er them. till I see alone  
The Future shining through the dark in robes  
Of untried innocence. O fair and strong,  
Whose is the promise of the great world's past,  
Still budding brave amid the blighting winds,—  
Alone by ceaseless struggle shalt thou keep  
Its tender bloom unsullied by the storm ;  
Life never grants a championship unfought for.  
I leave thee now the blessing and the curse  
Which I received to guide my pilgrimage.  
The blessing seize, and hold it fast ; it is  
Thy heavenly charter to thy life and God.  
The curse seize too, and grapple it with might,  
And it shall be thy bondslave. Living thus,  
Thy life shall be at once its own reward  
And hope's fulfilling unto us who wait  
Within the chambers of the past until  
Thou come, and many more, to bring the day  
When æon after æon shall have built  
The consummation of the time-born age.  
Till then we wait, nor do we grieve to see  
That others reap where we have hardly sown.  
Our service is not ours ; we are but blest  
If in the palace-halls of Time our toil  
Has carved one fretted scroll the more, or set  
One pillar firmer on its noble base,  
Or polished brighter one prophetic gem.  
The open portals now invite my feet  
To rest. while thou pursue the upward path.  
Yet shall my spirit be alert, and keen  
My ear to catch the first faint trumpeting  
Of that great, conquering Eternity  
That shall set free the servants of the years,  
And shape their palace to the grander mold  
Of tabernacles fashioned not with hands.  
Sometimes as in a dream I thought to hear  
The distant echo of the victor's tread.  
It may be thine to greet his hosts afar.  
But gone or still to come, our passing years  
Have been or are to be, only to serve  
The splendor of the coming of the King.

CHARLOTTE BURGIS DEFORD.

## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### CONSERVATIVE

Times are changed ; and to me it's sad,—  
This watching the good old ways decline.  
I'm willing to have what my fathers had,  
And grant that their needs were the same as mine.  
Old things surely are still the best;  
Why should our century let them go?  
And a negligence worse than all the rest  
Is the desuetude of the mistletoe.

Look at Bess, with the magic spray  
Nestling sly in her sunny curls,  
Laughing up in her teasing way.  
(Oh, the wiles of these wicked girls!)  
I silently curse in a helpless rage  
The desuetude of the mistletoe.  
Fie on the bonds of our modern age!  
Oh for the days of long ago!

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS.

The Poster Man stood in front of his little dwelling, singing to his guitar and gazing at the rising moon and the Poster Girl.

He could look in no other direction for indeed  
**A Tragedy** he had been so painted ; however it was a pleasant way to face, and he would not have objected even had he been able. Surely he was well situated. Behind his little house stretched a greenish purplish sea from which rose a round orange moon into a sunset sky of rose pink and yellow. On the left stood a grove of deep magenta pines from whose tops flowed a little blue stream, winding across the lawn until it ran plump into the lavender mountains on the right, where it wisely stopped its course. In front of the house lay a gravel path, and here stood the Poster Man, clad in gay vermil-

lion, his eyes amorously gazing over the top of his tiny dwelling at the rising moon and the Poster Girl.

Ah, she was fair, was the Poster Girl! Her features were somewhat irregular, in truth, but what cared he if her nose was decidedly "pug," one eye crooked and her hair an impossible shade of red? Love is blind, and he loved her. Even though she always bowed and smiled sweetly at the passers-by, did she not always look at him from the corners of her eyes? Poor fellow, he never once dreamed that like him she could look no other way.

And when the night came what happy, happy times they had; for he used to sing her little serenades all about the purple sea and the magenta pines, how they would walk some time under their shade by the blue river and the purple sea. He sang about himself, how hard it was to live all alone; and he sang about her, how sweet she was and how happy she was; and he asked her, Was she always happy? Didn't she ever feel lonesome and want to walk with him under the pines? The Poster Girl said she was always happy, and smiled into vacancy. But the Poster Man knew that sometime it would all be well, for "everything comes to him who waits."

And so the happy days passed on, while the streets became more and more crowded and the air more crisp. At last, one day, the curtain of the Poster Man's window was drawn down, the walls cleared, and everything decked with evergreen and holly. Alas! the next day found a great pile of books between the Man and the Girl. What a dreary existence he now lived! The day was very long to the Poster Man, but he busied himself with thoughts of how surprised the passers-by would be when the Girl no longer smiled at them. For of course she could not smile when he was not there! And the passers-by would feel sad too, but he did not care, for they could look at her and he could not. Yet at night he might sing to her, though it was not half so nice, for he could not see her face.

On the day that the clerk began to unpile the books, the Poster Man's little heart gave a terrible thump. Such a thump that it hurt him and he cried out, "Oh!" for he knew that he should now catch a glimpse of the Poster Girl! Then his heart fell suddenly down, down, down at the sight that met his eyes. The Poster Girl was still bowing and smiling at the passers-by,

but she was looking—yes, actually looking from the corners of her eyes at a new Poster Man in a smart yellow dog-cart.

He looked longingly at the purple sea, but he could not reach it.

Yet more was to come, for the clerk who had disclosed this treachery had a particular friend across the way, and to him he presented the Poster Man, who was hung upon the wall opposite a window and there, seeing but unseen, he looked upon the outrageous flirtations of the Poster Girl. All day he gazed upon her and all night he reflected upon the cruelty of fate and the vanity of mankind. Indeed he became quite a philosopher, but the strain told upon him and his beautiful colors began to fade until he became in very truth the mere shade of himself.

One night he sang a little song to himself, all about a man who had loved a beautiful girl, and how happy they were; how another man had told her falsehoods about her lover, and she, because she was innocent and knew naught of the world's ways, had believed in him and his yellow dog-cart; and how the hero of the song had saved the life of the man with the dog-cart, who had confessed all; how the hero had forgiven him and the Girl had come back to the hero and then—then—then—. But the friend put an extra pin in the poster to stop its rattling. So time went on and the Poster Man was growing paler and paler, when one day he was taken from the wall to be shown to a visitor.

The window stood open and a gust of wind came through the room. The Poster Man writhed and twisted about until at last he leaped, free from the hand that held him, upon the breeze, and it bore him out through the window, across the street, and for one instant flattened him against the glass in front of the Poster Girl.

For that one instant the smile on the Poster Girl's face changed to a look of horror and dismay. For that one instant her eyes left the dog-cart Man and stared fixedly before her. Then the wind swept the Poster Man down into the street and he was crushed into the mud by the wheels of a passing dray.

The Poster Girl bowed and smiled sweetly to the passers-by, but she looked from the corners of her eyes at the Man in the smart yellow dog-cart.

ALICE MERCHANT.

## DOROTHY

Her long, soft lashes darkly veiling  
 The mischief of her witching eyes,  
 Her saucy nose, her frock a-trailing,  
 Dainty and blue as summer's skies,—  
 The essence of frivolity  
 Is Dorothy.

'Twere wise for me well to consider  
 Her disposition and her mind.  
 Her tastes, her soul, before I bid her  
 Be to my aspirations kind.  
 Too late! she's stol'n the heart from me—  
 Has Dorothy!

HELEN ZABRISKIE HOWES.

Upon the hot, dusty road to the Pier there stands a small, old-fashioned house, covered with a rank profusion of cinnamon roses. As is usual in old yards, lilacs bloom everywhere as though trying to hide the shabbiness of the exterior with their sweet-scented beauty. In the garden a little old lady knelt, known to all the rude fisher-folk as "Miss Phoebe." She was the daughter of a former minister, and had spent her quiet life within a stone's throw of the garden. And now she was caressing the soft, velvety faces of the pansies, while she whispered shyly to them lest the haughty larkspurs should hear. With loving fingers she gathered a bunch of her favorites and turned back to the house.

As she walked down the garden path, her old heart, beneath the blue and white sprigged muslin gown, beat as high as when—but that was all past, leaving no token save a few finely pencilled lines about her mouth, and a pressed pansy or two in the family Bible. At present, her steps seemed youthful, and her eyes shone with unwonted happiness, for was not he, her only nephew, going to stop over a train to see his old aunt?

She hummed a tune of her childhood as she lifted the latch and entered the cottage. Passing through the dining-room, where her best preserves and pound cake awaited the arrival of her guest, she gazed with satisfaction upon the spotless linen

and shiny blue china. Then she crossed the threshold of the living room. Here all the shells and curios brought from over the seas by her sailor brother were arranged, and pictures of the nephew from childhood up adorned table and mantel in new seaweed frames. As she stood there thinking of all the visit would mean to her, the first in twenty years, a neighbor's boy burst rudely in upon her reverie. He brought a telegram that had come on the evening boat, and the novelty of it all filled him with open-mouthed interest so that he was bitterly disappointed when the usually hospitable Miss Phoebe dismissed him with an impatient and excited wave of her trembling old hand. She tore the ominous yellow envelope open, and this is what greeted her hungry eyes :

"Train delayed, so must go straight on. Awfully sorry. Jack."

She sank back into a chair. Her greatest pleasure was not to be. From without came the roar of the exultant surf rising and falling as the east wind shifted. The laughter of happy wives and girls came up the road, as the evening boats sailed safely into port. But she heard them not, and sat quietly gazing on the opened telegram.

A breeze softly bent the lilacs toward the window, as though to comfort her with their dear, familiar faces, and the cat rubbed his face against the hem of her gown. She arose with a start, and taking the kettle from the stove, made her solitary cup of tea.

JOSEPHINE SANDERSON.

#### PEACE

In the solemn hush of the evening,  
When the world lays its work away,  
And waits for the night to bring it strength  
For the toil of another day ;

When the tired sun is hurrying  
Toward his welcome bed in the West,  
When the wind and his playmate flowers  
Have gone together to rest ;

When over the eastern mountains,  
Hiding them from our view,  
The spirits of night come stealing,  
Carrying their jars of dew ;

When the cool, damp smells of evening  
On every side arise,  
The vesper song of the sleepy earth  
Sent with incense to the skies ;

Then the peace past understanding,  
Like a flock of snowy doves,  
Descends for a few sweet moments  
On the earth God has made and loves.

MARGARET HAMILTON WAGENHALS.

It was after banking hours, but the Chesterton bank was still open. The President and Board of Trustees, all vested in the small person of Lawrence

**The Chesterton Bank Robbery** Chesterton, sat on the nursery floor, Turk fashion, prying off the bottom of the bank with a nail file. The Chesterton bank was an imposing iron structure, painted green, and in the shape of a frog which swallowed all deposits with suspicious readiness but refused to cash any checks unless prodded with a screw driver or the aforesaid nail file. No matter how hard the bank was shaken upside down or how diligently the President fished down its throat with a crochet hook, he could never extract a penny until he resorted to violence ; and as he did this very often the bank frequently had to suspend payment while the President's father was screwing it together.

On the present occasion the President was merely counting the deposits and registering them in the ledger. This consisted in identifying certain well-known coins and then making some mysterious scrawl in an old diary of his mother's. To-day's entry would have been unintelligible to the average bank cashier—it looked like the word "dog" spelled with two o's and written in an up-hill and very uncertain hand—but it happened to be the only word that the President could spell, and it meant that the cash on hand was correct : seven shiny pennies, four nickels, and two dimes that his grandfather had given him the



week before. It was all there, and he was very glad on the whole that he had not really spent it on a gas balloon for his little baby sister, as a noble but fleeting impulse had lately tempted him to do. Pretty soon he would have enough to buy that best of earthly joys, a cap pistol. He had wanted one ever since Nelson Hawley had lent him his; it was such fun to scare the baby by firing the pistol into her ear. Only mamma did not like it when he left powder caps scattered on the front stairs for people to step on when they came down—but it made such a lovely snap!

Here his soliloquy was interrupted by a voice from downstairs.

“Lawrence, Lawrence, let Lizzie wash your face and hands and then come down and see Aunt Ellen.”

Lawrence knew who Aunt Ellen was. She was the deaf lady with the big spectacles, and you had to talk to her through a long rubber tube with a kind of horn on the end of it like a telephone. She frightened him very much by calling him “thee” or “thou,” which he vaguely felt to be terms of reproach, and then he often added to his confusion by calling *her* “thee” and “thou.” But his mother always called him into the parlor and said, “Here’s your little namesake.” And after Aunt Ellen had gone, mamma always looked to see if his nails were clean, and reprov’d him if he had been chewing the corners of his sailor collar. Yet it was fun to talk through the rubber tube when he could think of anything to say. So after making a hurried circuit of his face with the sponge and washing his hands up to a clearly defined wrist mark, he put his money back into the bank, turned it upside down because the bottom of it was half unscrewed, and then with the Chesterton Bank tucked under one arm the President went downstairs.

Aunt Ellen was not in the parlor when he went in but he heard her in the hall taking off her wraps. Suddenly he remembered that mamma did not like to have him bring his toys into the parlor; he was firmly convinced that Aunt Ellen would be much displeased when she saw him with a green frog bank in the parlor, but surely mamma could not object if he stuffed it between the cushions of the Morris chair.

“Here’s Lawrence already waiting for you. Kiss your Aunt Ellen, dear,” said his mother, and Lawrence dutifully kissed her. Then he went and hung on the back of his mother’s rock-

ing chair until she reproved him. He was not comfortable, because Aunt Ellen had taken the Morris chair and was sitting on the Chesterton Bank. Aunt Ellen had settled down so heavily that he was a little sorry for the frog, and then perhaps Aunt Ellen herself might not be quite comfortable.

To add to his discomfort, his mother was suddenly called out of the room, leaving him to the mercies of Aunt Ellen and the rubber tube, which suddenly seemed to assume gigantic proportions. But he went and sat down beside his aunt and she put the tube in his hand. In his embarrassment he held it to his ear instead of his mouth and consequently did not hear or answer any of the questions his aunt was asking him. Suddenly Aunt Ellen herself perceived the difficulty.

"Thy mouth, child, to thy mouth!" she screamed, as if he were the deaf one. "I say, how many little boys are there in thy school?"

Lawrence was too confused to know what he was saying, but he murmured something into the tube, and Aunt Ellen interpreted it to suit herself.

"Thirteen! and canst thou write thy name?" she inquired.

"No, I canst!" said Lawrence, much ashamed. "But I made a blue book mark in school once"; and after hunting desperately in a small trousers pocket and producing several grimy handkerchiefs, he succeeded in extracting the crumpled book-mark.

"Just one moment till I get my glasses," said Aunt Ellen, searching for her pocket. "It seems to be a very pretty necktie. Why—what *did* I put in my pocket! It seems to be quite heavy!" She was still fumbling with the back of her skirt.

Lawrence gasped; she had evidently discovered the Chesterton Bank. But he summoned all his courage and grasped the rubber tube.

"Please, would thous't mind getting off my bank?" he stammered.

"What! Off a bank! And when didst thou do it?" asked Aunt Ellen sympathetically, forgetting to search for her spectacles.

Lawrence took a long breath and spoke as loud as he could. "I guess you're sitting on my *green frog bank*!"

"Sitting on *what*! Landy me! where is it?" screamed the old lady, jumping up.

But Lawrence did not wait to answer; he dreaded to see Aunt Ellen's face when she found that she had been sitting on a green frog of any description, so he fled upstairs to the nursery and staid there until he heard the front door close. Then he came down and tiptoed into the parlor to get his bank. He was sure that Aunt Ellen had taken it in her wrath, so he heaved a sigh of relief when he saw it on the mantel. He dragged up a chair to stand on and then reached cautiously up for it. It was suspiciously light. He turned it upside down; the bottom was still hanging loosely by two screws, but there was no welcome rattle. His worst fears were realized; the Chesterton Bank had been robbed—and of course Aunt Ellen had done it! He clasped the bank wildly to his heart and fled to the kitchen where his mother was talking to the cook.

"Mamma, Aunt Ellen, she robbed my bank!" he announced with a great lump rising in his throat.

"What—Aunt Ellen take your money! Why of course she didn't," replied his mother. "Let me see—she was looking at it when I came back, and I told her all about it, and then we put it on the mantel."

"But it's all empty! She did it to punish me, I know she did. I guess she had never sitten on any banks before," sobbed the President, wretchedly conscious that Aunt Ellen had a right to inflict some punishment on him.

The bank was certainly empty, and though the parlor was thoroughly searched, there was no trace of thief or booty. Lawrence was inconsolable all during supper time and insisted on keeping his beloved frog beside his tray.

"And I can't buy any cap pistol," he moaned. "I guess she knew that if I had one I'd fire it right into her ear and make her hear better'n that old rubber thing," he went on indignantly, feeding the poor frog with a spoonful of pudding that immediately dropped through outo the tablecloth below.

"Never mind, Aunt Ellen must have taken it in a fit of absent-mindedness," said his mother, "but we will look for it again this evening—it will surely turn up somewhere."

And after the President had gone to bed and his mother had searched again in the jardinière and even under the buttons of the Morris chair, it did turn up in the shape of a box from Aunt Ellen with capital enough to set the bank on a firmer financial basis than before. The President sat up in bed and

hugged the Chesterton bank sleepily. "He rattles just the same as he did," he said. "I guess frogs don't mind being sitten on very much; and p'raps," he went on drowsily, "p'raps—if Aunt Ellen's good—we won't fire it off in her ear very hard."

MARGUERITE CUTLER PAGE.

#### FORWARD

The fleeting cloud  
And the distant hills  
And the clear cold air and the sun ;—

The restless life  
And the far-off goal  
And the race that I must run ;—

The will to do  
And the Light that leads,  
By these shall the crown be won.

EDITH EUSTACE SOUTHER.

It certainly was the steam heater that brought my weight to bear upon the decision. And when mother liked the view from the windows and the arrangement of

**The Price of Luxury** the kitchen and pantries, and I liked the part of town and the steam heater, there was really no reason why we should not have the house. So we took it, we bought it — we never do things by halves.

In our old house on Union Street, we had had a hot air furnace and although we had always been warm and comfortable with our furnace, yet I always had a feeling of inferiority when I was with friends who could boast a house heated by steam. The inoffensive and decidedly inconspicuous register took on a sordid look when compared with the luxurious, gilded and painted radiators of my more fortunate friends. The old feeling was not entirely gone when mother and I went to look at the James Street house. Even at my mature age I was prejudiced in favor of the imposing radiators. Hot air was of course respectable, but steam was much more elegant.

September found us settled in our new domicile. Mother and I took great pride in regulating it all, from the third floor with its row of tiny gabled windows, framing bluish purple pictures of the mountains, to the cellar where our gigantic heater stood. I was thrilled as I looked at the great, square structure of white brick with its oven-like doors. It took up fully one third of the cellar and was very different from the skeleton hot air furnace I had been used to. Surely that was only a stove on a large scale. Mother was delighted with the cellar, too; it was so airy and dry. Alas! how little did she know of the capabilities of that cellar for moisture. So we were settled and contented. The September days were like August ones, and the October weather was wonderful in its mellowness. Never had Indian summer been so long. The cold would not come. I could only pry into the corners and crannies of my machine below stairs and wait patiently for the practical use of it.

One of the last days in October was gloomy; a chill wind sprang up, mother shivered, and I was off to the cellar. Rosa and I filled the boiler or water tank, I should say, until the water rose to the right mark in the water gauge. We started a fire in the fire box and when it was going well, we began to put in coal, and we put in coal for nearly an hour I should say. Then we waited. The drafts were all on. Slowly the pointer on the dial crept up. One pound, two pounds, three pounds, my eyes were glued to the spot. Slowly it moved and I watched. When the pointer reached six pounds I heard a shrill call of "Harriet" from above. I ran up stairs to find mother in a violent perspiration, windows up, doors open, and the house suffocating. We jerked the drafts off and shut up the whole thing, but the pointer clung to the six pound mark. The heat was almost unbearable, but we had to be patient, and gradually the energy spent itself and the fire went out.

The next day I interviewed the plumbers and they informed me that it was impossible to regulate a steam heater to mild weather, at least such a one as we had. Perhaps I could have used less coal and fire; still one had to have a pretty good fire to get steam up. If the steam was not up one did not get any heat, and when one got it up it was hard work to get it down.

After that, as the cool days came on, we toasted our faces and cooled our backs at the open fires, reserving the heater for emergencies. My ardor was slightly cooled, yet I thought how

nice it would be when the very cold weather came. In November we had brisk, sharp days and we managed to be comfortable by getting steam up night and morning and letting it down between.

One or two of the radiators seemed to have a peculiar circulation of water instead of steam, and although we let quarts of it off through the cock, yet there always seemed to be plenty more to surge up and down like the waves on the shore. Others snapped and clicked like the sounder in a telegraph office, which was rather annoying, and of course we frequently left the cocks unscrewed and water and steam came out on the floor; but the damage was small and we really got along very well until Thanksgiving. Then mother and I went to Springfield for three days, and the thermometer went down below zero. "Now," thought I, as we came back, "is the time to steam up." Rosa, not fully understanding the heater, had let the fire go out, so I found great need of steaming up. Just as we were beginning to get warm, Professor Morse came in for a little chat. He is the adviser and friend of our family in all emergencies and he drops in regularly every day. He had not stayed long when he jumped up with a howl of pain, rubbing his bald head furiously, and we discovered scalding water streaming from the ceiling. We made a wild dash for upstairs and found boiling water a foot deep all over mother's room. In the cold snap the water in the radiator pipes had frozen and cracked them so the hot water found an outlet into the room. I roused Rosa from her favorite occupation of "lingering," and armed with mops and pails we hastened to the scene of calamity. Professor Morse was on his knees on the threshold sopping up the water with towels, and we soon succeeded in getting through to the radiator, shutting it off, and drawing off the water. The room was saturated, the plaster below was hanging from the ceiling, and it took days of work from plasterers, paperers, and painters to set it right again. I was beginning to lose faith in the steam heater.

In December we had a new series of mishaps, connected with the grate this time. The grate was old, and the weight and heat of the coals were such that the slats broke at intervals. Then we had to let the fire go out for a day and have the iron soldered. The weather was freezing so we lived in the kitchen the off days. I was desperate by this time, because I found that even

when the heater was running we could not keep warm ; some times I could hardly get up steam ; the exuberance of heat we experienced on that October day was never repeated, or if it was, it made very little impression on our zero weather. We had already tried three kinds of coal and I was beginning to turn over ways and means of obtaining a heater of different capacity, when the crisis in our misfortunes came.

I went down about ten o'clock one night to see that everything was all right. Rosa was at my heels. I found to my dismay that the water gauge was empty ; at least I could not see the water mark anywhere, not even at the very bottom. The tank, I thought, must be very low, yet I could not understand it as it had been filled only the day before. We got pails and commenced a series of journeys from the laundry to the tank. Pailful after pailful we put in, yet the water did not rise in the gauge. Suddenly there was a gurgle and a gush from somewhere, and water was pouring out into the cellar. It came like a flood and paralyzed us with fright at first. Then I hurried up stairs for some rubber boots and sent Rosa up the hill after Professor Morse. He told me afterward that they had all gone to bed and that Rosa stood on the lawn and screamed as hard as she could until he came to the window and asked what the matter was. Then she said in agonized tones, "Come down to our house quick ! Something awful has happened," and turned and ran back. The poor professor got into some clothes and hurried down in a most agitated state of mind. He found me floundering about the cellar, the water nearly to my knees, my skirts pinned high, and pail and mop in hand. But they were small weapons for such a flood. Rosa and the professor were soon deep in it too, and I felt like Alice and her friends in the pool of tears. I was about ready to shed as many myself either from vexation or laughter. We baled and baled, mops were of no account and pails were ridiculously small. Of course the reason for this outburst was now evident. The water gauge had been over full so the water mark had disappeared entirely, and we had probably been pouring water through every part of the mechanism until it surged back upon us. Gradually the waters subsided, running out partly through the grooves at the sides of the cellar. The boiler, the tank, and the water gauge were now heaving up and down as if in a state of convulsion. The whole internal mechanism seemed injured, and we had to

work until twelve o'clock putting in water and drawing it off alternately until quiet was restored and the water mark resumed its position on the gauge. Wet and bedraggled and tired we went to bed.

My cup was full. I hesitated no longer. The next morning's mail carried a somewhat brusque and severe letter to the Gurney heating company and in answer I received a communication that "Our Mr. Barrett will take pleasure in calling on you Wednesday to adjust matters." "Our Mr. Barrett" proved to be a dapper, officious little man who smiled and tried to be very plausible and to agree with everything, but who knew nothing—of that I was confident. His manner irritated me beyond measure, but I did not tell him so, and therefore he established himself at the hotel and superintended putting in the new heater. My cherished pile of white masonry and the apparatus within were removed amid clouds of dust, terrific noise, and smiling, chuckling interviews between Mr. Barrett and myself. Saturday night found the new, shining heater in its place and Mr. Barrett gone on to superintend other heaters and adjust other matters.

The weather was January's coldest. We had shivered for a week over the kitchen stove, but now with the new heater we were going to have comfort. I started a huge fire, it raged, but I got no steam. We shoveled coal until the fire box would hold no more. The cellar was like a big foundry, so hot we could not stay in it, but not a bit of steam went up stairs. I telegraphed to the Heater Company. "Can't generate steam, send man at once, not Mr. Barrett." Mr. Wilson, who arrived shortly, knew his business, I was glad to find out, and he quickly discovered that Mr. Barrett had left all the inside of the boiler covered with varnish, and for some reason the water would not steam under those conditions; and before he left us we were really warm and comfortable, although it took still another day to effect the change. Since then, our difficulties have been fewer, yet Rosa and I find the creature (the heater) is a great feeder, and many are the hours we spend in the luxury of putting in coal. There are some times when I secretly long for the modest respectability of a hot air furnace.

LILLIAN PRESTON HULL.



## LULLABY

Hear the wind, little child, hush low,  
Hush low, hear the wind, hear the sea.  
The wind and the waves are hurrying on,  
And night comes fast when the sun is gone.  
Nestle close, little one, to me,  
And hark!—Hear the wind, hear the sea.

In my arms, little one, hush low,  
Hush low in my arms and be still.  
Away in the forest the were-wolf howls,  
And over the ocean a great storm growls,  
Little one, let them roar at will.  
Hush low, in my arms—and be still.

Fear not, little one, hush low,  
Hush low, pretty one, go to sleep.  
For mother is singing thy slumber song,  
And mother is watching the whole night long,  
Her own little babe to keep.  
Hush low, little one—and sleep.

ETHEL BARSTOW HOWARD.

## **EDITORIAL**

"I put you on your honor to do this" is a phrase which one often hears and generally rebels at. Is this feeling merely an impotent revolt under an obligation which is in reality just and binding; or is it a warrantable state of indignation, based upon a real weakness and unfairness in the injunction?

Properly every requirement offers an alternative. The very name requirement implies a possible contrary course. We may violate the natural laws of health, although we suffer for it. A man must not steal unless he is willing to forfeit his liberty, or murder unless he is willing to forfeit his life; but he may steal and he may murder. Excepting the impossible, there is nothing from which we are absolutely debarred, if we are ready to accept the consequences. But supposing it possible for one man to put another on his honor to do a thing, then there is no alternative. If he can do the thing, he must. Here there is no option of violation and penalty; it is a case of absolute necessity. The man without honor, of course, is not under discussion. In the nature of things he can have nothing to do with this question. But as for the honorable man, he is utterly defenseless in such a position. There is no limit to the arbitrary control which another may thus establish over him. It might be suggested that the power to put a man on his honor lies with those who have authority over him and with them alone; but this again is open to objection. There is nothing more intimately and entirely a man's own than his honor; and to demand this on the ground of authority is as absurd as to demand his affection.

No one surely would deny that there is such a thing as putting a man on his honor; but it is not done by the mere saying it. It never can be done without his consent. When you say, "I put you on your honor," you tacitly say, "I know that you would not do this otherwise, so I tell you that I rely upon you

to do it, and you are under moral obligation not to fail me." You have no right to demand obedience of the stranger that you meet in the street; neither have you the right to force the loyalty, if the word may be used, of one who owes none to you. A compact, tacit or otherwise, is a thing not to be imposed, but agreed upon.

Since a man can not be put upon his honor without some mutual agreement, it is above all an empty thing as well as an unwarrantable one, to try to bind an assemblage, in the nature of things defenseless, by the mere statement that you have put them on their honor. As much as any other, the person in a position of authority who attempts to do this demands a relation which he has no right to exact. He assumes the existence of a compact that has not been made, and does not offer the essential opportunity for refusal. Surely the honor of one man pledged to another is too sacred a thing to be forced into a position so artificial and false.

## **EDITOR'S TABLE**

There are many kinds of snobbery ; but the newest variety, and that to which our day and generation is particularly addicted, is the snobbery of poverty. The snobs of this order have passed by easy stages from crying shame upon the coward slave who hangs his head for honest poverty, to a point where they will scarcely suffer any one who is richer than themselves to hold up his head, and will far less allow that he is in any point their superior. In "Unleavened Bread" Judge Grant held up the glass to the public ; and although no member of that public is willing to lay claim to the features mirrored there, we all admit that they bear a close resemblance to certain of our neighbors. In the current number of *The Yale Literary Magazine* there is reassuring proof that one, at least, of our neighbors is free from the taint of snobbery even in this, its most insidious form. "The Handicap" is the title of a discussion of the advantages and disadvantages of working one's way through college. The fullest recognition is given to the moral and spiritual gain of those who fight their way through successfully. But we are reminded that there are some for whom the struggle is too severe, not only physically, but spiritually. And a man is better fitted to cope with life armed with a stout heart and a pickaxe than with an A. B. and a broken spirit. Neither the physical exertion necessary, however, nor the spiritual struggle is the chief difficulty in the way of the self-supporting student at Yale. They are more or less the same thing that he would have to meet in the world at large. But courage of heart and strength of body are not sufficient to overcome the disadvantage at which he is placed by the fact that art, literature, and music are as yet unrecognized by the curriculum. True, there are undergraduate institutions which have met with the encouragement and the coöperation of the faculty, and which purport to supplement the college course and to cultivate the

field unoccupied by the curriculum. But these means of improvement are available only to such students as are unembarrassed by outside demands on their time. It is this difficulty, of which we, with our liberal curriculum, can know little or nothing, that complicates the problem of self-support at college by bringing in the question as to whether that for which so many sacrifices are being made is really what we need and care for, after all.

In the line of literary criticism, the Harvard Monthly contains an appreciation of "The Genius of Stephen Crane," which places his greatness in the keenness and the sympathetic quality of his observation, and in his exactness and sincerity in setting down what he saw, and gives as the cause of his limitation, his stern adherence to the realism that forbade him to look beyond or behind the physical phenomena of the moment. In the Columbia Literary Monthly, "The American Rejection of Poe" is an interesting and enthusiastic, though far from a complete or logical plea for the recognition of Poe as "the greatest bard of America."

The best verse of the month is "The Calling of the River" in the Yale Literary Magazine. It is the reverie of the Lady of Shallott, reincarnated as a young monk, and is interesting both in its similarity to and its difference from its prototype.

"What lies beyond, whither the fishes swim,  
Whither the rushes nod and ripples flow,  
Even the meadow lark has seen—and sings,  
—Ah, to be eager twenty and not know!"

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

### National League of Women Workers.

Address given at Vesper Service, Smith College, October 28, 1900.

To-day as never before, we are beset with problems and difficulties. The question mark may well be called the characteristic symbol of our generation. Dean Briggs has named the sphinx our patron saint. These problems are a result of the increased complexity of modern life induced by the new discoveries and inventions, the new ideals and opportunities which have come to us as a legacy from the last three centuries. To one who is a worker in philanthropic fields no class of problems seems of more importance than the industrial difficulties which confront us to-day, and with each month and year of work comes the realization that no change can be brought about, no reform can be effected without coming into vital, human relations with working men and women.

It is my desire to present to you to-day the club movement among working women as one form of organization which has brought together women of widely different social opportunities. Will you turn back with me some twenty years to a small room in the heart of busy New York, where were gathered thirteen people, three of them women to whom life had meant everything that wealth, education, and travel could give, the remaining ten, girls who had gone to work in store or factory at fourteen and sixteen years of age,—girls who had faced the hardships and difficulties of our present industrial life. This club was to be a self-governing and self-supporting organization. It was to be a non-sectarian club, where Jews, Catholics, and Protestants were alike welcome.

Since that first club formed in New York City many other clubs have been organized throughout the country. From time to time they have united themselves into state or city associations, of which there are now five: Brooklyn, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania. The great value of these associations is the knowledge which they bring to club members of other clubs, and the realization that their own club is part of a larger and more important organization. Each association has undertaken some practical line of work for the benefit of its club members. The Brooklyn, Connecticut, New York, and Pennsylvania Associations have each conducted successful vacation houses. The New York Association has an excellently managed mutual benefit fund, which in return for a monthly payment of fifteen or twenty-five cents insures to a member in case of illness the payment of three or five dollars for six weeks, and in case of death the payment of thirty or fifty dollars. In one case a member who had paid her initiation fee of one dollar and had

belonged to both classes of the mutual benefit fund, paying forty cents for two months, fell ill and received forty-eight dollars at the end of a six weeks' illness. Forty-eight dollars is an excellent return for an original investment of one dollar and eighty cents.

Three years ago these several associations decided to form themselves into a national league, to be known as the National League of Women Workers, to stand as a central bureau of information for club work, to give help and suggestion to clubs already organized and to assist in starting new clubs.

As secretary of the National League of Women Workers, I desire to present to you to-day the distinctive characteristics of the typical working woman's club. As already stated it is a self-governing organization, where all have been on an equal footing, where no single voice has been authoritative and where no one vote has carried undue weight. The clubs have been governed not from without by a board of "lady managers," but by the members for the members. How successful this method has proved is best testified to by the originator of a most flourishing club: "Again and again the vote has gone contrary to my best judgment, and I have come away from the club rooms feeling that a serious mistake has been made. Never once has subsequent experience proved that the vote of the majority had been at fault. Every year of our club life shows to me that in a club of one hundred and fifty members no one member, no matter how broad her outlook upon life, can decide what is best for the club as a whole."

Self-support or more correctly the attempt at self-support has been the second principle of our clubs. The expenses are met by membership dues and entertainments, where a small admission fee is required. Oftentimes a club sublets its rooms to kindergartens or day nurseries or clubs meeting in the day time, so that its entire rent is paid for in this way. It would be difficult to imagine a self-supporting club, which was not at the same time self-governing, for no body of club members would struggle to meet the expenses of their club if they were not to have in charge its complete control. There are, however, many self-governing clubs which are not wholly self-supporting. A club member whose means permit often takes upon herself the payment of half the rent of the club rooms (the largest item in club expenses), but this is a wholly different matter from asking for public aid, and although a club under such circumstances can not claim to be self-supporting, it could not be termed a charity. In starting a new club, it would be well to have the loan of money necessary for the furnishing of the club rooms come from an alumnae association or a woman's club. In this way the danger of having the club indebted to one particular person would be avoided. There must be no suggestion of patronage in the organization of a club. The Lady Bountiful was a beautiful ideal of her time, but she is mediæval and not for us to-day. She has gone with her vassals and her broad lands.

In the practical application of our principles, the social and educational objects of the clubs must be governed purely by the desires of the members. Since all members of the club are on an equal footing, it would not be wise for any one member to force upon the others any form of educational work contrary to their wishes. I have seen many clubs where the originators felt that girls who are later to become wives of laboring men and mechanics

should have a knowledge of cooking and home-keeping. No one could disagree with such a view, but when I find in our clubs that two thirds of them consider the embroidery class the most popular, I am led to question whether there are not other needs which we may meet. The embroidery satisfies a craving for the æsthetic in the heart of many a girl. The inappropriate gowns of the shop girl are evidences of this same desire. You or I might not buy a velvet hat with long ostrich plumes becoming more dragged with every damp morning, particularly if we were to have but one hat from October until Easter morning. We would not curl our hair in a large bunch over each ear, and we would not fasten a pink bow coyly at one side with a large coral heart. But to many a girl these things, ugly and inappropriate as they may appear, are an expression of her love of the beautiful. In our club work we must appreciate and respect the desires of the members.

Too often do I hear club leaders complain that the travel classes and art talks and literary studies are not what the working girls most need. Do not these critics, whose own lives have been so carefully protected and guarded, fail to appreciate the real value of such class work? Do they not fail to understand that anything which trains the mind and refines the taste tends to ennoble and develop the character? Many of you know that beautiful little essay by Walter Pater entitled "The Child in the House," and you will remember how one beautiful morning "the child" Florian walked in the garden with his mother and noticed for the first time a hawthorn bush in gorgeous red bloom. The child nature was peculiarly sensitive to beauty, and he long remembered the wonderful glow of the hawthorn flowers. Perhaps later in life, when Florian grown to manhood met his first temptation, something in the brilliant light of the room recalled that fair morning in the garden with his mother, and he shrank away from the evil not because it was wicked but because it was hideous and ugly. We must not forget that all forms of education which refine the taste tend also to refine the character. In this respect the working girl is not different from her sister, the college student.

The tentative attitude of self-restraint is, I believe, the right attitude for the successful club leader. You can not in an instant understand the lives of persons who have lived amid very different surroundings from your own, you must understand before you can give, you must become the friend before you can share with others whatever opportunities or experience life has brought to you.

From what has been said you will readily see that our clubs have nothing in them in the light of a mission or a charity. We do not for a moment overlook the dangers and temptations to which many a girl is subjected, but our work is preventive in character. It can never take upon itself the work of the mission; that must be done by an entirely different agency. Nor are our clubs in any sense charities; they bring together women of widely different social opportunities between whom a bond of mutual understanding is established. Our clubs illustrate the great principle of social exchange, that to some in life have come opportunities for education, for travel, for contact with much that makes life beautiful and attractive; but to others has come experience with hardships and difficulties and the development which work and contact with the world bring. They meet with the realization that both have



something to give and both have much to learn. The principles of our clubs are based on the great truth that differences in economic conditions do not involve differences in fundamental human characteristics. Unless this truth is appreciated by the originator of a club, there will be a lack of sympathy and the possible danger of patronage. Mutual understanding and confidence will accompany its full realization. I would not overestimate the value of our principles. A club may be self-governing and self-supporting and yet not be a success. A framework is not a completed structure. Enthusiasm, persistence, and devotion are necessary to the success of any undertaking no matter what its principles are, but a realization of the great truth of social exchange must come before any constructive, humanitarian work can be accomplished.

Will not those of you who go back to your own homes in various industrial centers remember that life has brought you much which would be of great value to many a working girl and will you not consider that you hold in trust for others the rich dowry of your college education?

CHARLOTTE COFFYN WILKINSON '94.

The annual meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae was held in New York this year, at the invitation of the New York branch, on November 8, 9, and 10. On Thursday, Novem-

**Annual Meeting of the Association  
of Collegiate Alumnae**

ber 8, the Executive Committee of the Association met at the Hotel Empire at ten o'clock. The first

general meeting was held at the Veltin School at half past two that afternoon. Miss Ruth Putnam, the President of the New York branch, made the address of welcome. The business meeting that followed was presided over by Miss Abby Leach of Vassar, the President of the Association. The first business that was taken up was the report of the Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Kate Holladay Claghorn. Miss Claghorn discussed the advisability of maintaining the present arrangement of having one salaried official to fill both positions, stating as the result of her two years' experience, that the advantages of the office were not as great as had been expected. It had been hoped that the Secretary-Treasurer could be of great use in suggesting and advising in the work of the branches, and in issuing a uniform series of publications to meet the needs of the Association. It has been found that the central office is not of much use to the branches, since but few of them ask for suggestions, and it is difficult to advise those that do, since the Secretary-Treasurer is of necessity less well informed of the possibilities open to any branch than are the members of that branch themselves. The work of issuing the periodicals has been hampered by the lack of money and of material. It was supposed that the members of the Association would be glad of an opportunity of making known their views and theories on questions of general and special educational interest, and it was hoped that these periodicals might eventually lead up to the publication of a quarterly which should be the recognized organ for the publication of all material relating to the higher education of women; but it is found that very little material is presented, as articles on special questions are sent to specialist journals, where the writer can be sure of her audience, and articles on general topics are sent to the

magazines, where they are paid for. The present number of members is 2207, and the balance in the treasury is \$845.70. The Secretary's report was accepted, and the Treasurer's report referred to the Auditing Committee. A vote of sympathy was then sent to Miss Talbot, the Dean of Chicago University, whose mother died recently.

The Committee on the Admission of New Branches reported three applications for membership,—one body to be called the Southern New York branch with headquarters at Binghamton, N. Y., one to be called the Western Massachusetts branch, whose secretary is Miss Anna Thatcher, Mt. Holyoke College, and the third to be called the Nebraska branch, with headquarters at Lincoln. The first two were admitted to membership; the papers with reference to the Nebraska branch having gone astray, the matter was referred to the Executive Committee with power to act.

The report of the Committee on Finance and Publication was given by Miss M. Carey Thomas, the President of Bryn Mawr. The committee has published the pamphlet about scholarships and the magazine containing the records of the last meeting. The statistics with reference to the health, occupation, and marriage rate of college graduates which this committee tried to collect and tabulate for the Paris Exposition are now being completed, and will soon be published. The committee sent schedules to all the graduates since 1869 of twenty-two colleges for women. Replies were received from 6223 of the 10,400 schedules that were sent out. The questions were in most cases answered in great detail, and a large amount of valuable information was secured. Great difficulty was experienced in tabulating the returns. In general it may be said that the college women are in better health and vigor than non-college women. After the tabulation and editorial work are finished, the results will be submitted to expert statisticians, and then published in Dewey's statistical magazine.

Notice was given of a proposition to amend the constitution, to be voted on next year, by which a head treasurer should be appointed, to act without salary with the Secretary-Treasurer in managing the funds of the Association.

The report of the Fellowship Committee was given by Mrs. Helen Hiscock Backus. The present fellow of the Association is Miss Helen Bradford Thompson, who did her undergraduate work at Chicago, and has since been fellow in philosophy there. Miss Thompson's work and attainments are most highly praised by her professors. She is making investigations in experimental psychology and neurology, and will study in Paris and Berlin. The committee did not act with the Women's Educational Association this year. All applications for the fellowships must be received by February first of each year.

The Association for Maintaining the American Women's Table at the Zoölogical Station at Naples and for Promoting Scientific Research by Women announces the offer of a prize of \$1000 for the best thesis presented by a woman, on a scientific subject, embodying the results of her independent laboratory research in any part of the field covered by the biological, chemical, and physical sciences. The theses will be judged by a regularly appointed Board of Examiners consisting of twelve specialists in the three sub-

jects mentioned above. The Association reserves the right to withhold the prize, if none of the theses presented is, in the judgment of the Board, of adequate merit. The theses must be presented to the Secretary of the Executive Committee, Miss Florence M. Cushing, 8 Walnut Street, Boston, Mass., before December 31, 1902. The prize will be awarded at the annual meeting of the Association in April 1903. Each thesis must be accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the writer's name and address and marked with the title of the thesis.

The report of the Committee to Accredite for Foreign Study was given by Miss Hinsdale. Applications for five certificates were received last year, as against fifteen the year before. The question of continuing the committee, and of the best methods of imparting the desired information about foreign universities, was referred to the Executive Committee.

The report of the Committee on Corporate Membership was given by Mrs. Annie Howes Barus, who stated that during the last two years there had been an encouraging improvement in material progress, and that the prosperous condition of the country had been reflected in the increased gifts to colleges. The report was based mainly on President Thomas's monograph on the Education of Women, in which the productive endowment, scientific equipment, library provisions, and teaching forces of the colleges for women are stated. The meeting then adjourned.

The evening session was also held at the Veltin School. President Leach made an address on "Some Present Needs in Education," in which she emphasized the need of manual training in the public schools, the advisability of keeping the public schools free from political influence, the need for a larger percentage of college women in the secondary schools, and the need of a larger number of teachers in proportion to the number of students. Mr. Walter H. Page, former editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, spoke on the "Study of Literature," deploring the present tendency to read books about books instead of forming judgments at first-hand by reading the books themselves. Dr. William H. Maxwell, the Superintendent of Schools in New York City, made a strong plea to college women to become teachers in the public schools.

Friday morning was left free for visits to Columbia University, Teachers' College, and other places of interest to the delegates. Lists of the classes meeting at Columbia and Barnard on Friday were distributed at the meeting on Thursday. Members of the Barnard Graduate Club acted as guides to the different classes and to the various buildings. The delegates were invited by the New York branch to a breakfast at twelve o'clock at Claremont, on Riverside Drive, after which the Association met again in the Barnard College theater. President Low, in welcoming the Association to the University, emphasized the special fitness of women for philanthropical work as well as for teaching, which has long since been recognized as that work for which women are best qualified. The first part of the afternoon was taken up by reports from the different branches. In general, it may be said that the work done by the branches is along three lines,—first, that of providing for the extension of library privileges, especially among the poorer classes, and the arranging for lectures, etc.; second, that of suggesting and enforcing municipal reforms, such as abolishing the smoke nuisance and having the

street cars kept in better condition; and third, that of aiding the school committees in various ways. This is probably the most important part of the work. The Washington branch is trying to introduce a housekeeping department into the public schools. The California branch is trying to have schools for manual training for girls, similar to those already provided for boys, opened in the schools. The Eastern New York branch has introduced a bill in the Legislature calling for the establishment of a college in home economics in connection with some New York college, such as Cornell. The Boston branch maintains a fellowship in the School of Housekeeping, the holder of which is studying the comparative cost and quality of bought and home-made foods.

Mrs. Lucien Howe, in speaking about ventilation in schools, stated that the causes of the unsanitary conditions in the public schools, which are well known to the officials, are ignorance and indifference. Some schools were still without provision for the entrance of fresh air; in some cases where inlets had been made, the inlets were boarded up; and in many schools with good and expensive ventilating equipment, the principals do not understand the system, or the janitors do not take the trouble to make the necessary adjustments. Mrs. A. J. George reported a very satisfactory growth in the Public Education Associations during the last two years. The day's meetings closed with a reception given by President Low and Acting Dean and Mrs. Robinson.

The Saturday meetings were held at Barnard College. The subject for general discussion at the meeting in the morning was that of entrance requirements for colleges. The discussion was opened by President Thomas who maintained that the ordinary student is unable to choose the courses that would be of greatest benefit. President Thomas upheld the entrance examination system, as opposed to admission by certificate. Professor Emma M. Perkins, of the Western Reserve University, stated that the requirements adopted at the meeting of the committee on uniform college requirements, at Los Angeles, in July 1899, had been adopted on the Pacific coast. Professor Perkins made several recommendations, among them being that teachers in secondary schools should be college graduates, that sufficiently large salaries be paid to attract such teachers, and that there be a six years' High School course, taking in what is now divided into the grammar and the High School grades. Dr. Margaret F. Washburn, the Warden of Sage College, emphasized the necessity for scientific study for college entrance. Education must deal with cold, hard facts, and must make man at home in the universe, but a man that does not know something of biology can not know his place in the universe. Elementary training in biology and physics should be required in the secondary schools, since in a college having the elective system, like Cornell, there is no way of securing such study after entrance. At present languages have an unfair advantage. It is not sufficient that preparatory students should be allowed to take science; they must be forced to take it. The High School course should be an end in itself. Dr. Washburn regrets the complete freedom of choice permitted in some colleges, and maintains that a certain amount of information, as well as of discipline, is necessary. Professor Nicholas Murray Butler ended the discussion. Professor Butler, who is him-

self a believer in the elective system, reminded the alumnæ that as soon as experience showed the inadvisability of that system, those who held it would modify their views accordingly. The educational value of such studies as Greek and physics can not be compared at present, as the newer subjects have not as yet proved their equal value. The solution of the problem of entrance requirements lies in coöperation between the college authorities and the heads of secondary schools. Professor Butler referred to the meeting to be held later in the month, in the hope of securing such coöperation. (It may be noted that at the meeting referred to, the annual convention of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland, which was held on November 30 and December 1 at the University of Pennsylvania, the plan of coöperation between the colleges and the preparatory schools was carried out. A college entrance examination board, on which are represented Columbia, Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Cornell, Johns Hopkins, New York University, Pennsylvania, Rutgers, Swarthmore, Union, Vassar, the Woman's College of Baltimore, and several secondary schools, has been appointed. A board of examiners for 1901 has also been appointed. They will determine the examinations to be held at various points through the country, in accordance with a schedule to be made public later. By the terms of the agreement, the examining board will issue certificates, showing the result of the examinations, which will be accepted by all of the colleges that are parties to the agreement.)

In the afternoon the Executive Committee appointed a nominating committee to consult the branches about the officers that are to be elected next year. Miss Emily Morris, 230 Prospect Street, New Haven, was elected Secretary in place of Miss Claghorn, resigned. The reports of the remaining committees, which had been crowded out on Thursday, were then given. Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke's report of the Committee on Collegiate Administration was read by Mrs. Backus. All of the fourteen members of this committee were present at a meeting held in New York last April at which the problem of furnishing and serving good food in college halls was discussed. The importance of maintaining a high ethical standard of living and of inculcating those right habits of eating that are as essential as right habits of thinking was dwelt upon in the report. It was recommended by the committee that a chair of sanitary science be established in each college. The report is to be printed. The Committee on Educational Legislation reported that it is hoped that the bill restraining colleges that are so poor as to be insufficiently maintained from conferring degrees, will soon be passed. The improvement of the compulsory school law was also agitated. The Committee on the Study of the Development of Children did not report. The special Committee on the Paris Exhibit reported that that part of the United States educational exhibit's space which was given up to the A. C. A. was utilized with ingenuity and success. The exhibit consisted mainly of a chart showing the increase in endowment for the higher education of women from \$8,000,000 to \$50,000,000. A gold medal was awarded for this exhibit. It was voted that the Association exhibit at the Pan-American Exhibition in Buffalo, and Mrs. Howe, Chairman of the Paris Committee, was put in charge of the work.

The convention then adjourned *sine die*.

ELIZABETH FISHER READ '96.

Commencement day marks an epoch in the life of the college student. The period of preparation is finished and life with its responsibilities lies before her. What shall I do with my life? confronts each

Postgraduate Study member of each class. Circumstances in many cases assist materially in framing the answer. Some students, however, are in no haste to depart from academic walls, and others, who have taught for a time, are convinced that they need further training. Oftentimes the experience of teaching furnishes most valuable preparation for postgraduate study. For, apart from the personality of an attractive instructor, the fellowship of one's intimate friends, the influence of college opinion, and above all, tested by the touchstone of experience, the individual discovers where her real power lies. She finds out by actual experiment which branch of knowledge promises to yield to her the largest percentage of returns in the way of satisfaction, attainment, and usefulness for the necessary investment of time and energy; and also which subject will be the most agreeable intellectual companion during a period of years and also, probably, during life.

There are thus two classes of students who will undertake postgraduate study; those who continue their studying immediately after graduation, and those who interrupt their studying for a longer or shorter period. The wider range of electives in the junior and senior years has given the student a notion of the pleasure and advantage to be derived from studying along the lines of her choice. Where means and leisure afford the opportunity, the pathway of advanced work is very alluring. One is practically sure of intellectual associations and sympathetic companionship at any university. The freedom to devote one's entire time and energy to the subject of one's choice, without any real or implied obligations to other subjects, is satisfactory. At universities where good postgraduate work is offered, the divisions for the seminars are small, which ensures a generous measure of contact with the professor. The gain to an earnest student in this way is important; for the opportunity to follow a trained mind as it does original work and devises various methods of attack for elusive questions is inspiring. In this way the student learns how to investigate a subject for herself,—a very different thing from the mere acquisition of knowledge from authenticated sources.

The large, well-equipped libraries with their wealth of treasures and their special privileges for graduate students are a never failing source of delight. The seminar rooms contain duplicates of the most important books, and are furnished with drawers or lockers where a student may keep her papers. Each student is provided with a key to her own seminar room so that interruptions come only from people who are interested in the same line of work. Moreover, the seminar room furnishes a meeting place for the students of that department where they are sure of finding other students, interested in the same subject, ready and eager to discuss the all absorbing question of the moment. This free discussion and criticism is one of the most helpful attributes of the seminar room, for here many a valuable suggestion is given and received. All these things tend to render the student self-reliant and to develop the ability to search the hidden depths for the nuggets of pure gold instead of being misled by the gilded baubles which lie exposed on the sur-

face. After all, this power which comes from original investigation is the chief aim of graduate study. The possession, and the consciousness of the possession of this capability, is the abundant reward for the unflagging zeal which its attainment has demanded.

In all of this the assumption is made that the student has a doctorate for her goal. Just here the writer is impelled to utter a word of warning. Let no one undertake a course of study for the doctor's degree with the idea that she is about to join a holiday excursion party, for she will find herself woefully mistaken. The requirements for the degree are such that she must be willing to expend her energies to the utmost; she must live for one thing alone; she must be able to apply her faculties uninterruptedly; and above all she must not lose her enthusiasm when monotonous drudgery is her lot for weeks at a time. The attainment is worth the effort. Who would not willingly, yes gladly, offer all these things for the ability to pass within the veil; to be privileged to think Nature's thoughts at first hand; to ferret out one of the mighty secrets which she guards with jealous care; to be able to discover even some small share of her unchangeable laws which have existed since the foundation of the world? Postgraduate study, if rightly undertaken, will induct the student into the grandest possibilities open to the human mind in the realm of the pure intellect.

On the other hand, if the student has not these ambitions, but is loath to sever her connection with academic life and is desirous of prolonging her college course, she may do so with much pleasure and profit. In either case there are valid arguments to the effect that the student would better select a different institution from the one in which her undergraduate course has been taken. She will form new student acquaintances more readily in fresh surroundings than she can when pining for the familiar faces of her classmates amidst well-remembered scenes. The stimulus derived from another institution is no mean factor. Each institution has individual characteristics; the attitude of each differs somewhat from that of any other. Moreover, the contact with another faculty is broadening, the instruction may be worse or it may be better; but one is bound to gain a different view-point, to discern that there is another side to every question, which is a most useful adjunct in keeping one's intellectual life free from ruts. So clearly is the value of this broadening influence of different faculties and institutions recognized, that a few years ago "The Graduate Students' Club" (an organization to which women are ineligible) passed strong resolutions in favor of the introduction of a system in this country, by which graduate students might take portions of their courses at different institutions without a shrinkage in the recognition for the work so accomplished. The plan outlined was similar to that in vogue in Germany, where within certain limitations, a student may take one or more semesters at several universities. The question of selecting an institution for postgraduate study is often perplexing. Each university has peculiar advantages and it is no easy matter to choose between them. A pamphlet, published by "The Graduate Students' Club," above referred to, will be found very useful. It contains in concise form an account of the courses at each of the colleges or universities which have postgraduate schools; states with some detail the subjects of the lectures; names the institutions at which each

lecturer has studied; and finally, by giving a short list of his publications, indicates his specialty.

If circumstances will allow, a year at either an English or a German university, or better than that, successive courses at both, will be most profitable, and at the same time will greatly increase the pleasure of postgraduate study. Indeed a professor at one of our large universities used frequently to say to his graduate students: "My notion of an ideal education would be an undergraduate course at one of the very best institutions in this country, three years at an English university, and three years at a German university." Unfortunately most students have neither the time nor the means at their disposal to attain to this ideal, and the rapid development in postgraduate schools in this country renders a sojourn in a foreign land much less imperative than it was formerly. To any student who is considering the advisability of postgraduate study the writer would say,—Go forward in the certainty that one of the richest experiences of life is before you.

LEONA MAY PRIRCK '86.

A business meeting of the Western Massachusetts Association of Alumnae and non-graduates of Smith College was held at the house of Mrs. Dana Pearson, 10 Henshaw Avenue, Northampton, Saturday, November 17, 1900. The President, Mrs. Mills, presided. The secretary's report was read and accepted, and the constitution was read for the benefit of new members, after which there was a general discussion as to the future work of the Association. At the suggestion of Mrs. Clarke a motion was made and carried to appoint a committee to amend the by-laws of the constitution. After further discussion a motion was passed that a committee be appointed by the Executive Board as a "News Committee," whose duty shall be to furnish information of College affairs to the various alumnae branches. Miss Caldwell, the present chairman of the Students' Building Committee, presented the matter of the fair to be held on the fifteenth of December, asking help of the alumnae, since, by a vote of the Faculty Committee having such matters in charge, the fair must be abandoned unless it could be under the management of the alumnae. Feeling that a large sum of money must be lost to the Students' Building Fund by giving up the fair, a motion was passed that the Western Massachusetts Branch assume its management for this year, and a committee, consisting of Mrs. Higbee, Mrs. Williams, and Miss Cable, was appointed to have general charge. It was also moved that subcommittees be appointed by the chair to aid in further arrangements. The matter of the appointment of electors was next submitted, and Miss Caverno and Mrs. Drury were unanimously chosen to serve.

Mrs. Clarke called attention to the \$1000 prize offered by the Association for Promoting Scientific Research by Women, and Miss Thatcher explained the aim of the Western Massachusetts Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae now being formed. The meeting then adjourned, and a social hour followed. Thirty-five were present.

YSABEL SWAN '98, Secretary.



The Association for Promoting Scientific Research by Women hereby announces the offer of a prize of one thousand dollars for the best thesis presented by a woman, on a scientific subject, embodying the results of her independent laboratory research in any part of the field covered by the biological, chemical, and physical sciences.

The theses presented will be judged by a regularly appointed Board of Examiners, consisting of twelve specialists, representing the departments above named. The Association reserves the right to withhold the award of the prize, if the theses presented are not, in the judgment of this Board, of adequate merit to deserve the award.

The theses offered in competition are to be presented to the Executive Committee of the Association and must be in the hands of its Secretary before December 31, 1902. The prize will be awarded at the annual meeting in April 1903. Each thesis must be accompanied by a sealed envelope, enclosing the author's name and address, and superscribed with a title corresponding to one borne by the manuscript.

Executive Committee:—Caroline Hazard, President, Wellesley College; Sarah E. Doyle, Women's College in Brown University; Ellen H. Richards, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; M. Carey Thomas, Bryn Mawr College; Lilian Welsh, Woman's College of Baltimore; Elizabeth L. Clarke, Treasurer, Williamstown, Mass.; Florence M. Cushing, Secretary *pro tem.*, 8 Walnut Street, Boston, Mass.

Contributions toward the "Smith Room" in the Intermediate School for Girls in Spain may be sent by alumnæ to Louisa S. Cheever, 21 Prospect St., Northampton.

All members of the college—faculty and students—who intend to visit Washington during the holidays are requested to send their Washington address and the dates of their visit to Mrs. J. A. Clarke, Library of Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C.

A book has been placed in the Reading Room in which all alumnæ visiting the college are asked to sign their names. The list of visitors is as follows:

'83.	Elizabeth L. Clarke,	.	.	.	November	1
'89.	Martha Austin Hopkins,	.	.	.	"	15
'94.	Lucy Inez Lamb,	.	.	.	"	8
'95.	Edith Chase,	.	.	.	December	1
	Edith M. Hawkes,	.	.	.	"	1
'96.	Elizabeth Fisher Read,	.	.	.	November	10
'97.	Irma L. Richards,	.	.	.	December	1
	Climena L. Judd,	.	.	.	"	1
'98.	Marion Pugh Read,	.	.	.	November	10
	Adeline Wing,	.	.	.	"	10
'99.	Ella P. Merrill,	.	.	.	"	28
1900.	Margaret Hughes,	.	.	.	"	28
	Margaret C. Morris,	.	.	.	"	29
	Helen Bruce Story,	.	.	.	December	1

The class of '96 has given two hundred and fifty dollars towards the Students' Building Fund.

Contributions to this department are desired by the second of the month in order to appear in that month's issue, and should be sent to Ruth L. Gaines, Morris House.

'83. Mrs. A. W. Hitchcock (M. M. Osgood) will move from Newburyport to Worcester, Massachusetts, where her husband is to be pastor of the Central Church.

'84. Vida D. Scudder had an article on "Ill-gotten Gifts to Colleges" in the November number of the Atlantic Monthly.

'85. Harriet A. Boyd addressed the Connecticut Branch of the American Institute of Archaeology in New Haven, in November.

'86. Rose Fairbank sailed October 5 for India, to become the head of the Mary Akerman Hoyt Hospital at Jhansi, Northwest Province, India.

Florence Bushee was married December 5, to Mr. J. G. Theobald.

Edith K. Dunton is teaching English in the High School of Burlington, Iowa.

Jean Hough is teaching French and history in the High School at Rutland, Vermont.

Agnes Hunt is now Assistant Professor of History at the Western Reserve University, and is also doing some college settlement work.

Grace M. Page has announced her engagement to Mr. M. S. Bennett.

'88. Frances Bridges is traveling through the Southern states as Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association for the Colleges.

Leila Foster is teaching French and German at the Taconic School, Lakeville, Connecticut.

Another book of Smith College stories, "Sister's Vocation," by Josephine Dodge Daskam, has just been published by Scribners.

Vera Scott has announced her engagement to Mr. James S. Cushman of New York.

'90. Clara M. Austin is Assistant in Latin and English at Lasell Seminary, Andover, Massachusetts.

Miriam F. Choate is studying history and sociology for a Master's degree at Columbia.

Myrtle L. Kimball was married May 23, to Mr. Allan H. Wilde. Address, 58 Mountain Avenue, Malden, Massachusetts.

Edith E. Rand is teaching in the St. Agatha School, New York City.

1900. Mary S. Conant is teaching at Martha's Vineyard.

Madeleine M. Chase has taken up the study of Spanish, and will continue her other languages and music during the winter.

Lela Foster is at present taking two literature courses in Northwestern University, and in January will go to Mexico for the rest of the winter.

1900. Caroline Grier has announced her engagement to Mr. Herbert Jameson, Princeton '97.

Mary Belle Holt is studying medicine at Tufts College.

Carolyn Lauter is attending the Indianapolis Normal School.

Margaret Lyman is an assistant teacher in the grammar department of Miss Brook's private school in Chicago.

Mina Kerr is the head of the English Department in the Woman's College in Frederick, Maryland.

Ella Kirkley will spend the winter studying music at her home in Toledo, Ohio.

Clara Kneeland has charge of the English Department at Albert Lea College and Preparatory School, Albert Lea, Minnesota.

Emily Locke spent the summer at Woods Holl, taking a course in botany in the Marine Biological Laboratory, and has returned to college to act as an assistant in the Botany Department.

Dorcas Leese will return to college the second semester to complete the work missed during her absence in senior year.

Olive Mann has entered the State Library School at Albany, N. Y., for a two years' course.

Charlotte Marsh is teaching rhetoric and English in Washington Seminary, Washington, Pa.

Elizabeth Meier is spending the winter in New York City. Her address is 253 West 85th Street.

Mabel Milham has been appointed Intercollegiate Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, and will have her headquarters in New York City.

Helen Ober is teaching English, Latin, and French in the High School at Hanover, Mass.

Helen Story is taking a special course in German literature and history at the Bridgewater Normal School.

Carol Weston spent the summer in Nova Scotia and Canada, and will spend a part of the winter in Kansas City.

Mary Wiley is principal of the grammar school in Chester, Mass.

Helen Ward spent the summer in Nova Scotia and Maine.

Elizabeth Whitney sailed for Europe August 30, to be gone until the end of November.

Mary Sheaffer Whitcomb is a member of the staff of workers of the Brookline Public Library. Her winter address is 10 Auburn Place, Brookline, Mass.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

There is very little which the modern college girl can not claim and obtain at the hands of the world. Fame is freely granted her for study, for athletics, for success, social and financial, for nobility, charm, and College Loyalty sincerity of character. Yet in the face of this, one reservation is often made; we are seldom credited with a spirit of college loyalty. College girls, they say, are all alike outside of college; they do not show that devotion and enthusiasm for their own college that their brother collegians feel for theirs; in short, they are remiss in the true spirit of college loyalty. Why is it we are supposed to lack loyalty? Surely, no one who has ever attempted to criticise before a college girl any feature of her college and its life can boast a satisfactory and dignified victory in the discussion that inevitably ensues. "Have you ever been a student there? Well, then, how do you know?" is the first return shot; and from that time on, the assault turns to defense and a lame retreat is the usual outcome and, not unfrequently, ignominious retreat.

Comparison with other colleges ought surely to be allowed, from a spirit of fair play. Secretly, each thinks her own college the best possible, and says so, courtesy permitting. Yet it is quite possible for a girl of average sense to perceive advantages in possessions desirable for others, even if not for herself; and the spirit of petty jealousy plays a small part in her college world. The idea of an easy supremacy without a struggle is never particularly attractive to girls, and this, apart from considerations of courtesy, may account for the very limited extent to which we "run down" each other's colleges. It is indisputably much more satisfactory to feel collectively superior to other very fine institutions than to persuade oneself that the others amount to nothing anyway, and hardly need enter into our consideration. If we are confident of our own strength, why belittle our competitors? Certainly an aggressive attitude toward other institutions of learning is not a requisite of college loyalty.

The real evidence bearing on the subject is a phase of our life practically unknowable to those who have never been college girls. This is the system by which girls are given their rank in the college world. Outside, people may rank according to family, position, wealth, anything the world pleases. In this smaller world, intrinsic worth is the determining power. There is a place for the society belle, in which the figures vary slightly from year to year, vanishing with scarcely a sound. The athletic girl is idolized, photographed, applauded; her departure is mourned as an irremediable loss. But her place is quickly filled, and to the third subsequent class she is practically

unknown. It is the scholars, the thinking girls, whose fame endures. Let a girl prove her ability to think, to write, or to act (for interpretation is the reverse process of creation), and her name is handed down from class to class as a model, an example of success, an honor to the college. It is a refined sense of college loyalty that causes us to seek out and encourage and honor those who in future time will do credit to the college we love and to which we are proud to belong. News from the outside world of some new success, literary, philanthropic, or professional, causes an involuntary thrill and a feeling of personal joy and sympathy, whether or not we have been fortunate enough to know the girl during her college career.

What is it that brings moisture to the eyes and makes our hearts beat hard as the college song peals forth in unison from hundreds of throats? What is the secret of our gladness in realizing that we are parts of such a whole, if it be not college loyalty? What could it be but loyalty which prompts college girls to bring their dramatics, their glee clubs, their college magazines, to such a degree of finish? These things mean no little extra work on their part; and the courses are made sufficiently formidable to preclude the idea of much play along the way. Yet the girls find their recreation and reward in the report that goes forth and helps determine the world's opinion of their college.

The lack of demonstration of college spirit outside of the college domains can surely be deplored by none. It is impossible that by waving numerous yards of silks, chosen without reference to the most challenging parts of the solar spectrum, and by raising up our voices in unified remarks about ourselves on all occasions, we would ever impress the world with a larger sense of our importance as institutions. We ourselves quite fail to see the relative importance of such display, and are very much alive to the lack of dignity, harmony, and general desirability of such public demonstrations. If there are those who demand such manifestations of college spirit, let them come to the colleges themselves, attend their basket ball games, their celebrations, large and small,—give the girls any occasion for it, and there will be no lack of banners and enthusiasm and songs and excitement. Yet it is what lies behind all this that constitutes true college loyalty; we are proud of our colleges, their standing, their accomplished fame, their fine girls, and their unlimited promise, and we will prove it to the complete satisfaction of all at the proper time and in the proper places.

ETHEL WITHINGTON CHASE 1902.

The problem which confronts the Students' Building Committee every fall is the drawing up of the program for the year's work from which the greatest amount of money can be raised. To this prob-

**Report of Students' Building Committee** lem has been added this fall the more puzzling one, of whether we have now reached the point where the actual erection of the building can be achieved.

Before the building can be begun, we must decide whether a building the size of the one originally planned by the Committee in 1895 will meet the demands of the College now. As the Committee is now debating this question, and has also reached that period of delay in which plans, actual and ideal,

must be followed out and viewed from a practical standpoint, it seems best not to lay before the College at large the plans concerning the building itself, until they can be given in a detailed and clear form for the College to debate and decide upon. We do wish, however, to impress upon the College that this is the time when the enthusiasm of all is most needed. We are near the end in view, and with interest on the part of the College and energy on that of the Committee, we should very soon attain it.

The program decided upon for this winter was opened by the reading given by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell in College Hall, on Tuesday evening, November 27th. It may be of interest to state that this reading was given by Dr. Mitchell because he considers Smith nearer his ideal than any other woman's college. A small admission was charged at the Yale-Harvard basket ball game, and it is to the suggestion of some of the players themselves that we owe the fifty dollars realized from this.

The future program will consist of a Christmas Fair on December 15th. As the alumnae in Northampton have most kindly promised to manage it, and the general alumnae to send the donations for it, we hope the College will do its part by giving as large an attendance as possible. The hours will be from three thirty to five thirty in the afternoon, and from seven to nine thirty in the evening. A debate has been planned for the evening of the 22nd of February, between the junior and senior classes. The teams will probably be chosen by competition from the two classes represented, and the subject will be an historical one. A joint Alpha-Phi Kappa Psi play will be given in the second term, for which the date is not yet definitely decided. The knowledge of this is all that is necessary to ensure its success. We hope to have Mr. Elbert Hubbard lecture here in March or April; a progressive game party in the gymnasium, and possibly a concert by Mr. Proctor, completes the list planned for this year.

MARY LOUISE CALDWELL 1901,

Chairman of Students' Building Committee.

As a result of the visit of Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick to Northampton, Smith College hopes to equip a "Smith Room" in the new College Hall of the International Institute for Girls in

**Mrs. Gulick's Work in Spain** Spain. This school, founded in 1881 at San Sebastian, removed at the beginning of the Spanish War to Biarritz, France, followed loyally by all its pupils, is to return to Spain and take up quarters at Madrid. Mrs. Gulick has been in America for more than a year raising money for a building and endowment fund. In this she asks the coöperation of the women's colleges, especially in equipping recitation rooms and laboratories.

It is an appeal to which college women ought to respond, for, though Spain makes no provision for the higher education of girls, the advantages offered by an American school have been eagerly appreciated. The conferring of the degree of Ph. D., with the Spanish equivalent of *summa cum laude*, by the conservative University of Madrid upon two Spanish girls trained by American college graduates at San Sebastian, was heard of with amazement in the university centers of Europe. The creditable work of these girls and

the other graduates—many of whom have taken the A. B. degree by examinations at the State Institute—as teachers of all grades from the kindergarten up, as translators, nurses, and in all departments of Christian activity, has won the admiration of many Spaniards.

Mrs. Gulick brings to this work an experience of more than twenty-five years in Spain, remarkable ability, the charm of a rare personality, and self-sacrificing devotion. The two summers of her stay in America she gave to the visiting of the Spanish prisoners at Portsmouth and to the arduous charge of the Cuban women teachers at Cambridge. The work of this woman who is held in high esteem in this country and Europe ought to be placed on a permanent basis by the speedy raising of an endowment fund. The present seems a peculiarly fitting time to foster the kindly feeling toward America by a generous gift to the work of education in Spain as well as in her former colonies.

Contributions will be gladly received by the following committee:—For the faculty, Miss Jordan, Miss Scott, Miss Young, Miss Cheever; for the students, Mary Bellows, Julia Bolster, Mary Lewis, Eleanor Hotchkiss, Louise Meyer, Alice Duryee, Jean Tolar, Ursula Minor, Blanche Bissell, Ethel Barnes, Edith Fales, Irene Brown, Jessie Ames, Margaret Porter, Florence Covel.

LOUISA S. CHEEVER.

Almost immediately after the announcement of the senior play in the last *Monthly*, the dramatics committee received word from the Daly Estate that they could not let us have the acting rights of the "Foresters." The class has therefore been forced to make another choice, and announces that the senior play will be Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." This play seems the best of those now possible for us to give, and it was chosen by a nearly unanimous vote of the class. And we feel sure that notwithstanding the unexpected delays in starting the preparation of dramatics, it will prove an attractive and pleasing part of our Commencement program.

ELLEN TUCKER EMERSON, President of class of 1901.

A precedent was established on the twenty-second of November by the Smith Volunteer Band. In order to keep in touch with the graduate volunteers of Smith, the Band set apart this day as a

S. C. A. C. W. Notes "Past Members' Day," and at the regular weekly meeting letters from the graduate volunteers were read, telling of themselves, of their work, and of their plans and hopes. Among the graduates who will yet be remembered in college, there are six who are planning to be foreign missionaries: Florence Anderson '98; Alice Jackson '98; Mary Fairbank '99; Mabel Milham 1900; Adelaide Dwight 1900; Mary Whitcomb 1900.

SARAH LYDIA DEFOREST 1901.

It has long been felt by many of the student body that the old scheme for the rental and sale of second-hand books through the medium of the blueprint room in the Alumnæ Gymnasium was altogether precarious and unsatisfactory. Undoubtedly a large proportion of the wants of both "producer" and "consumer" has gone needlessly unfulfilled because of the hasty brush

of a passing cape, a loosened pin, a fallen paper, and the tramp of many feet. In short, a book exchange has been needed. Through the kindness and coöperation of President Seelye, room 4 in the old gymnasium has been offered for such an exchange. This office is open three times a week for the receipt and delivery of second-hand books. The hours are Monday and Saturday 11-12. 10 a. m.; Wednesday, 12-1 p. m. The exchange deducts 10 per cent from the receipts in return for its services as exchange agent. The old prices hold for those procuring books, and terms are strictly cash. All those who have books which they care to sell through the exchange will confer a great favor upon all concerned if they will promptly bring such books to the exchange office; and those desiring to rent their books through the exchange will equally facilitate matters by bringing their lists of books, with the author's name given in each case, to the same office as soon as possible. The present plan is to have the system in good running order by the opening of the second semester.

Any inquiries, information, or suggestions will be gladly received.

GERTRUDE OGDEN TUBBY 1902.

The fall tennis tournament is at last over. In consequence of the large entry list, increased to a great extent by the class of 1904, the tournament lasted until November 16. The finals in singles were played by Miss Walker 1903 and Miss Evans 1903, Miss Walker winning by the score of three out of five sets. The finals in doubles were played by Miss Holmes and Miss Aldrich 1902 against Miss Beecher and Miss Evans 1903, Miss Beecher and Miss Evans winning by a score of three out of four sets.

MARGERY FERRISS 1902.

On Saturday evening, November 10, at an open meeting of the Phi Kappa Psi Society, Mr. Edward Waldo Emerson spoke on "Reminiscences of Henry Thoreau." Mr. Emerson told of Thoreau's manner of life, his pursuits, and interests; but the charm of the lecture lay chiefly in the glimpses that the audience got into the personality of Thoreau. The man himself, as he talked and worked, seemed to be present to them. Such an impression was doubtless the result of Mr. Emerson's delightful anecdotes and of his own warm appreciation and admiration of his friend.

For the benefit of the Students' Building, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell gave, on Tuesday evening, November 27, a very pleasant reading from his poems and from his new book, "Sir Francis Drake."

Marion Louise Sharp 1901, is awarded the Furness prize for the best essay on Shakespeare. The subject for the essay this year was "Shakespeare's Plain People."

The class of nineteen hundred and one has appointed the following committee for the senior play: Chairman, Miriam Titcomb; costume member, Geneviève King; music member, Constance Charnley; business manager, Ethel Prescott Stetson; advisory member, Rosamond Hull. Miss Sanborn was obliged to resign the position of business manager on account of ill health.



Owing to the number of long papers read in English 18 this year, many excellent short stories and poems are crowded out. The editors of the *Monthly* beg that students taking English 18 will be very generous in submitting work that is not read in class. The *Monthly* is dependent for much of its material upon this theme course, and a more liberal contribution will be of great assistance to the editors.

The October number of the *Monthly* for the year 1898 is lacking from the file in the library, and since the bound volume of the magazine will not be complete without it, any one who is willing to part with this number for the consideration of fifty cents, is urgently requested to deliver it to the business manager of the *Monthly*.

On Wednesday evening, November 21, the Albright House gave a very enjoyable dance in the gymnasium.

All alumnae who intend to get copies of the 1901 class book are requested to send their names to Miss Dewey, Tyler House, as soon as possible, since some estimate of the outside applications is necessary in determining the number of copies to be printed.

The class of nineteen hundred and one has appointed for Ivy Orator, Charlotte Burgis DeForest, and for toast-mistress, Ellen Tucker Emerson.

On Thursday, December 6, the Biological Society gave an open meeting, at which Professor Tyler of Amherst lectured on "Growth."

### CALENDAR

- |      |     |                                  |
|------|-----|----------------------------------|
| Dec. | 12, | Christmas Concert.               |
|      | 15, | Fair for the Students' Building. |
|      | 19, | Christmas Holidays begin.        |
| Jan. | 3,  | Christmas Holidays end.          |
|      | 7,  | Philosophical Society.           |
|      | 8,  | Colloquium.                      |
|      | 9,  | 32 and 36 Bedford Terrace Dance. |
|      | 12, | Phi Kappa Psi Society.           |
|      | 17, | Biological Society.              |

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The  
Smith College  
Monthly

January - 1901.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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*No. 4.*

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**SHAKESPEARE'S PLAIN PEOPLE**

FURNESS PRIZE ESSAY, CLASS OF 1901

There are certain aspects of Shakespeare's poetry in which the nineteenth century is especially interested. They are those which in every department of philosophy are at present engaging the attention of thinking people: the practical problems of life. Therefore we have volumes written discussing Shakespeare's views on religion, his political theories, and his philosophy of life for the individual. Another test of Shakespeare's usefulness as a guide in modern practical problems ought surely to be his teachings on questions of sociology as represented in the only aspect of it that can be seen in his works,—his attitude towards the plain people. An inquiry into such a question has many difficulties, the chief of which is that the poet's opinion on this subject must be gathered wholly from an inductive study of the characters themselves, without aid from explicit or abstract statements. But there is a compensation in the certainty of the result when it is found, for the fact that the great majority of Shakespeare's plain people are characters entirely original with him is a proof that the attitude displayed towards them as a whole is a genuine expression of the poet's own opinion.

In looking at the lists of characters of the plays, one is at the first struck with the comparatively small number of those that can properly be called "plain people," and a further study makes it evident that even of these only a part can be taken as representing the poet's serious opinions. For Shakespeare's delineations of plain people fall naturally into two classes: the seriously drawn portraits, and the caricatures. Although in general the latter are not so valuable for study as the former, yet in many cases they furnish indirect or negative evidence that is not found in the serious representations, and which adds much to the sum total of our understanding of Shakespeare's conception of plain people. Besides these typical plain people, shown either in caricature or in their actual proportions, there are many characters in the plays that seem on the border-land of both the middle and the higher or the middle and the lower classes of society. This confusion is due to Shakespeare's tendency to disregard outward circumstances and position in order to lay more emphasis on the development of the mind, and in some cases he has carried this so far that the result is a partial contradiction. Some of his most original characters are conceived in this manner, of which Falstaff is a good example. How can this notorious drunkard be of the same social class with Shakespeare's refined gentlemen?—and, on the other hand, how can the unrivaled humorist and chosen companion of Prince Henry belong to the lowest class, with whom he is seen in fellowship? There are many characters such as this, some of whom may seem by outward circumstances to belong with Shakespeare's plain people, but who have inner qualities so widely different that an immeasurable distance severs them from the real plain people. It is therefore better to exclude these entirely from our study, and to consider only those whom Shakespeare himself unmistakably regarded as of this type.

The only plays of Shakespeare in which the principal actors are plain people,—*The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *The Comedy of Errors*,—contain, as we should expect, the most typical and the most complete portraits of this class. The characters in these plays are also, for the most part, seriously drawn, and it is these rather than the caricatures that give the most complete portraits. The value of the caricatures in this study is in supplementing the general impression by adding minor traits, and in making clear certain characteristics by means of the

over-emphasis and exaggeration in which the caricature consists.

In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the atmosphere is unmistakable. We are transported to an English country town, and much of the action takes place out of doors. Against this background of simple, rural life the characters of the play stand out distinctly, themselves the representatives of English rustic simplicity. This play gives us the best picture of family life that Shakespeare has drawn, and this fact, necessitating as it does that each member of the family should be shown in many different relations, gives to these country people a certain quality of reality and concreteness that is not found even in Shakespeare's greatest characters. Here are treated the relations of husband and wife, of parents and children, and of friends and neighbors, besides the more slightly sketched love story of Anne Page and Fenton. It is noticeable that the boy William Page, incompletely as he is drawn, is Shakespeare's only portrait of a child of the middle class.

Although, contrary to the usual rule, in this play fully as much emphasis is laid on the action as on the characterization, yet some of the principal actors are drawn with much skill and distinctness. The "merry wives," Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford, are perhaps the least differentiated. They are alike in their sturdy common sense, their ingenuity, their high moral principles, and their appreciation of the humorous side of life. Mrs. Page is shown in more relations than Mrs. Ford, for she is concerned for the welfare of her daughter and her little son. In the scene in which young William appears, we see the ambition of the plain woman to give her son a better education than she herself enjoyed, and her complacent pride in his rather doubtful progress. In her relation to her daughter she is shown in a less favorable light, for, although she is not so blind to Anne's welfare as is Mr. Page, who considers nothing but money, she shows her lack of insight and sympathy by attempting to force the marriage with Dr. Caius. Mr. Page and Mr. Ford are more carefully depicted than their wives. The hospitable, easy-going, and jovial Page is contrasted with the suspicious Ford, who alone in this merry company has a morbid moral sense. This characteristic is emphasized by his corresponding lack of humor, which is so important an element in most of the other characters. The difference between the two men in this respect

is well brought out in the scene where Ford shows his utter inability to see the proportions of things by making an elaborate and high-flown apology to his wife. The impatient interruption of Page is characteristic :

" 'Tis well, 'tis well ; no more :  
Be not as extreme in submission  
As in offence."

In the host of the Garter Inn there is another contrast to Ford, for the most noticeable trait in this jovial fun-maker is a keen appreciation of the ludicrous. His sense of humor is more complex and refined than that of most of the other characters, for he sees material for laughter not only in the palpably comic situations from which the merriment of the "wives of Windsor" is drawn, but also in the more subtle comedy that is inherent in the characters of some of his companions. He takes delight in inveigling the fiery Dr. Caius and the dignified parson Evans into a situation in which the peculiarities of each will be shown to the best advantage for the edification of himself and his friends.

In "sweet Anne Page" we have decidedly the highest type of character in the play. The only ideal element in the action centers around her, and it is largely this love idyl, inconspicuous though it is, that redeems the play from its otherwise too strongly emphasized farcical character. That Shakespeare drew this figure, in whom the more ideal traits are prominent, with deliberate intent is shown by the care and skill which he lavished on the characterization, as if to counterbalance the inconspicuousness of her part in the action of the play. In the first place, she is in strong contrast to almost all the other characters except Fenton. A description of her is put into the mouth of another character, a device little used in this play : "She has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman." She is also shown in many different relations, each of which brings out a new side of her nature. Towards the foolish Slender she is dignified, but courteous, as becomes the hostess ; in her relations with her parents, although she uses some deception, she appears entirely excusable under the circumstances. She is endowed with a quick insight into character, and she has a sense of humor that is far more delicate and refined than that of her companions. The difference is seen when we compare the rude appreciation of somewhat grossly comic situations shown by

Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford with the humorous philosophy of Anne, when she says, speaking of her father's preference for Slender :

"O, what a world of vile, ill-favored faults  
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year !"

But it is in her relations with Fenton that the highest side of her nature is emphasized. In her choice of the refined gentleman in preference to the more common people by whom she is surrounded, there is an indication of the sympathies and the tendency of her mind. Unlike her father and mother, she is influenced by no worldly considerations, and her unhesitating choice of the poorer man is a proof of the simplicity and truth of her nature. Her lover's defence of their deception well expresses her own attitude towards the most sacred things of life :

"The offence is holy that she hath committed :  
And this deceit loses the name of craft,  
Of disobedience, or unduteous title ;  
Since therein she doth evitate and shun  
A thousand irreligious cursèd hours  
Which forcèd marriage would have brought upon her."

These are the seriously depicted characters in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, and they are the most complete expressions that we have in any one play of Shakespeare's conception of plain people. The sketches elsewhere drawn, with the exception of the characters in *The Comedy of Errors*, do not pretend to be complete portraits, although they are very valuable as giving additional traits, for of course the persons in any one play can not be complete representatives of a class. The fundamental conception, then, of plain people in Shakespeare's works, though not a complete one, is to be found in these country people of Windsor. The characteristic that stands out most clearly from a study of these characters is the high morality that belongs to all of them. In Ford this is accompanied by a morbid over-anxiety, but in the others it is perfectly natural, and this spontaneity proves it to be deep-rooted. But in these men and women, with the sole exception of Anne Page, there is no indication of a development of the moral into the religious sense ; the higher feelings in them seem to have been crushed out by the common round of daily duties and pleasures. With Anne Page it is different. Her attitude towards life in general is indicated by her action in regard to her marriage, and, although



the religious sense in her is not explicitly brought out, it is at least suggested from what is shown of her character. In the midnight masque in Windsor forest, Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford saw only a comic situation, but we are sure that Anne felt also the beauty of the quiet woods.

A trait common to all these characters (here again Ford is the only exception) is the sense of humor that never deserts them. In most of them it does not rise above a good-natured jocularity ; in Anne Page alone it appears in a more refined form. Not one of these men and women is a real humorist. The general character of the members of this country community precludes the possibility of any strong element of passion in their natures, the only suggestion of it being in the love of Anne Page. Ford's jealousy is a mere caricature of the passion which Shakespeare has treated so grandly in *Othello* and *The Winter's Tale*. In accordance also with the prevailing traits of these people, the poet has delineated no change or development of character. At the end of the play all the actors are at exactly the same point of development as before the events there shown took place. The reconciliation of Ford to his wife might be cited as an exception ; but after all this is only one of the comic incidents of the play, and it is impossible that any real revolution of character should be brought about by farcical means. This, then, is the representation of plain people given in this play ; in general, they are typical country people, not over-refined, but unimpeachable in the integrity of their morals ; possessing a sense of the ludicrous, but lacking the appreciation of the beautiful and sublime that almost invariably accompanies the subtle and refined humor of Shakespeare's higher characters ; living their lives in almost unbroken tranquillity, but, on the other hand, incapable of rising to any sublime height of passion. Anne Page is a partial exception to these statements in almost every respect. It is as if the poet were not satisfied to leave the characters in this play on record as his ultimate conception of plain people, and therefore introduced in her a character containing more of the ideal element. Yet she is not so different from her companions as to be out of place, for it seems perfectly natural that she should bid her father's guests welcome to the "pippins and cheese," and take part in the practical joke directed against the fat knight. There is a long distance between Anne Page and Beatrice.

*The Comedy of Errors* is the play that gives the most complete portrait of plain people next to that in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. However, it has not nearly the value of the latter, because, being one of Shakespeare's earliest plays, its characterization is imperfect, and interest in the actors is overshadowed by interest in the plot. Had the picture here been as well drawn and as complete as that in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, we should have had a companion piece to that, the people of Windsor representing the plain people of the country, while the merchants and their families in Ephesus appeared as the type of plain people in the city. But although some of the characters here are little more than names, several stand out quite clearly, and from them we get new traits to add to the portrait of Shakespeare's plain people.

The difference that is most apparent between this play and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is the fact that here several of the characters have a tragic interest, and, as Gervinus has pointed out, the whole action is thus given a tragic background which prevents it from being a mere burlesque. Here, then, are men and women whose lives are not passed in uneventful tranquillity, and whose higher natures are not allowed to sleep undisturbed by sorrow. *Ægeon* is one of Shakespeare's most attractive pictures of old men. He is dignified and calm even in sorrow and in the face of death, but his most prominent trait is a noble and unselfish domestic love. His character is very slightly sketched, but Shakespeare's estimate of him may be gathered from the fact that he places him in a position exciting our deepest sympathy. *Æmilia*, the wife of *Ægeon*, belongs in the portrait gallery of the nuns and the friars. She has the common qualities of that class,—prudence and superior tact and wisdom in judging. The other women of the play, *Adriana* and *Luciana*, are not so carefully drawn, though their characters are more differentiated than those of their husbands. Except that they conspicuously lack any sense of humor, they resemble the women of the Windsor play; but they are not shown in so many relations as the latter. The picture of family life here is less complete for this very reason; for instance, there is no hint of relations between parents and children in the home. On the other hand, the relation between mistress and servants is developed at length.

It is clear that in *The Comedy of Errors* a very different type

of plain people is shown from that in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The very atmosphere in which they move is more conventional, and the characters lack the freshness and charm of those in the rural surroundings. The sense of humor, which is so prominently shown in the country people, is absolutely lacking in these, with the possible exception of Æmilia. Indeed, master and mistress are strongly contrasted with the servants by reason of the fact that the latter do have a sense of humor to a considerable degree. The moral tone of this play, as of the other, is high, but here it is not so spontaneous and healthy, at least in the part devoted to the farcical action. In considering the other qualities shown by the people in *The Comedy of Errors*, we must distinguish between the characters belonging to the different parts of the action. Ægeon and Æmilia, whose story forms the tragic background, certainly have a religious sense, though in both it is implied rather than developed. In both, also, there is true passion, although it is much more developed in Ægeon than in Æmilia. The characters of the main action, on the other hand, lack both the religious sense and the capability of passion, for, although Adriana's jealousy is treated in a serious manner in contrast to that of Ford in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, yet it never rises to the dignity of passion. In like manner, the love of Antipholus of Syracuse for Luciana can be disposed of as contributing mostly to the action of the play. This courtship entirely lacks the ideal element that marks the love of Anne Page and Fenton. Considering the actors in the main part of *The Comedy of Errors*, there is little to add to the conception of plain people already gained from *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Those in the background, however, are of quite a different type; they add the qualities of dignity and elevation of character in humble circumstances, and of capacity for genuine passion and religious feeling.

The contribution to our subject of the remaining individual characters among Shakespeare's seriously delineated plain people must necessarily be small. Instead of the atmosphere of middle-class society we have for the most part that of the court or the rich gentleman's house, and the part played by the persons we are considering, instead of being the most prominent, is often the most insignificant. From this fact it follows that these characters can not be drawn with any completeness, and

sometimes only the merest sketch is given. It follows, also, from the fact that they are introduced not for their own sake, but for the sake of the action or the theme of the play as a whole, that the portraits will not only be fragmentary, but will sometimes be distorted by the attempt to adapt them to only one function in the drama. We have to beware, therefore, of drawing too positive conclusions from characters that appear thus in only one aspect, although, of course, this is not true in so great a degree as in studying the caricatures, which are purposely distorted.

Most of the remaining plain people that are seriously drawn fall naturally into three classes: the typical country peasants, the friars and the nuns, and those designated as "citizens." Besides these there are a few characters, which, since they are of the same social class as those we have been studying, it will be well to consider first. These are: the Widow and Diana in *All's Well that Ends Well*; Antonio in *Twelfth Night*; and the old men in *Macbeth* and *King Lear*, respectively. Each of these, though all are incompletely drawn, adds some new element to our conception of the plain people of this class. In the widow and her daughter we have perhaps the most highly developed moral sense in any of the plain people. In Antonio the faithful friend is emphasized, and it is noticeable that this is the only one of Shakespeare's plain people that represents preëminently the virtue of friendship. On the part of Antonio certainly this attachment is worthy to be compared with the poet's more celebrated pictures of friendship, as, for instance, that between Rosalind and Celia, or between the Venetian gentlemen, Antonio and Bassanio. This sea-faring man has perhaps more capacity for passion than any other of Shakespeare's plain people except Ægeon. The character is very sympathetically drawn. The old men in *Macbeth* and *King Lear* each appear in only a single scene, and are introduced for a dramatic purpose not connected with the development of their own characters, yet they are so sympathetically delineated that they doubtless represent Shakespeare's true conception. The old man in *Macbeth* appears only in a scene inserted to give information, yet his love of reminiscence, his reflectiveness, and his religious sense are well brought out. In *King Lear*, the purpose of the introduction of the old man is to illustrate the thought of the play by contrast, and therefore the only characteristics emphasized are his gratitude and gentleness.

In considering the country peasants, we pass from the middle grade of society into a class unique and separated from the others,—neither middle nor lower. It is the class containing people that are emphatically “children of Nature,” in whom neither the rules of conventional society nor the effects of education have had opportunity to work. It contains almost all of Shakespeare’s natural clowns, as distinguished from his refined and witty court fools. It is noticeable that almost all the men belonging here may be called clowns, while the women, with the exception of Audrey, are not remarkable for their stupidity, but quite the opposite. Perhaps the representatives of these country peasants that are most true to life are Audrey and William in *As You Like It*. What the character of Audrey loses in stupidity it gains from her ingenuousness and strong moral sense. The emphasis on the natural morality of this simple, almost stupid, character is significant as expressing, once for all, Shakespeare’s belief in the fundamental and inevitable character of moral law. Audrey’s sisters are very meagerly drawn, and little emphasis is laid on their moral sense, though it is by no means contradicted. They are represented as pretty country girls, whereas Audrey is entirely without beauty. Jaquenetta in *Love’s Labour’s Lost* has a quick wit and ready insight into character; Mopsa and Dorcas in *The Winter’s Tale* are coquettish shepherdesses, whose chief charm lies in the scenic effect produced when the play is acted.

Of the clowns, William is probably the most true to life, but he is the least differentiated of all. His chief characteristics seem to be stupidity and humility. Costard is a far more complex character, though he is probably less faithfully drawn from life; for, like most of the actors in this play, he bears a very direct relation to the theme, and the conception of his character must be modified in accordance with that. He is like William in his natural stupidity, but he has other traits that seem to connect him with several distinct types of Shakespeare’s characters. For instance, his self-consciousness and his ludicrous misuse of words seem to suggest the constable family, although neither of these characteristics is so fully developed as we find it in the best representatives of that class. Again, his affectation of wit and philosophy seems like an imitation of the court fools. The great difference, of course, is that Cos-

tard's wit always breaks down, as, for example, in his conversation with the genuinely witty Moth :

"*Costard*. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

"*Moth*. What shall some see?

"*Costard*. Nay, nothing, master Moth, but what they look upon."

The old shepherd and his son in *The Winter's Tale* are the most attractive of Shakespeare's natural clowns. Both have the simplicity and ingenuousness that is the chief charm of Audrey and William, but the many-sidedness of their characters makes them far more interesting than the monotonously stupid peasants of the Forest of Arden. For instance, the shepherd's son, although too credulous to take care of his money, by no means gives the impression of stupidity, for he is endowed with a vivid imagination which is his most prominent trait. This is shown in his description of the wreck and it explains his seeming cowardice in the interview where Autolycus tells him of the tortures awaiting him. Another characteristic is his warm-hearted generosity and pity, which, though not joined to good judgment, is very attractive. The old man is distinguished by his moral sense and by his quaint seriousness, which, though it appears comic to us, was very real to him. Both of these traits are well shown in the scene after the transformation of the two rustics, and the language is characteristic of the man. The clownish son is speaking to the rogue Autolycus :

"*Clown*. Give me my hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

"*Shepherd*. You may say it, but not swear it.

"*Clown*. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

"*Shepherd*. How if it be false, son?"

Comparing these country peasants with the plain people of the middle class already considered, we find several likenesses and many points of difference. In general the same moral element is emphasized, but here it is never joined to a sense of humor. Indeed, the lack of this sense of humor, which includes the faculty of seeing "ourselves as others see us," makes some of these peasants, notably Costard, verge on the class of comic characters. Another marked difference is in the intellectual

plane of the two classes. Clearly these country people are in power of mind and even in common sense far below those in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The lack of capacity for passion and all higher feelings is very strongly marked in these characters, and it is this lack more than anything else that tends to give a certain comic character to the whole class. In some cases, however, notably in the shepherd and his son in *The Winter's Tale*, this is counteracted by the sympathetic manner in which the characters are drawn.

The friars and the nuns add little to our previous conception of Shakespeare's plain people, except those traits already shown in *Æmilia*,—prudence, superior wisdom, and general elevation of character. But when we turn to the class rather indefinitely referred to in the *dramatis personæ* as "citizens," we find an entirely new set of characteristics emphasized. The citizens appear with any importance in only four plays: *Julius Cæsar*, *Coriolanus*, *King Richard the Third*, and *King John*; but between those shown in these plays there are great differences. In *Julius Cæsar*, the people are represented almost entirely as a body, and very little as individuals. The mob is characterized by absolute fickleness, unreasonableness, and stupidity. In the one scene where the citizens are treated as individuals, the first scene of the play, they appear in a slightly better light, for one, at least, is gifted with a quick wit unusual among all Shakespeare's plain people. In *Coriolanus* the same rule holds. Where the people are considered as a mob they are shown as easily influenced and untrustworthy; but, treated as individuals, they show real worth. Several of the leaders especially exhibit impartiality in judging and a tolerance that is contrasted with the unreasonableness of *Coriolanus*. Several of them also have considerable argumentative ability. In *King Richard the Third* and *King John*, the citizens are shown entirely as individuals, and it is here that they appear in their best aspect. In both plays they are thoughtful and capable of weighing the affairs of the nation. In the scene in *King Richard the Third* especially they show a strong religious sense, and it is noteworthy that the passage often quoted as Shakespeare's own opinion: "Woe to that land that's governed by a child!" is put into the mouth of one of their number. Shakespeare's attitude towards the "citizens" is well summed up by Edward Dowden: "That he (Shakespeare) recognized the manly worth

and vigor of the English character is evident. It can not be denied, however, that when the people are seen in masses in Shakespeare's plays, they are nearly always shown as factious, fickle, and irrational."

The chief difficulty in dealing with the plain people as represented in caricature is in determining to what extent their characters are distorted by the exaggeration. For some caricatures, although of course certain traits are unduly exaggerated, are shown in so many aspects that they have a reality and therefore a value exceeding that of some seriously drawn characters. Generally, the value for our study of a caricature is in direct proportion to the remoteness of its relation to the theme of the play. For instance, Holofernes and Nathaniel in *Love's Labour's Lost* afford very little material, because their connection with the theme is so close that they are little more than embodiments of one exaggerated trait,—here, the affectation of learning. On the other hand, the value of Bottom and his companions in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and of Sir Hugh Evans in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is great, because their relation to the theme is of such a nature that no one characteristic is required to be emphasized to the exclusion of all the others, and therefore we have a much fairer representation.

Among the most sympathetically drawn of all Shakespeare's plain people, certainly the most sympathetically of the caricatures, are the "rude mechanicals" in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Two qualities are especially emphasized in them (although they have many more); namely, their lack of imagination and the element of pathos mingled with the comedy of their characters. The first adds a very real touch to our conception of a certain class of Shakespeare's plain people, but the second is invaluable as showing the poet's own attitude towards these homely, hard-working men. This attitude is well expressed in the words used by Theseus when speaking of the humble theatrical efforts of these men :

"I will hear that play ;  
For never anything can be amiss  
When simpleness and duty tender it."

The character of Hugh Evans also is drawn with much insight and gives a valuable hint of Shakespeare's idea of the dignity and worth of plain men. In fact, although this character, on account of the exaggeration of the misuse of English, is



technically a caricature, yet the final impression is that of a serious portraiture. There remain two classes of caricatures: the justice type, represented by Shallow in the second part of *King Henry the Fourth*, and the constable fraternity, whose greatest representative is Dogberry. The former has little value for our study, for most of these characters are so uniformly contemptible that they hardly seem real, and they are caricatures more of a single trait found in all classes of society than of plain people as such. Likewise the class of constables, of which Dogberry is the head and Dull the feeble forerunner, while Elbow is the still fainter echo, has little value for us; for although these beings are among the most perfect comic characters, the exaggeration is carried so far that they can not give us any hints as to Shakespeare's serious conceptions of plain people.

Such are some of the most typical of the different classes of Shakespeare's plain people. What, in general, is his attitude towards them? In the first place, it is too complex to be reduced to a single formula, for the catholicity of his opinions is equal to the wideness of his observation. Here, as in every class of Shakespeare's characters, what surprises us most is the great variety of the types he has drawn, each true to life, yet each different from the others. But in this diversity we may distinguish some constant elements. Almost without exception these homely characters, oftentimes in spite of many drawbacks, command our respect for their high moral standards. The majority of them also are drawn with such a sympathetic touch that they excite feelings of at least partial kinship in every reader. Many of them have a healthy sense of humor and a homely mother-wit that recommend them to our interest. Some of them, like Anne Page and *Æmilia*, rise considerably above the common level in refinement and depth of feeling, and some, like Antonio the sea-captain and *Ægeon*, show genuine passion. But after all there is much to be said on the other side. The most stubborn of facts remains that, although these characters may be the object of special study, yet for the majority of readers Shakespeare's plain people, as such, have little interest. When we close the tragedy of *Hamlet* and turn to *The Merry Wives of Windsor* we feel at once a lowering of tone that is oppressive. The absorbing interest in a grandly conceived character must be exchanged for a contemplation of the

petty doings of the country people. Their morality, when placed beside the sense of the mysterious and sublime that distinguishes many of Shakespeare's nobler characters, seems bare indeed; their rude sense of the ludicrous, when compared with the humor of Beatrice or Rosalind, is mere buffoonery. And where shall we find among them a man of Hamlet's intellect or one having the will power of Prince Henry? Again, though we admit that the poet has indeed drawn many of these homely characters with much sympathy, yet we shall nowhere find one of them portrayed with the infinite pathos with which he has surrounded his King Lear. But the most striking deficiency of these characters as compared with the grander conceptions of the poet's mind, is the entire absence of any growth or change in character. Not one of these people would be capable of the development of mind and soul that we see portrayed in Macbeth, Hamlet, and Othello. This difference is fundamental, and therefore the fact that Shakespeare has nowhere represented his homely characters as rising to a tragic height of passion is very significant.

The bare, unvarnished fact concerning Shakespeare's attitude towards the plain people of society is not welcome to modern ears, and therefore the tendency to explain it away by urging that, had Shakespeare lived in our time, he would have given us a different picture is very natural. But, although it doubtless contains a partial truth, such an explanation has a fundamental deficiency. If Shakespeare be taken as a supreme guide to the understanding of human character, can we take exception to his teaching in this one respect? The conception of his other characters is acknowledged to be universally true; is it then likely that in these, whom he knew best, he should have been so far from reaching the universal ideal? The more natural explanation is better: that Shakespeare, in his insight into the character of these homely people, has not fallen below the wonderful power of observation and thought shown in his portrayal of other characters. And upon closer inspection it will be found that this assertion can even be supported by the facts which at first seemed to militate against it. For, when once we get into sympathy with the poet and look at these characters with his broad and impartial view, the absolute and universal truth of the portrait becomes at once apparent. After all has been said, must we not concede that with the plain people, as

always, the truth of Shakespeare's representation transcends the prejudice that would conform all men of one class to one type? For is it not true, in our time as in his, that differences in refinement and education must form a dividing line between the classes of society, and that, other things being equal, the man of culture is superior, not only in knowledge, but in fineness and power of feeling, to the man of limited opportunities? In the delineation of his rural clowns Shakespeare has expressly combated the idea that the natural man is the perfect man. But if further proof of the truth and impartiality of the poet's view is wanting, it is surely found in the fact that he did raise some of his plain people to a level far above that of their companions. These are the prophetic voices, though they are only faint suggestions, of Shakespeare's ideal conception of plain people, his countrymen and ours.

MARION LOUISE SHARP.

### DRIFTWOOD

A windy night and an hour alone  
By the gay-colored flames of wood from the sea;—  
With its hiss and sputter and creak and groan  
Each glowing log had a tale of its own,  
And these are the tales they told to me:

"I am come from the oak of Zeus, the oracle famed of Dodona;  
Aloft on the prow of the Argo, his will to Jason revealing,  
Guiding the swift sailing vessel o'er the broad back of the waters,  
Quickly to Colchis I went and quickly returned from my seeking,  
Bearing success and the fleece and the fifty sons of Achæus."

"There was a ship, as fair a ship  
As ever eye did see,  
Till the mariner's bow laid the albatross low,—  
'Twas sad as sad could be.

"For the sea-bird slain sent sorrowful bane  
Ere again I saw the shore;  
Then the pilot spoke and the captain awoke,  
And thus was I no more."

"Curving and crawling  
Through the gray sea,  
Fleet as the raven  
Warward I went  
Under a ragged rock,  
Like a black cat and lean,  
Hunger his only mate,  
Crouching and quivering,—  
Forth on a hissing wave  
Sprang to the prey.  
'Hear how the water sings!  
See the cold cowards quail!  
Let their base blood befoul  
All the white foam.  
Strike from the crashing steel  
Flame to the Heavens!  
Kill on forever, kill!'  
Then was I broken;  
Down through the icy sea  
Conquering ever,  
Singing the battle song:  
'Skoal to the Norsemen!'"

"Saint Elmo's fire flashed round my mast,  
Beneath my keel the white flame streaked,  
Above, the wanton witches shrieked,  
As noiseless through the storm I passed.

"Straight through my hull the moonlight came  
To seamen wrecked on hidden reef;  
My sails were like a year-old leaf  
That shivers through its naked frame.

"For cruise on cruise of seven years  
My weary spirit led the gale,  
Till rest came to my phantom sail  
Through faithful maidens' blessed tears."

"That stately Spanish caravel was I,  
Who crossed the pathless deep to lands unknown;  
Unused to tempests and gray northern sky,  
I dared all through my master's will alone.

"Beset by blackest horrors of the sea,  
And dreading the last plunge in darker space,  
Fear would have ruled my course, and mutiny,  
But for the greater fear of that brave face.

" Along the glistening track of sunset light,  
Sad nights I sailed straight on into the West,  
Till dawn disclosed a low faint line in sight  
Athwart my course,—the ending of my quest."

Then the place grew dark and chill with night,  
As the last pale gleam sprang up and died ;  
But I felt the warmth of a spirit's flight,  
And the darkness rang with the song's delight  
That the dead ships sang in their deathless pride.

ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT.

### A STUDY IN ANALYSIS

A cool, shadowy veranda, a cozy hammock, and a girl in a fluffy white gown,—all very ordinary circumstances. It was also quite ordinary for the girl to be dreaming of a man. That sort of thing usually goes with lazy summer afternoons when the air is filled with balm. To-day, however, Dorothy was more than dreaming,—she was thinking. Every one has his own way of taking life ; Dorothy took hers analytically. Trained by a stiff college course to look for all there was to find in things, she had also applied the same method to herself and her friends with a view to self-improvement and the acquirement of "new experiences."

The summer before—college girls usually limit such experiments to the summer-time—she had tried adaptation and had successively won the hearts of a professor, a lieutenant, and a college athlete. This, however, she discovered was not the best way, for one had the double misfortune of losing one's own self and of gaining unwished-for other selves. Still, last summer's experiences had been good for her,—she had gained a wonderful knowledge of electricity through the reading necessary to keep up with the professor, and military tactics were certainly a desirable acquisition which she would never have gained had it not been for the lieutenant. The athlete had not taught her much, for she could manage a boat and keep scores long before she met him ; she also had a previous knowledge of moon-lit waters and guitars.

This year she had started out on an entirely different basis. She had found out what she herself could do, now she wanted

to learn the possibilities of others and to discover whether they knew aught of adaptation. Therefore she resolved to act her natural self, to be recklessly merry and frivolous when so inclined, to devote whole days to solitude when the spirit prompted, and not to be agreeable when it was an effort. Perhaps, had any very captivating individuals crossed her path, she would in feminine fashion have exerted herself to please them, and to practice in secret their favorite pursuits in life; just as one summer she had learned to sing because a certain interesting tenor had come her way. As it was, no such individuals came this time. Consequently, when dealing with Bob, the big brother of her dearest friend, she acted quite herself without considering whether it pleased him or not.

Bob had made a very unobtrusive entrance into her life, appearing first as a useful means of conveying his sister home on dark nights. Later, when his family had removed to the beach, he fell into the habit of coming around evenings for a chat. Since he was only "Peg's brother," Dorothy decided that he was good for an experiment in Platonic friendship, and she proceeded to treat him as if he were one of her girl friends. She had always wanted a study in that line. Gradually she fell into the habit of looking for him every evening, on the ground that he was worth analyzing and did not have to be entertained. Sometimes, when she did not feel like talking, she would tell him so; and occasionally, preferring to be alone, she would send him home. Whenever they played tennis together, Dorothy always stopped the minute she felt inclined; if they went wheeling, Dorothy never attempted to climb any but the smallest hills, and dismounted whenever a stray urchin or a cluster of wild flowers caught her fancy. Through it all, Bob amiably adapted himself. "I wonder," she would often question, "if Bob is always so good and considerate because I am Peg's friend, or because I'm the only girl left near town, or because he really—?" Here she usually stopped.

Toward the middle of the summer Bob had bought a canoe, and Saturday afternoons usually found him on the river with Dorothy, who always assisted at the paddle. Last year, she would have nestled cozily among the cushions with a dainty Japanese sunshade throwing rosy lights over her face and hair. That, however, she confessed, was not exactly Platonic, and she intended to act just as if he were Peg and not Peg's brother, or

as if she were Bob's friend MacMasters and not a girl. Certainly MacMasters would not try to look pretty,—it wouldn't be natural.

To-day, as she swang slowly in the hammock, she was reviewing the summer and trying to adjust her ideas of Bob and his probable ones of her. "It's just like my friendship for Peggy," she argued, "and yet somehow, it's more interesting. You take it for granted that you can be yourself and perfectly frank with a girl, but I never hoped to have such an ideal friendship with a man. It is ideal. Who would imagine that I could ever feel so well acquainted with Bob as to send for him when I want to go wheeling or to give him ribbons to match down town! That's it, I guess,—beside being a good friend he's more useful than a girl, and somehow you always feel so safe with any one so big. The best of it is that he never gets sentimental; it would just spoil it all if he did. What a lot one can find in a person when one acts perfectly natural! Now I should never have dreamed that a fellow like Bob cared about sunsets and books; but then, Peg does, and I suppose such things run in a family. I wonder if I should ever have discovered it if I had treated Bob as I did the professor?" She laughed softly to herself. "Wonder if Bob will take me up the river this afternoon? Why, there he comes now!"

A big, broad-shouldered fellow jumped lightly off his wheel, smiling up at the piazza as he did so, and then, not waiting for breath, exclaimed, "The best news, Dorothy!"

"That's good; what is it?"

"You remember that Dodsley fellow that used to hang around Peg so much last summer? Well, he's sent up word for Mac and me to come for a week's cruise down the coast. We're to start to-morrow morning at eight, and I'm going in town now to buy a suit of oilskins."

Dorothy felt injured to think that he had planned it all before telling her; but then, she counter-argued, Peg would have done exactly the same thing,—it was the way all friends did. Still, it was rather a chill to hear that news when she had been dreaming of the river. For the first time she hid her real self from Bob.

"I'm awfully glad," she exclaimed; "you will have such a grand time! Too bad, though, it isn't longer, for after you once get started you won't want to turn around. And won't you look jolly in oilskins?"

He looked at her queerly a moment.

"Doll"—he hesitated—"after I've been in town may I come around to say good-by?"

She was on the point of saying that she was going out that evening when it occurred to her that it was not in accordance with her basis. She would not say that to Peg. "Surely," she answered, "and don't stay too long!"

In the evening he dropped in and laid out more fully his plans for the trip.

"I suppose, of course, I sha'n't hear about it until you come back," Dorothy ventured.

"I suppose not," Bob answered, twirling his cap; "you know how I hate to write letters. We'll talk it all over when I come back."

"Yes," Dorothy replied, "if—if father does not take me to the mountains."

Bob looked at her again; then they shook hands and he was gone.

The week was a slow one for Dorothy. Once she caught herself rejoicing that at any rate Bob was spending his time in strictly masculine company. On reconsidering this thought, however, she banished it, since it was unnatural under the circumstances. She also gave up the idea of going to the mountains, asserting that she had decided to act her natural self, and adding, "Anyway, I *hate* the mountains."

Thus it happened that at the end of the week Bob found her in the hammock attired in one of her dainty summer gowns. As he came up the steps she advanced to meet him in her frank manner. She was decidedly in the mood to be agreeable. Bob looked unusually handsome under his coat of tan, and his eyes shone with unconcealed pleasure at sight of Dorothy.

"I say, Dorothy," he began, after they had discussed the trip, "let's go up the river and take supper with us. There won't be many more such days this year."

"Then you must help put up the lunch," rejoined Dorothy; so the two repaired to the kitchen, where he cut bread and opened cans and she made dainty sandwiches and packed the box. She liked Bob in the kitchen, for he was extremely useful; and then, he never seemed to mind how homely she looked when it was warm and the apron borrowed from the cook was spotted and unbecoming.



The sun was setting when they arrived, so they ate lunch first, remembering a former experience when, in the dark, Bob had carefully laid the bottle of olives outside the canoe. Afterward they paddled about in the long twilight, sometimes drifting, sometimes fishing for lilies, and once in a while singing together when they grew tired of talking. "It makes Bob realize that we are just friends," Dorothy was thinking, "if I don't try to entertain him. After all, it is by far the best way just to act one's self; then people get out of the habit of expecting things from you. Now the lieutenant expected me to be in love just because I put myself out to study military tactics and the Spanish War. Bob is so different and so reliable," she sighed. "I am getting to understand him pretty well. He's such a practical old comfort."

"Let's draw up beside the bank," broke in Bob; "there are mosquitoes out here."

"Won't there be more there?" queried the girl.

"Oh no, they never go under beech-trees," he asserted, arriving there with two or three masterly strokes.

"But they're thick here," protested Dorothy, after they had been there a few minutes. "My hands are bitten already."

She would not have said that to any one but Bob, and it surprised her beyond words when he asked, "Won't you let me hold them?"—adding hastily, "just to keep the mosquitoes off, you know."

While Dorothy was questioning whether that was exactly in line with this kind of friendship, he had taken them both in his big brown ones. This was a new phase of Bob. Dorothy began to study his actions and her impressions under the circumstance. "Agreeable," she admitted; "I never realized what—what his hands were like before."

"Dorothy, do you see that moon up there?" She nodded, although it was getting rather dark for the nod to be appreciated. "It was glorious last Wednesday night, and the water was as smooth as glass. The other fellows had gone ashore, but I stayed behind for a smoke and a good, long think."

"Why,"—Dorothy spoke before she thought and therefore naturally,—"I was looking at the moon that night, too."

"You were, Dorothy?" The eagerness of his tone made the girl start. Bob was getting different. Should she let him go on? Could he possibly get very different and run the risk of—

of spoiling it all? Then came her inevitable longing for a "new experience"; and, after all, was she not going to be perfectly natural and do what she liked? It was contrary to her inclinations last summer, when she had turned aside the athlete and, instead of hearing what he had to say, had asked to be taken in for the next waltz.

"And do you know, Dorothy, it was you I was thinking of, and from that night on I could hardly wait to get back. I wanted to know if you missed me, I wanted to know if you any more than I could feel happy when we were apart, because—" His voice was low, and Dorothy was distinctly conscious that his words were producing a pleasant sensation somewhere near her heart. "—because, dear, I love you."

Just what she said or did after that will never be related, for somehow, from that point on, she forgot to analyze. But then, that too was natural.

FLORENCE EVELYN SMITH.

### IN HARMONY

To live so close to Nature's soul,  
The soul that stirs the summer breeze,  
That fashions countless books from greenwood trees,  
That murmurs into every form of life  
An undertone of melody so strangely rife  
With harmonies before unknown of men,  
That human ears are startled, touched, enthralled,  
And strain to catch again  
Some echo of the wondrous, unwrit song;  
To be so much a part of all the power that sways the world,  
That lights the stars, and feels within itself  
The vast, compelling force of endless life,  
That each far-throbbing heart-beat of the greater life  
Finds some small echo in our humanness,  
Vibrating strangely from the power unrealized heretofore,  
This is it that I long to feel, and know, and feel again,  
That something of its glorious meaning I may give to men.

EDITH TURNER NEWCOMB.

## **CONFESSED**

Confessed—what long my bursting heart did hold ;  
Just as the sun, long hid 'neath clouds of gray,  
Ofttimes breaks quickly forth at close of day  
And flushes all the world with God's great gold.

Confessed—as after sunset comes the frost,  
With night advancing slowly, dark and cold,  
Despair draws o'er me, lest I seemed too bold,  
And my lips' gain had been my heart's great loss.

Confessed—your words through my despair,  
Like stars through evening dark, begin to shine ;  
I feel your fingers slipping into mine,  
Your tears and kisses falling on my hair.

MAUDE BARROWS DUTTON.

## **FADS IN SPEECH AND CONVERSATION**

Faddishness is a manifestation of the imitative instinct of man, a part of our inheritance according to the Darwinian theory. It does not, therefore, stand alone and unrelated, but has many connections, some of them in better standing than itself ; it is twin sister to fashion, that organized faddishness that rules our gowning, and is related to etiquette, which is merely a common consenting to imitate the manners of those who possess social graces. This is a family of old lineage, nor is the fad itself a modern development. Olympus felt its influence, when Jove's terrestrial amours were repeated among all the lesser gods. And surely Egypt's most famous queen, when she drank pearls dissolved in vinegar, gave occasion for a violent fad among the Egyptian court ladies ; else it was because pearls were abundant only in the royal treasure-vaults and vinegar unendurable to any palate but that of a Cleopatra. The master mind in a cage of monkeys is he who sets the fashions. He is the originator, the creative genius, the artist. He is always ready with a new and original method of swinging by his tail, and a flock of his fellows, in a frenzy of hero-worship, is ever hastening to festoon itself in imitation. Only a few—too old

and stiff for such gymnastics, perhaps—sit in the corner and bewail the prevalence of fads in monkeydom.

We may divide fads into two classes, according to the nature of their subjects. These are those which cheapen fine things, and those which, on the contrary, give a kind of false value to cheap or worthless things. Fads of the first class have the one very real advantage of bringing fine things into the reach of many, a service not to be wholly counterbalanced by any possible loss in quality. Thus the fads for certain pictures, as of Queen Louise and of Hosea, are a step in the popularization of art. The second class in this division admits of less justification, and to this class belong nearly all those fads that are embodied in our conversation. Of these, slang is of course representative, and, though slang itself is an ever-present phenomenon, those special phrases of our speech to which the name belongs display the typical aspect of the fad both in the enthusiasm aroused by their use and in the exceeding brevity of their existence.

It is sometimes held that slang is a regenerator of language. No doubt several expressions have been introduced into the language through its agency, have been given countenance, and have found their way into all the dictionaries. Yet these are few compared to the number of slang words and phrases that have passed through our daily speech, to die utterly or to be handed down to posterity in the biography of some "Chimmie Fadden," where they arouse the same kind of interest and curiosity as does a century-old fashion book. Slang, in its particular forms, is of too local a nature to be more than dialectical, and too fleeting to become incorporated into language proper. A few exceptionally effective slang phrases pass over the country, like the best newspaper jokes, and are intelligible to nearly everybody, but even these soon meet their deserved fate. A friend of mine who was studying in a Southern seminary brought back on one of her vacations several slang expressions commonly used, she said, in Virginia. She greeted her friends thus: "Hello, Sport!" Any one who met with her disapproval she dubbed a "mean squirt," while people who were uninteresting from the boarding-school point of view were stigmatized as "old buzzards." These terms were heard with horror by the elder, and with disapproval by the younger, members of her acquaintance, the New England youths preferring

their native equivalents, such as "old pal," "freak," "chump," etc., and frowning upon any Southern innovations.

Language follows certain laws of development, but slang knows no rules, not even that of the survival of the fittest, as the longevity of that strangely popular expression, "rubber-neck," proves. This word I have discovered to be a leveler of class distinctions, a witness to the genuineness of our democracy. It falls as naturally from the college girl's lips as from those of the negro street-minstrel who makes it the burden of his vulgar song. It is everywhere intelligible and will soon claim the label, "sanctioned by usage." College is a fruitful field for the fad-seeker, and here are noticeable many varieties of the conversational fad. Nearly every house contains some clever artist in unusual and striking forms of speech, whose influence can be detected in the speech of all her associates. Some one says, "Come and play with me," instead of the ordinary "Come and see me," and thenceforward all Smith College "plays" with its little friends. I have heard the honor of originating this expression hotly contested among several claimants, just as the place of Dante's birth is disputed by various Italian cities.

The fad rules not only our language, but often the subject of our conversation also. In the seventeenth century Sir Isaac Newton made scientific matters fashionable in polite society, and everybody must talk of science, although society was most superficially informed. At some periods it has been the fad to display learning; at others one must conceal all evidences of erudition. There have been times when ladies smiled most sweetly on those cavaliers who flattered them most extravagantly; to-day we are not so grateful for broad compliments. The modern society woman represents the spirit of her age when she calls upon her neighbor, by discussing twenty matters in as many minutes, careful never to dwell upon one long enough to get interested in the subject.

It is said that to-day there are no good talkers; and there are surely none where fads prevail. For talking is self-expression, and conversation is worthless except as individuality is displayed in it. The greatest charm in Robert Louis Stevenson's conversation, as in his letters, was that he gave himself so freely. But this is impossible to the faddist, who is an imitator, and who soon loses the power to be natural. Fads tend to re-

duce everybody to one likeness, in external matters at least. A world in which everybody is doing the same thing in the same way would be very uninteresting, yet that is very much the aspect of those little worlds where fads are the most noticeable feature. Our literary experience is not more greatly broadened by reading all the modern romantic novels than if we have read only two or three of the best of these ; and if all my acquaintances talk about the same things in the same way, I am very little richer for having many than if I had but one.

These are serious charges against the conversational fad : that it takes away from our social relations naturalness and the power of genuine enthusiasm ; that it chisels into uniformity those forms of self-expression in which individuality should be most naturally revealed, and which, without the force of individuality, become destitute of interest and of value.

RUTH BARBARA CANEDY.

## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### THE BOMMATSURI

Three little days of peace and rest  
Thy head hath nestled on my breast ;  
And Thou, familiar yet unseen,  
Hast hallowed every care.  
Almost, methought, I seemed to hear  
Thy childish prattle, as in prayer  
I bowed before Thy shrine, and felt  
Thy blessed Presence there.

Three little days,—and now the hour  
Of parting ; for the night mists lower  
Above the whispering sea that bears  
Thy comrades outward bound  
To viewless shores. Thy shallop, too,  
Laden with sweets and taper-crowned,  
Must forth. Farewell, my Child. The care  
Of Jizo fold thee round !

RUTH LOUISE GAINES.

In England the tea-table is a very serious matter. It is recommended to the esteem of all serious-minded Englishmen by being handed down from their forefathers and **Tea-Tables** firmly established by precedent. The tea-pot and cups are the Englishman's Lares and Penates, and like Æneas with his household gods he bears them with him on his wanderings and sets them up in his new-found home. He brought them to America as soon as he discovered them himself, and they might be established here yet but for the fact that a difference arose between the two countries as to how tea should be drunk, the Americans refusing milk and preferring salt water. This is a proof of the influence of the beverage, for it caused the final separation of the milk from the salt water partisans, and from this dates the existence of the

United States, an unfortunate occurrence, but we believe the only case where the influence of tea has been other than beneficial. The difference in tastes shown by this first altercation has gone on increasing to this day, till now, though the custom of tea-drinking exists in both countries, the ceremony in America has so far diverged as to be almost unrecognizable, and this divergence is the matter now in question.

In England "tea" is one of the most charming episodes of the day. There is the nursery tea which is in the nature of a meal, and is exactly like a scene from "Alice in Wonderland." The little straight-haired, bare-legged children group around a large table with nurse at the head and partake of bread and jam and scones, and tea enough to spoil a grown person's night in America. Nursery tea is equivalent to supper, but downstairs in the parlor, tea is only a restful and refreshing interlude, an informal gathering between the two great labours of the day—business and dinner.

The tea-table looks very inviting with its white cloth and array of capacious cups, its large tea-urn kept hot by the comfortable, quilted tea-cozy, and its plates of bread and butter, sandwiches, and cake on the shelf underneath. The members of the family drop in one by one, the day's callers have already been "teased" and have gone, except perhaps one or two intimates who do not break the family circle. Twilight falls and everything is peaceful and quiet. Everybody who gathers around the table is in that sociable, easy mood which only comes when one has deliberately chosen to steal a few moments from time for enjoyment. It is something to be looked forward to much as children regard the fifteen minute recess in the middle of school-time. Perhaps the ladies of the family have had one or two cups already with their callers, perhaps they have just come in from a round of calls and a cup at every house, but that will not deter them from one more for sociability's sake. What are five or six cups to an Englishman? The regular rule is one with a sandwich or bread and butter, another with cake. *Pater Familias* is usually distinguished by an extra large cup, perhaps one of those famous ones "you could swim in." The task of pouring tea falls to the youngest daughter, the freshest from the nursery, for English families always seem to have an endless procession of daughters being ground out from the nursery to matrimony. And it is no small task to keep a tea-



table with all its appurtenances running smoothly throughout the afternoon, and yet have it ready for an extra strain at night-fall. So the youngest girl anxiously manipulates urn, cups, and spoons with more or less skill according to the length of her apprenticeship, while her brothers chaff her gently and the sister next above her enjoys the luxury of being served instead of serving. Everybody sits in his favorite chair, the chat skips irregularly about the room, night falls, and one by one the cups in the depths of the various easy chairs are clicked gently back into the saucers, and the gathering melts away with a sense of being rested and ready for that solemn and lengthy ceremony, the English dinner. Tea comes between day's work and dinner, like the benediction between the sermon and collection.

We of late have reintroduced the tea-table and incidentally tea, but where is the charm of it gone? Ours is like a fungus growth on the day's doings, not a part of them. Where is the good of tea just before a six o'clock dinner, and where the men of the family are never at home for it, and when nobody can drink it anyway for fear of nerves? Tea with us is a little parade, a little passing in review before guests, dear to the feminine mind and sneered at by the masculine. And what a transformation in the very trappings of the tea-table! One can hardly recognize it as kin to the one across the ocean.

The American housewife seeks the smallest table she can find, then the smallest and most delicate tea-pot, dainty, fantastic cups, impossible little spoons, and crowds all this paraphernalia on the table, crowning the whole with the horrible superstructure of a fidgety spirit-lamp and kettle. This stands there day after day accumulating dust, till the unwary visitor drops in. The hostess fills her lamp, and straightway the evil odor of alcohol pervades the room. Then she fidgets about seeking a place to scratch her match, the edge of the table, the chair, the floor, and finally lights the thing and resolutely folds her hands. But both she and her visitor have one eye on the treacherous little flame, nervously ready at any moment to pounce upon it with the extinguisher. It flickers—every motion of the ladies sends it flaring away from them towards the lace curtains. If it goes one bit further now, watch it. Oh what a narrow escape! The visitor barely restrains herself from exclaiming, "Thank Heaven!" The kettle has begun to pour its insipid jet of steam into the hostess's face,—it is time for the extinguisher.

Why are extinguishers so hard to manage? It seems an eternity while the flame is jumping nervously and the extinguisher sliding about before it settles firmly on. The visitor takes her cup and a minute but at least faultlessly dainty biscuit. The cup poised on one leg with an airy coquettishness, slender and graceful as a lily cup, how dainty it is! But alas! the lump of sugar and the lemon have filled it almost entirely. There is, however, a little tea lurking in the corners. An attempt to crush the lemon results in a narrow escape from the overthrow of the unsteady thing; stirring is impossible, and the sugar will not melt. It must then be drunk raw. With fortitude the visitor raises the cup to her lips. Alas! (or perhaps fortunately) no sooner has she tilted the cup almost enough to sip, than the rim bumps her nose. One could wish for a stork's bill to drink from the impossible thing. At sight of the minuteness of the spoon, all desire to conquer the exasperating cup and make it yield its treasure by spoonfuls fades away, and there is nothing to do but hold it for a space. This she does gingerly, trembling lest it commit some antic, a fear that increases as it totters with her every movement, till finally she breathes a sigh of relief as she sets it down. Oh for the commodious tea-pot, the generous cream jug, the comfortable cup willing to empty its heart in sweet consolation for all your woes and wearinesses! Gone is the soothing calm and nonchalant ease—the tea-pot has lost its halo! And this obnoxious little growth which disturbs instead of aids the current of a call, let us banish it away forever, let its members be scattered to the ends of the house, to the gloomy attic and chill top shelf of the china closet, and let the odor of the incense of the burnt offering be no more smelt in the land!

FANNY HASTINGS.

The summer boarder sat on the edge of the porch, basking in the sun and dreamily watching her landlady, Mrs. Peters.

Mrs. Peters was tall and thin

**The Trials of the Oppressed** and sad, the loose skin on her face hung in mournful, drooping folds, her gray hair was pulled back tightly into a close, hard knot. She held a bright pan in her lap into which the green peas hopped with a brisk patter as they were rapidly pushed out from the pod by the thin, active fingers.

"Yes, Miss MacDonald," she was saying, "there ain't no use talkin', what we wimmin folks need is sympathy. Now as a child I alwus jest had to be coddled and sympathized with, an' now I've grown sick an' ailin', I do jest long for a little interest an' attention. Not that I want to be fussed over, but jest a kindly interest, that's all I ask for." Mrs. Peters's voice was high pitched and plaintive. "I don't never expect to git it though," she went on mournfully. "He ain't one to sympathize; he's too wrapped up in his own concerns. Not that I'm complainin'," she added quickly. "There ain't a cleverer, kinder man in the village. He's nice round the house an' don't make a mite of trouble, not a mite; but I do say that sometimes when I'm ailin' I do jest long for some one to enquire how I feel an' jest take a little notice. I ain't never been rugged, you know. I've tried all kinds of them patent medicines, but they don't seem to do no good, not a mite! But bless you! He never knows the difference."

Mrs. Peters sighed and rocked far back and forward, her hands never idle. "Now I recollect one day last winter when I was feelin' real miserable. I couldn't barely draw one foot after t'other. Bimeby I had to lie down on the sofy all petered out. My liver I guess 'twas. Well he cum in pretty soon an' pulled his rockin' cheer up to the stove an' begun to talk 'bout Si Bartlett an' them fellers down the cross-roads, you know. An' he talked an' talked an' there I was a-lyin' there as peaked as I cud be an' he never once asked me how I was nor what the matter was. Never noticed it at all, you see.

"Well I was bound and determined I wouldn't complain; I jest grit my teeth an' never let on how bad off I was. I managed to drag myself round enough to git supper on the table, an' he set down an' et a hearty meal, an' I never swallowed a morsel. But he never once noticed! I didn't say a word neither, but I jest slammed them dishes around I tell you, and he was so took up with eatin' an' drinkin' he didn't notice that either.

"Now it warn't a week later that he come in all petered out. I knew the minit I see him that somethin' was up, an' s'I to myself, 'Now, Marthy Peters, you jest be firm!' So I never said a word. He sot down to the table an' put his head in his hands an' looked like he'd lost his last friend. He looked at his plate an' didn't tech a bite. Every once in a while he'd kinder shiver.

I sot down an' et my dinner an' didn't once ask what the matter was. I knew all he wanted was just a little coddlin' an' sympathy, but I wouldn't give in for the world.

"Purty soon he sez real low and sad like, 'I ain't feelin' well, Marthy.' 'Ain't you?' sez I, just as unconcerned.

"He pushed back his cheer an' went an' sat down by the stove, all doubled up. I knew all he wanted was attention, but I wouldn't say nothin'.

"'I had a chill down't the village,' he sez.

"'Did you,' sez I, clearin' off the dishes.

"'I guess I'm goin' to have one of my sick spells, Marthy,' sez he, 'an' if I don't never git better I want you to have the farm.'

"I kinder choked at that, but I was bound I wouldn't give in.

"'My feet have been soakin' wet all day,' he sez in that patient, sad voice of his.

"Then he commenced to shake all over an' his teeth rattled. I couldn't stand it no longer. If there's anything I have a dread of, it's wet feet. You may recollect how my brother Hiram took sick that way an' died within twenty-four hours. I guv right in then, an' quicker'n scat I had them water-soaked boots off an' his feet into smokin' hot mustard water. I guv him a good, strong bowlful of hot yarb tea an' got him to bed. In less'n ten minutes he was a-snorin' with hot water bottles all around him an' three or four comforters on top of him.

"Men folks ain't got no idea 'bout takin' keer of themselves anyhow, an' it falls to the lot of us wimmin to look out for them an' suffer in silence ourselves. So I've found out."

ANNE HARRIET COE.

#### QUATRAIN

Could gold be gold were it not tried by fire?  
Or rubies rare but for some lesser glow?  
So all things precious do some test require,—  
Love is not love which only joys can know.

ELIZABETH HAMLIN MACNIEL.

Of course it doesn't begin to compare with tennis or golf, it isn't worthy of being called a game in the sense that they are,

but it is nevertheless a mild and  
chastened form of recreation,—a  
Croquet or  
"The Strenuous Life" game of resignation for those from  
whom tennis, the breath of life,

and golf, the one thing needful, are cut off. Besides, it is a grand way of entertaining tiresome visitors. After sitting three quarters of an hour enduring the raptures of a caller over the beauty of our very mild little view, or answering a census blank of questions from the little old lady from the village, who takes this way of showing "her interest," a way of escape, or at least of respite, is opened by a game of croquet. Then again the gaily striped stakes, the bright banded balls and slender wickets give a homelike, well-inhabited air to the place, which is increased by the soft fluttering of light summer dresses on a warm afternoon, and the rippling laughter and airy banter of the players make up a charming scene of life and movement and color.

We quarreled over setting up the wickets. As we are a spirited family all such decisions are reached only after discussion, which calls into play powers of debate often brilliant and always prolonged. One side of the family estate took the form of a hay-field, obviously unfitted for our present use. The back was claimed first by an orchard, then by a vegetable garden; a small space left between the woodpile and the barn was well adapted in every way except for the untoward fact of being intersected by a carriage drive. The other side offered an unbroken stretch of good sod tempting to the superficial observer, but which the expert's eye would have discovered to be basin-shaped, some would even have said funnel-shaped. This was thought to be somewhat of an advantage, however, for all balls would go direct to the center. Therefore, from whatever point you struck, you were able to count on hitting your opponent's ball. Of course when it came to going through any of the wickets, except the center ones—but there are always those who carp.

The odds were now between the side lawn or "funnel faction" and the front lawn or "pine grove party." The front lawn boasted three young pine trees which, after ten years of watch-

ing and rigid cultivation and prayer, had been coaxed upward to the height of some fifteen feet, with corresponding circumference and shade. These, which fell all three within the boundary of the court, together with the relics of a former gravel path, gently cloaked with dandelions and plantain and the traces of a flower-bed of a former summer and a graduated series of ant hills, lent variety and a certain rugged charm to the prospect. As the writer was a pine grove partisan her complaisance must be pardoned in recording the fact that our stakes were pitched on the front lawn. She wishes to add to the honor of the rival faction that, with the question once settled, no reference was made, not even in the hour of exasperation, to the smoothly rolling surface of the side lawn.

The golfiac found our game as exciting as his own, for what links offered hazards such as ours? The tennis fiend ceased complaint at the monotony and inactivity of the game, for the contour of the ground was such that one had to be ready to leap into the air at a moment's notice, as it was impossible to predict what sudden turn a ball might make. We seldom dared to ask even our most tiresome visitors to play with us, because, aside from the slight surface obstructions I have mentioned, the court lay level for half its width, then slanted for the third quarter and canted abruptly for the fourth. To us who knew this, it was all in the game, but the stranger arched his eyebrow to see a ball gently struck fly swiftly across the court, down the slope and into the distance. Again we knew that at a certain point one's ball is protected by a circling rampart of ant hills, and we learned to avoid the spot; but the stranger falling into it unawares was annoyed at having a third or fourth attempt to escape from this prison only result in rolling his ball back again into the lap of three miniature Alps. There was a never ending variety in our game. One wicket might be approached in three different ways; there was the mountain route via the ant hills, the valley road, formed by a long curving wagon rut, and the water shed, wild and picturesque. I do not remember any rippling laughter or airy banter proceeding from our court. I do recall, however, hoarse shouts that doubtless made us by-words with our neighbors, and yells of baffled rage, for life with a croquet ball on such a battle-field as ours was not to be taken lightly.

Whether the threadbare plantains and brown stalky grass and battered ant hills added to the homelike appearance of our place is for an outsider to say, but in any case the head of the household said that what little lawn was there was rapidly going to destruction and unless we could set up the wickets somewhere else we should have to stop playing. So one melancholy day we pulled up the wickets, and the funnel faction, which had fallen into decay, failing to put in its claim, the gaily striped stakes whose knobs had come off, the bright banded balls whose colors were no more, and the slender wickets bent and contorted in the agony of the game, were all packed away in the attic.

JULIA POST MITCHELL.

"I have absolutely nothing more to say—nothing," cried Barrymore's sister.

She remained standing in the center of the room, staring up at her brother with hot and angry eyes. For him, he regarded her collectedly enough. In his mind a tumult of disquieting thoughts threatened to overwhelm that equanimity which had throughout distinguished his bearing toward her. But he forced them savagely back; he brought himself to an ultimatum.

"Sister," he said with earnestness, "I too have done. My strongest claims appear to you like absurdities, and when that is said, there is nothing left to say. I have neither reproaches nor apologies. After I have left you to-night I shall make arrangements with her for our coming marriage."

He paused. The passion of her upturned face, born amid surroundings so well ordered and richly habited, struck him as a curious paradox. With momentary detachment of mood his eyes ran over the room, marking, as though for the first time, the painted hangings, the statues in their niches, even the crimsons and blues in a vase of flowers. Then he returned to the figure of his sister, exquisite in its draperies, its laces, and trembling with defiance and wrath.

"Hereafter, it is possible we shall not often meet. I have made no plans for the future. You have demonstrated that society will dismiss me. I could ask for nothing more to my liking. I shall devote myself to my profession."

"And your wife?" she asked, with emphasis.

"My wife we won't consider at present. Good evening. Don't let me keep you from your party."

He bowed, and turned sharply toward the door. But on the threshold she arrested him with a cry.

"Louis—your child!"

He hesitated.

Even then, with an angry reluctance, she noted the grace of his bearing, the power, the charm, in the suggestion of that head; those somber eyes he turned upon her. So much gift and promise to be so wantonly sacrificed—one who had aimed so high to be brought so low—*marriage*—with a concert-singer, a girl of the music-halls!—her cheeks flamed. Drawing nearer, and lowering her voice, which had grown shrill, she said rapidly:

"You allow me no voice, no rights, you cast us all off. But you can't cast off your child, you will have to answer to her some day, you will have to answer to yourself for what she grows into. Don't you know that there are some debts you have got to pay, that there are obligations you can't evade, that when you risk yourself you risk yourself, but when you venture your child, it's a different matter? It's hopeless to speak of these things to one whose sense of justice doesn't teach them. All I know is that little things, servants and friends, can't protect her from you, just now; after a while, you can't protect her from—some one else!"

The tone, the emphasis, she threw upon these last words were indescribable. With a gesture he stopped her.

"Leave that to me," he said sternly. "There are some things I can not discuss; one of them is my attitude toward my child."

His eyes rested upon her for a moment with a dignity, a melancholy, that half abashed her. Then he turned and went into the street.

It was raining when he arrived at the theater; cabmen were pacing the wet flag-stones, whistling snatches from the splendid air the prima donna had sung. Inside the house, people were bending to and fro, gathering up their wraps, their bouquets, their programs, gently crowding their way to the exits, where the fresh wind from the rainy street blew up among the perfumes and glittering lights. Behind the curtain, behind



the wings and boxes, he found the prima donna herself, perched carelessly upon a trunk in her tiny dressing room.

The place was in great confusion. All around lay stage appurtenances of a hundred sorts, blue and white dancing costumes, spurred riding boots, lace shawls, caskets of paste jewels, some scarfs of colored crêpe, some velvet cloaks, boxes of manuscript, piles of music, pots of rouge and rice powder, and on a stand by the window, a waiter of biscuits.

A maid was packing in the corner. Uninterrupted by Louis Barrymore's entrance she went on with her work, whilst he talked, restlessly and indifferently, upon formal subjects. The prima donna wore a preoccupied air. For some moments she sat, her hands clasped about her knee, absently gazing at the rain drops beating at the window pane. She was a slight and childish creature, with a curly head, a small, pointed face, and the most mournfully exquisite blue eyes. She did not listen, or she did not appear to listen, to the man's remarks.

But all at once, some word of his seemed to rouse her. Her breast heaved suddenly. She turned and addressed the maid in French.

"You may go," she said. "I will ring when I have need of you."

Then, looking up at him, a curious shadow in her eyes, she said to Barrymore, "Your sister was here to-day."

He regarded her, speechless. All at once a look of storm overspread her small face. She slipped from the trunk and moving to the window, threw up the sash. A shower of stray drops drifted in. Disregarding the rain, she stood there leaning against the wet sill, her ribbons fluttering in the breeze, her hair sparkling with moisture, a charmingly graceful little figure, but with something hunted, something desperate, in the look she turned upon him.

"This can't go on. I can't have it any longer," she said.

He took a step toward her.

"I don't know what you mean," he said. "What is it my sister wanted with you?"

"You don't know—you haven't any idea—do you suppose it was for the first time?" she cried. "I thought I shouldn't trouble—but it's not to be borne. They're determined we shan't marry—that's all. Yesterday one of them—one of them—tried to buy me off. I shan't tell you his name. I don't want him

punished—it's not that at all. It's just that I am tired—tired—”

Her voice dropped. She stood there looking up at him.

“You must just please to stop it,” she said. “Because, you see, if it goes on, my heart will break.”

“Cicely!”

“Yes,” she answered, nodding her curly head, her lips tightly pressed together in the effort to keep from trembling. “I can't sing any more—not any more. How can one sing with such—such—trouble?”

And she paused, looking up at him again with wide blue eyes, quite composed, smiling even, but smiling in a way that was heart-rending.

He felt the situation intolerable.

“Why—*why* have you kept this from me?” he demanded in shaking tones.

She looked at him silently. There was something in her eyes, something at once plaintive and divine, which checked him for a moment. Then his glance hardened. He swept some things from a chair, and drawing it forward, made her sit down.

“Tell me,” he said, “tell me how long this has gone on.”

She shook her head with a gesture both childish and tragic.

“What's the use?” she replied. “Do you think I kept count? Long enough, it seems, to break my spirit.”

“What did my sister say?”

“What does it matter? What they all said, I suppose. She said she cared for you. She said I was spoiling your chances. She said you were awfully young. Are you awfully young?”

He did not reply.

“She said your first marriage was a mistake, and she wanted to save you from another. Whether it's a marriage or a mistake she wishes to save you from, I didn't gather. She said the child was the light of their eyes—of your father's—of every one's—and you would never consent to give it up. She said it would kill your father.”

“That's enough.” He began pacing up and down the room. Her eyes followed him in silence. All at once he stopped in front of her.

“We've argued it out—all of this,” he said harshly. “One thing I've never asked of you. What is your feeling toward the child?”

There was a singular pause. She did not move. When she raised her eyes, their expression was unfathomable.

"I loathe children. However—I could put up with it—I daresay," she answered curtly.

The color left her cheeks. She rose, and going to a table, began to gather up some papers and lay them carefully together in a drawer.

For a moment the man's gaze followed her, noting the movements of her childish hands, the small and sensitive face, where something proud struggled with something distressed. Then he joined her.

"Cicely—when will you marry me?" he said.

"When I have played out this engagement," she replied.

"When my two months are up."

"Impossible—you will marry me now."

She looked at him.

"Do you think I will break my contract—for you—for your sister—for any one? Do not urge me."

He caught her wrists.

"If you would trust to me—if you would let me arrange—decide—"

She regarded him steadily.

"It can't be arranged. Ah, you should not, you should not oppose me. I do not yield."

They knew that it was a crisis. But she did not waver. Only, all at once, there were tears in her eyes.

"At the same time that I hurt you, I am hurting myself," she whispered.

He folded his arms.

"I believe in you," he said. "You do not frighten me. The risks—there are no risks. I believe in you."

She drew nearer a step. Her beautiful eyes were like flowers. When she spoke, her voice was pure music.

"I should like you always to believe in me—like that," she said.

After their marriage there were vague rumors about the child. Some said the mother's family would take it. Some said the father's family would take it. Some said they would put it out to school. During the honeymoon it was never mentioned.

One Sunday evening the wedding party came home to their country house. It was the hour of dusk. The western horizon was piled with golden clouds, the nodding primroses were bathed in dew, and the songs of linnets filled the air. As the carriage rolled up the drive, a troop of servants gathered in the door-ways and verandas. Somewhere in the background a yellow-haired child, six or seven years old, was holding her nurse's hand. There was a clamor, a confusion, and then, one by one, they melted away, leaving the three alone—Louis Barrymore, Cicely, and the child. There was a pause.

"Will you see about the baggage?" said Cicely.

Barrymore went out.

The child stood motionless, gazing at Cicely. Her fresh face, her ball of yellow curls, her green frock and sash, all gave her the air of a dandelion or a marigold. Moreover, there was in her eyes that liquid look which a flower takes on after a rain. Presently she spoke.

"I am wondering," she said, "why my papa has brought you here."

"It might have been to play with you," suggested Cicely.

"Are you a nurse like Matilda?"

"Do I look like Matilda?"

The child regarded her earnestly.

"What is your name?" she said.

"It is Cicely. It is Cicely Barrymore."

"It is like my papa's. Are you his aunt?"

"No."

"His cousin?"

"No."

"What then?"

Cicely drooped her head.

"Wait," said the child, advancing. "Are you the interloper? Matilda was speaking of one. If you are the interloper, you had better go before my papa finds it out."

"I haven't any place to go," said Cicely, with a trembling lip.

"Haven't you any mother?"

"No."

The child regarded her gently.

"That is a different matter," she said.

She moved nearer, and began to study her.

"He will have to know," she declared at length.

Cicely eyed her helplessly.

"But," she hastened to add, "you need not tell him. I will tell him."

"What will you say?" asked Cicely.

"I will say to him," said the child, "that on my account he must not send you away. I will promise to give up Bruno. I will tell him he has only to let you stay, and my silver porringer, with all the dominoes, are his. He will listen to me."

"Because," said Cicely, "because of the dominoes?"

"Yes," she replied, "and because he is fond of me. He will let you stay because he is fond of me."

The door opened, and Barrymore came in.

"Listen," said the child in clarion tones, advancing, and taking Cicely's hand. "The dominoes and the silver porringer are yours. You may give them to the heathen now, for all I care."

He stared at her.

"I had rather you did not give Bruno to the heathen," she added, more falteringly. "Bruno is my young puppy, and I love him."

"What is this?" he asked.

"The interloper. I must tell you that she is the interloper. But if you care for me at all, you will let her stay. I will try to answer for her. You will be good?" she asked, turning to Cicely.

"I will be good," said Cicely.

EDITH LABAREE LEWIS.

## EDITORIAL

So much has been said and written with regard to examination week that we are inclined to feel that the last word on the subject has been presented. It will appear however to one who examines existing treatments of the theme, that certain phases of it have invariably been neglected. The soul and substance of the usual discourse on examinations amounts approximately to this,—that if they are not enjoyable they are so beneficial that no thoughtful person could wish to do away with them; and that if a student has done her work perfectly from day to day, she has no reason for regarding the semi-annual test with apprehension. The first proposition appears based upon a mistaken premise, and the second so narrow as to be quite insufficient. The attitude of those who have done their work perfectly toward examinations is a foregone conclusion. For them the week of trial will be a placid time of reviewing and of systematizing; and unless there is something superhuman in them they will derive some enjoyment from a sense of superiority over those of their sisters who are less well equipped for the battle. As for those who have done very little work and very poor work, examinations are for them just retribution, the inexorable consequence of the law of cause and effect. But between the drone and the irreproachable worker stands another class, composed of those who have worked, as they thought, faithfully enough from day to day, who yet find when they come to the time of examination that their knowledge is slighter and vaguer than they had believed, and who realize that if they acquit themselves creditably it will not be without an effort. The drone suffers, justly and keenly; the irreproachable worker reaping her reward experiences only calm sensations. It is more particularly from the point of view of the third class that our theme is to be treated—the silver lining of examination week.

That there is such a silver lining is undeniable. If we could always keep this in mind, would it not be better? Who of us has not had the feeling, after passing through the ordeal, that it was not so bad as she had expected, and that she should not

dread it again? It is a pity that this comfortable state of mind should be so fleeting; most of all that it should pass away utterly as February or June approaches. For of the vivid and various emotions attendant upon examination week, the majority are pleasurable in a greater or less degree; some fairly delightful; and very few wholly without a redeeming quality. With regard to cramming, in the first place,—and let not the use of this term be misunderstood. It is chosen merely in deference to custom; and its purpose is to designate not the feverish process often associated with it, but the thorough, systematic, sustained yet not immoderate kind of work that goes on during the week of examinations. Who that has assisted in a cramming-party of this nature will deny that much amusement as well as profit is in it? Or if one rejects the lightening of labor that results from coöperation in favor of a quieter and more independent review, there is the gratification of feeling oneself in command of the subject. Not the least satisfaction of examination week is the sensation that it imparts to one of being well informed.

There remain the more incidental enjoyments. By the end of a semester, the breaking up of routine involved in the cessation of lectures and recitations is welcome. There is a day or two when one has no examination scheduled; when one strolls home from chapel with a feeling of irresponsibility. There are well-earned hours of doubly sweet idleness. There is the pleasure of glibly penning a ready answer; or of being consoled in a despondent stare around the room by a look of woe on the face of the girl who volunteers in so discouraging a manner. In years to come, how many of us will remember examination week as a period not halcyon perhaps, but vivid and pleasurable; a time when we were freed to some extent from our bondage to the stroke of the hour; when we waved a pitying farewell to our friends setting off for the fray, ourselves peaceful in the consciousness of two hours more in which to round off our fund of knowledge, or better when we returned joyful from a nine o'clock examination and met others hastening to an eleven o'clock, burdened with all the small accoutrements of writing, and wearing anxious looks; when we closed the door on our last examination of all the week, breathing a long, happy sigh, and resolving—futile resolve!—not to worry again!

## EDITOR'S TABLE

Interest in internal affairs seems to be the order of the day for college papers. This month's issue brings an unusual amount of frank, careful discussion of college problems. An article by President Hazard, in the Wellesley Magazine, on "Some Dangers of Student Life," is of general interest, inasmuch as it is addressed to Wellesley students not as a distinct class, but as "just ordinary sinners." Miss Hazard points out no dangers that have never before received attention, but she lays new emphasis upon old warnings. The danger of hurry, the danger of roughness, and the danger of social dissipation,—these are the three against which she would have us keep most vigilant guard. The safeguard that she advises against these dangers is an old one, too. "We must attain to something of St. Paul's conception of the body; we must bring our members under subjection."

At Cornell, sharp dispute has arisen over the proposal, made by the men of the freshman class, to form separate organizations for themselves and their women classmates. The measure is combated, not only by the ardent advocates of co-education, but also by those, even of opposite personal views in some cases, who had prided themselves upon the comparative dignity and good grace with which had been accepted the decision of the Cornell authorities to admit women students upon an equal footing with men. In the Era for this month Hon. John DeWitt Warner gives "Graduate Opinion on Class Organization," strongly opposing any discrimination against women students. The woman student has done good and not evil all the days of her life at Cornell, he says; she has made a record of which the University may well be proud. "And," he continues, "there is another reason for great conservatism in this matter. \* \* You will recall without my mention some of the institutions at which, of late years, the 'Anti-Woman' crusade has been most marked; and will also recall how generally the most extreme manifestations of this have been in proportion to the insignificance of the institutions and the immaturity of the students. Those who love Cornell would regret anything done by her freshmen that should tend to class them and our University with the boys and the colleges that have



furnished the more prominent precedents of such apparent embarrassment in woman's presence as has prompted what women students may have felt was discourtesy." This is good advice, and represents the spirit which will probably in the end prevail. In the meantime, that the situation is not all that is pleasant for the women students seems to be evidenced by a decidedly bitter enumeration of "Some Advantages of Co-education," by a "Co-ed," who urges her sisters to rejoice in the privilege of furnishing material for the witticisms of the college humorous paper, and in the opportunities afforded them of learning their own insignificance.

In its January number, the Educational Review publishes an address delivered by President Thomas of Bryn Mawr, before a recent meeting of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools of the Middle States and Maryland. Miss Thomas answers in the negative the question, "Should the higher education of women differ from that of men?" Taking up first such forms of higher education as are received in technical and professional schools, she argues that if women graduates are to compete with men, they must receive the same training. There are no feminine methods of bridge building or of treating measles. It is irrelevant to urge that woman's mind differs from man's, for "the greater the natural difference between the sexes, the greater the need of a men's curriculum for professional women, if they are to hold their own in professional life after leaving the university. \* \* As in medicine and law and bridge building, so in arts and sciences, the professional work of a graduate school must from the very nature of the case be the same for men and women. Science and literature and philosophy are what they are, and inalterable, and the objects of competition are one and the same for both men and women,—instructorships and professors' chairs, scholarly fame, and the power to advance, however little, the outposts of knowledge." In passing to the consideration of the college curriculum, Miss Thomas tacitly assumes what she has openly stated with regard to the professional schools,—that their women students are preparing themselves to compete with men in the great business of life; that they must be fitted to do men's work in men's way, or fall short of their highest usefulness. If we admit this, we shall accept Miss Thomas's answer; if not,—the question as to woman's college curriculum is still open.

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

"It is hard to cast the skin," said the wise Kaa when the Man-Cub left the jungle to take up the life of a man.

The college graduate whirls through "The Period of Reconstruction," her own Commencement, wondering what she would be feeling if she had time for it; gets herself rested and "put to rights"; finds somewhere in her trunk the diploma currently believed to have been the goal of all her ambitions, stares at it unrecognizingly a moment, remarks "Hello Thingumbob again!" with a reminiscence of James, and puts it by in a drawer. Then with her face set to the future she assures her family that she is glad to be at home, and resolves to live up to her teaching by doing the nearest duty.

But the nearest duty—I am considering the graduate who does not plunge at once into active life—is sometimes in no hurry about presenting itself. The home, while maintaining its paramount claim on her presence, has been too long in running order without her to be in any immediate need of her whole time and attention. Very likely she throws herself into cooking, shirt-waist making, or amateur millinery, with a zest in exact proportion to her former reputation for impracticality, and a grim resolve to vindicate the higher education. But surely these things are not all the wide, wide world has to offer? In society, too, she finds that she has her own place to make for herself. She is fortunate indeed if after four years' absence she has more than one or two close friends outside her own family. And she and the others regard each other with a little mutual distrust. The associations in which they do not share are still the vital ones with her: on their side a circle of friendships and interests is already formed, which does not open too easily to a new-comer of a slightly suspected species.

Now I do not mean to imply that my imaginary alumna is so false to the express ideals of her college as to yearn for a "career" as the one thing that will satisfy her. Her desire is for a full life in almost any form: probably she would frankly avow that the most desirable of all is a genuinely happy marriage. But she has no notion of sitting still and waiting for this. The very fact that she is obviously beginning a new phase of life makes it hard for her to fall into aimless drifting, so easy when there is no specified point for beginning to make an effort. There must surely be work enough for her somewhere, and conscience and inclination alike urge her to hunt for it. It may be, if she lives in a city, that she turns to Settlement work without the least real vocation in that direction. But in any case it is surely not strange that until she finds her own place she should suffer from restlessness. The

college has given her a great impulse toward activity, and for the moment there seems no channel into which she can turn it. In general, she has faith that things will right themselves in the future, but in her pessimistic moods she sees herself following in the footsteps of the sage in "Through the Looking-Glass":—

"But I was thinking of a way  
To feed oneself on batter,  
And so go on from day to day  
Getting a little fatter."

Now this is the question to which this account of the difficulties of the freshman alumna has been leading: What has the college itself furnished to sustain its graduate through this trying "Period of Reconstruction?"

First of all, say the formal defenders of the college, it has greatly enriched her store of resources: given her new interests, new standards, new methods of study and observation; sharpened her perception and quickened her appreciation of the possibilities of life. But it may easily happen that all these gains are among the things that need time for adjustment. The alumna realizes her new tastes chiefly through a sense of separation from companions who do not share them; her new eagerness for study, through a perception of the loss of facilities and of daily stimulus. We must therefore look for the immediate help of the college not so much in special gains as in the attitude it has inculcated.

We are very fond of saying that among the college electives not included in the catalog is one in the sense of humor. In fact, we sometimes treat this as a prescribed course, and there is a suggestion of Tammag Haggart in the serious way in which we set ourselves to master the humorous aspect of a situation. But even if it would not be quite safe to confer a certificate of humor with every bachelor's degree, yet much in the college life makes for that ability to see things and oneself from more than one point of view, which is one of the roots of humor. This comes partly from the intimate contact with so many points of view in others; partly also from the individual's finding herself placed in new and unexpected relations which she must work out absolutely on her own account. For the time being she is no longer a dependent member of a family, but an independent citizen of a community whose demands upon her she must study and meet. After she has done things she knew she couldn't possibly do, three or four times, she has not only gained an increase in self-reliance, but has developed a tendency to examine herself and her surroundings with the interest of an onlooker. And she is in a position curiously adapted to this sort of study. She is in the midst of a little world, simplified by the exclusion of many elements and by an apparent uniformity of purpose, yet complete enough to present an analogy with the greater world outside. It is sufficiently large and complex to receive her full interests and energies for four years, while it is so compact that it can be studied as a whole. From the results of this observation of the microcosm comes a certain attitude, transferred later to the alumna's relation with life as a whole.

First of all, its tendency is away from routine. This may seem a curious statement, in view of the uniformity of its daily life. But absolute absorp-

tion in the immediate end, the drudgery of habit in which so many lives are passed with hardly a question of use or pleasure, is less easy when it is known clearly from the beginning that on a certain June day the whole structure of college life, so far as the individual is concerned, will come finally to an end, while she herself will go on. But the college is very far from flying to the other extreme and preaching the vanity of human endeavor. On the contrary, its tendency is to shift the emphasis from the end in view to the effort itself. Not the acquiring of facts, so much as the training of the intellect, is the object of its method of education. If it is impossible for the human mind to attain absolute truth, the search for truth is left it, and this is now recognized as the vital thing. Not only in its formal teachings, but in its spirit, the college urges to activity, and in its stimulating atmosphere the student is impelled to put forth all the power that is in her.

And so when the alumna leaves her college she carries with her, to sustain her during the months of readjustment, a way of looking at herself and her opportunities larger than the merely personal. Consciously or unconsciously, she is resolved to treat her life in the spirit of art, which transcends the mere material. But I am using rather large phrases to say that if at first it is not quite easy for her to take up her life again, she is in most cases resolved to look on the bright side, and learn somehow to weave in among her daily circumstances the best that college life and college thought have given her.

RITA CREIGHTON SMITH '99.

In 1892, the Postgraduate School of Yale University was opened to women, and although comparatively few have ever taken a doctor's degree, there is

now hardly a postgraduate course given  
Postgraduate Work at Yale. in the University in which one or more  
women are not entered. The perfect

equality in treatment of all students, both men and women, the freedom of intercourse with the faculty and with each other, and above all the stimulus of a large and living University makes Yale one of the most delightful places in the country for study and research work. Among the undergraduates the popular prejudice against women students has by no means disappeared, and the word "co-ed" still carries with it all the scorn and stigma of which the undergraduate is capable. But with the postgraduates the attitude is quite different. Here one meets with older men, but first of all with students who know the value, if not the necessity, of help and discussion with their associates, be they men or women. For this reason the postgraduate courses are by far the most agreeable, so that it is well to take while in college the studies which will carry one beyond the undergraduate courses at a university. This may be done very easily with a little planning, if the decision to specialize is made early enough in a college course.

The library is one of Yale's greatest attractions. Her postgraduates are allowed the freedom of the shelves, which is a privilege of great assistance. A new student is usually turned loose in the library and advised to get acquainted with the literature of his subject as fast as possible. This is usually an appalling task and one which can not be accomplished in a day.

But the atmosphere of a big university is contagious, and one soon learns to accept a task involving weeks and months of labor as if it were merely the work of a morning.

Those entering for a doctor's degree at Yale are required to present a certificate of proficiency in French and German two years before the degree is to be conferred. These certificates are given by the different professors after an oral or written examination, as it happens. This is by no means an arbitrary requirement, for a thorough reading knowledge of these two languages at least is absolutely necessary in every department, and often a student who is ignorant of them is so handicapped as to be obliged to conquer them before he can proceed with his work. At Yale, as at other universities, some departments are stronger than others, and so attract the most students. It may be for this reason or because the feminine mind is more prone to the study of English and the languages that these courses seem to be most popular among the women. Almost half of the women studying at Yale take English, and indeed the courses offered in that department hold forth many inducements.

So much for the working life at Yale. There is no social life. Each woman comes to New Haven, usually without knowing any one there, hires her room, sets up her desk, and proceeds to get buried in her work. This is true of the men as well as the women. In undergraduate life the emphasis is upon the social side, in postgraduate upon the working side. This for a girl fresh from college is hard, too hard, it seems to me, to be wholly advisable. It is, however, the exception rather than the rule when a woman goes into postgraduate work directly after graduation. Most of the women have had several years of teaching first. Still the woman fresh from college has many advantages over her older colleagues. It takes the energy and elasticity of a youthful mind to do research work, and nothing is easier than to get out of the habits of study. I think I am not mistaken in saying that the best work is done by the younger men and women.

In 1899, a woman's club was started at Yale which has been useful in many ways. The club has a room provided for it by the University, which it is hoped in time will become a social center for the women, but so far the club has not been wholly successful. The vast difference in ages, the diversity of interests, and the almost morbid devotion to work make it almost impossible to get the women together and acquainted with each other. But the absolute necessity of such a club can easily be recognized. The older inhabitants each year help the new students to find their way about the city and advise them concerning boarding places. The boarding house problem is in fact the most difficult one a woman has to face in coming to New Haven; for the city is full of students, and unless one is fortunate enough to get into a private family the only choice is a large boarding house, which is usually noisy and gossipy and altogether not conducive to study. Usually the most satisfactory way is to find a room with a private family and take meals in some convenient boarding house or restaurant, for there are a large number of people who are willing to accommodate roomers but not boarders. This method is cheaper too, and in this way very good board and a nice room can be obtained for six or seven dollars a week.

The object of this article is not to try to induce students to go into post-

graduate study. One should carefully consider before undertaking for two or three years a work for which the stakes are large and the returns by no means apparent. The satisfaction to be gained must come from joy in work and from that alone. But if you have a subject which is capable of holding and absorbing you, and if you are convinced that that work will in some way act as substitute for amusement, friends, and home life, then Yale is one of the best places in the country to carry on that work.

RUTH GOULDING WOOD '98.

Radcliffe College offers excellent opportunities and privileges for graduate study. A student anxious to pursue advanced work will in general be able

to find what she wants here. Most of

**Graduate Work and College Life  
at Radcliffe**

the graduate work heretofore has been done in history, English, mathematics, philosophy, the languages, and zoölogy.

Excepting zoölogy, the natural sciences have rarely been chosen.

For admission as a graduate student at Radcliffe, one must be a graduate of Radcliffe or of some other college of good standing and must present satisfactory evidence of character and qualifications. Graduate students may take courses without applying for a degree, yet such students are required to be regular in attendance, to do all the required work including examinations, or else to carry on regular work in some laboratory, museum, or library, under the frequent inspection and criticism of some specified instructor or instructors. A graduate student is usually expected to take the equivalent of four full courses of study whether working for a degree or not, and these must be carried on with high credit for one academic year. She is sometimes allowed to take less than four courses if she can satisfy the Academic Board that she is an earnest student or that she has some definite purpose in view.

A student who is considered to have had the equivalent of a Radcliffe degree of Bachelor of Arts may obtain the degree of Master of Arts after a full year of residence and study in Radcliffe College. Her work must be approved by the Academic Board of the college, must afford suitable preparation for the degree, and must be completed with high credit. "The work approved by the Academic Board for the degree of Master of Arts may consist, wholly or partly, of research or special study, either in connection with or outside of courses of instruction, carried on under the direction or with the criticism and approval of a specified instructor; or it may be made up of courses of instruction of advanced grade, four such courses being ordinarily required as constituting a full year's work. In any case the programme of study must form a *consistent plan of work to be pursued with some definite aim*, although it need not be wholly in one department or field."

Besides this work required of a student with the Radcliffe A. B., a student from another college is often obliged to do additional work, when she is not considered to have the equivalent of a Radcliffe A. B. For instance, many colleges do not require as many languages or as advanced mathematics as are required at Radcliffe for entrance. Such studies are often pursued at these colleges in the freshman year and count towards the A. B. degree, whereas at Radcliffe they were completed before entrance. In this way Radcliffe some-

times considers the A. B. degree from these colleges not equivalent to her own, since it represents some preparatory work. If it happens that a student from one of these colleges has carried enough hours in her own college in addition to what Radcliffe considers preparatory work, her degree of A. B. might be considered equivalent to Radcliffe's, and the degree of A. M. could be taken after one year. In every instance, Radcliffe decides each case on its own merits, for many things are taken into consideration. For instance, a graduate of one of these other colleges, who has taught advanced classes in preparatory schools or has studied elsewhere since graduation, might possibly be given the A. M. in one year. In general, I should say that the Smith graduate, who has not carried much more than the required number of hours in college and who goes to Radcliffe immediately after graduation, would be required to spend two years before receiving her A. M.; but if she has carried a large number of hours and has happened to take enough work in the languages to satisfy Radcliffe's demands, she might be able to receive the degree in one year.

The degrees of A. B. and A. M. at Radcliffe are countersigned by the President of Harvard University and the University Seal is affixed. Radcliffe does not confer the degree of Doctor of Philosophy; but work, such as is required at Harvard for that degree, may be done by a Radcliffe student. She will receive a certificate stating that the work done is equivalent to that required of a Harvard student to obtain the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and it will be signed by the President of Harvard University with the University Seal affixed. This certificate counts as much as an actual Ph. D. to a broad-minded individual. All the instructors, courses, and examinations at Radcliffe are identical with those at Harvard. The Radcliffe students have the use of the University Library and of some of the University laboratories. Occasionally Radcliffe students wishing to take an advanced course are obliged to go to Harvard for it.

The buildings at Radcliffe are Fay House, with its offices, library, hall, and recitation rooms; several buildings for recitations; the new gymnasium and two small houses for social purposes, which contain the lunch rooms, graduate and senior rooms, and other rooms for recreation or study. None of these buildings are permanent except the gymnasium. Fay House was originally an old dwelling house and still maintains many homelike aspects such as cozy corners, window seats, easy chairs, and fireplaces, which are for use. Homelike is a word particularly applicable to many phases of Radcliffe life. The college is not yet so large but that every one knows nearly everybody else, and the girls are exceedingly democratic and cordial. One of Radcliffe's homelike customs is the hot cup of bouillon placed at each desk in the middle of the long three hour examinations.

There are a number of clubs at Radcliffe,—social, religious, athletic, or connected with some special line of study, and the Graduate Club. All one has to do to become a member of any one club is to apply for admission. In addition to the application if one desires to join the German Club, for instance, or other clubs of this sort, one must have had high marks in a specified number of courses in the line of work for which the club stands. All the Radcliffe frivolities, with few exceptions, come in the afternoon between

the hours of four and six, for many of the girls live at a distance and could not easily go to evening affairs. Every Friday afternoon there is a play in the hall at Fay House, given under the auspices of the Idler Club, the large social club, to which any one may belong by paying the annual fee of one dollar. This club gives two open meetings a year in the evening, to which one may invite guests. These are big events in Radcliffe social life and, in a way, take the place of our Glee Club concerts. The most important entertainment of the college year is the giving of an operetta written and composed by the girls. This is given in the spring at Brattle Hall with several performances.

Class Day is different from anything at Smith, but may be likened to Ivy Day evening. The seniors are divided into little groups of from two to five, and each group is assigned to a room in one of the college buildings. These rooms, decorated and furnished so that one would never suspect that they were only recitation rooms, are where the seniors receive their friends. The yard is decorated with Japanese lanterns, and part of the lawn is covered with canvas on which are placed chairs and tables where the guests are served with salads and ices. There is dancing in the gymnasium and in the latter part of the evening the Glee Club sings in the yard.

Thus it will be seen that the Radcliffe girl does have "college life" in spite of the fact that there are no dormitories. She enjoys her good times just as much as we do ours, and I no longer pity her, as I was inclined to at first, because she does not do everything "just as we do at Smith."

ALICE E. GIBSON '98.

Year by year, the number of Americans who go from Dan to Beersheba or, more accurately, from Jaffa and Jerusalem to Damascus and Beyrout, increases, and nothing in this journey seems to

**An American University  
in the Holy Land**

bring them a greater or more pleasing surprise than a visit to the Syrian Protestant College at Beyrout. The city of Beyrout is on the north side of a great headland called Ras Beyrout, which is really a spur of snow-capped Lebanon, jutting some miles out into the blue Mediterranean. The college is situated near its western end where is also the lighthouse, and perhaps it is this proximity which has suggested calling it "the Pharos of the East." The college is a department of the University of the State of New York, and was organized under the laws of that state in 1863. Reverend Daniel Bliss, D. D., while a missionary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, conceived the idea, received the endorsement of the mission, selected the incomparable site, collected the money for buildings and endowment, and these thirty-seven years has been its president. Though belonging to no foreign missionary board, its funds and affairs being controlled and directed by a special board of trustees in America, yet it is distinctively a missionary college, an ally of and an important factor in the work of the American Syria Mission.

The first class graduated in 1870, and the following year the first class of doctors went out from the Medical Department. In that year the Preparatory Department was opened, as then there were no schools in the country capa-



ble of properly fitting young men to enter the college. In 1873, the demand for pharmacists was met by opening the School of Pharmacy. In 1887, the School of Biblical Archaeology and Philosophy was instituted to promote research in the land of the Bible by scholars from Europe and America. The present year has seen the opening of a sixth department, the School of Commerce.

Until 1880, the language of instruction was Arabic, though English and French were taught as classics and for conversation. But it was found that with Arabic for the language of the institution, only Arabic-speaking students were reached. Moreover, the Arabic language, though very rich in certain branches of literature, is poor in scientific works, and great efforts had to be made to provide text-books in Arabic. With English as the language of the college, the great storehouses of our literature and science are opened, and the wealth of English and American periodical literature and the constantly renewed editions of text-books keep the students abreast of the times. Since English has been adopted, the constituency has greatly widened, and there are now students whose mother-tongues are Arabic, English, French, German, Italian, Turkish, Armenian, and Persian.

The faculty has thirty-three members: eleven professors, three adjunct professors, and nineteen instructors. Part of the latter are Syrians, graduates of the college. There are also two matrons, one of whom is a trained nurse. The American instructors come from various colleges in the United States for a period of three years, and while giving their best thought and work to the college, they themselves become rich in experiences of observation, study, and travels, which prove most helpful to them in their future vocations.

With the growth of the number of students and its teaching body, there has been a corresponding growth in stone and mortar, until now there are eleven stately buildings adorning the campus, besides a dormitory for medical students outside the enclosing wall. The building of a wall eight feet in height, to surround the thirty-five acres of the campus, is in itself no small work. One does not wish to imitate Homer's catalog of ships, yet an idea of the size of the institution can not be conveyed without some mention of the different buildings. The first built was College Hall, the main building, which contains the library, class rooms, dormitories, and several museums which are soon to be removed to the Science Hall now building. The Medical Hall has two amphitheatres, various laboratories, and surgical and pathological museums. The observatory is uniquely situated, as there is no other in this part of the world nearer than Athens. It is finely equipped for astronomical, meteorological, and seismic observations. The telescope is a twelve-inch refractor. The President's residence is called Marquand House, a New England house and home in this far-away land. The Ada Dodge Memorial Hall is now occupied by the School of Commerce. It is a large building, containing also the administration offices, the book-store, refectory, reception rooms, and dormitories. The Assembly Hall is for college prayers, Sunday worship, and other public meetings. It has a pipe organ and seats nearly one thousand people. The Chemical Laboratory has desks for sixty-four students, besides a pharmacy laboratory and a dark room. Morris K. Jesup

Hall is a dormitory for medical students who wish to live on the campus. The Incubating Laboratory is a fire-proof building, as indeed are most of the structures, and is used in connection with bacteriology and physiology courses. The Daniel Bliss Hall, named in honor of the President, is the new home of the Preparatory Department. It is designed to accommodate four hundred students, and is a model school building. Pliny Fisk Hall is the new dormitory for the preparatory students, and is named in honor of the first American missionary to Syria. There is also in process of erection the George E. Post Science Hall, named by the trustees in honor of Dr. Post of the Medical School. Dr. Post, in addition to his profession as a surgeon, has made great contributions to natural science from this country, especially in his "*Flora of Syria, Palestine, and Sinai*." This new building is to be in Elizabethan style, of Lebanon limestone, and is to contain the museums, laboratories, and lecture rooms for natural science.

But stones do not make a college. What of the students? Who are they? Whence do they come and whither do they scatter? They come from all parts of the Turkish Empire, from Egypt, sometimes as remotely as Khar-toum and Snakin; from Cyprus and the islands of the *Ægean*; from the Greek mainland and from Persia. A student came this year from Tokat on the Black Sea, and was twenty-three days on the way. Another came from Teheran, traveling to the Black Sea, then to Constantinople, and then another thousand miles to Beyrout. He learned of the college through friends in England and has come to fit himself to enter the Medical Department. The main body of the five hundred and fifty students are Syrians from every part of the country, the majority, perhaps, from the Mount Lebanon range. But of late years the number of Egyptians has rapidly increased. In fact, Kitchener's victory at Omdurman was directly felt here in a great increase of Egyptians anxious to acquire the English language. The Armenian contingent is also a large one. They have acquired their education and English in the mission academies and colleges of Asia Minor and come here to finish in the professional schools of medicine, pharmacy, and commerce. A majority of the students are Christians, but of almost as many sects as there are varieties of Protestants in America. There are Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Anglicans, Greek Orthodox, Greek Catholics, Maronites, Jacobites, and Copts from Egypt. Of the Moslem sects there are the Orthodox Moslems, Babites (the mystical Persian sect who are banished from Persia), and Druses. And of the Jews both Sephardim and Ashkenazim seek instruction. The pious Jew will attend classes on Saturday mornings, but he can not handle fire or "cook", which prevents his shaking a test-tube over his Bunsen burner in the laboratory. He may stand by while a classmate does the "work" for him. He is forbidden to write with pencils or crayon, yet he is ready to score a ten by dictating to a Christian the steps of a problem or a proposition to go on the board.

There is a flourishing Y. M. C. A. in the college with one hundred and fifty members, and membership requires the attendance upon a Bible study class each Sunday morning at eight o'clock. The other religious services are the Sunday morning preaching at nine o'clock, alternately in English and Arabic, Sunday School at three o'clock, and a voluntary evening service at seven

o'clock. On Wednesday evening the Y. M. C. A. prayer-meeting is held. Morning chapel is held daily at ten minutes before eight, and four days in the week evening chapel at four o'clock. At the opening of the year, the Y. M. C. A. gives a reception for the new students. During the winter, Mrs. Bliss and the other ladies of the faculty hold a series of receptions in the faculty parlors, to which, by classes, all the students are invited.

These gatherings are not necessary to teach politeness, for politeness seems inborn in the Oriental, who very quickly acquires also the usages and customs of the Occident. But there is one habit they dislike to put away and that is the wearing of the *tarbûsh* or fez on all occasions, in the house or on the street, in the class room or at divine service. Among some of their characteristics may be mentioned remarkably quick and accurate memories, strong apprehension of facts, and great readiness to generalize; but their utilitarian bent of mind does not appreciate investigation and study for its own sake. They are hard workers, and more and more they are doing collateral reading and study in books other than the prescribed text-books. They make good use of the growing library which now has about twelve thousand well selected books, and of the reading-room which is abundantly supplied with American and European periodicals. Athletics is a flower of western growth, but it flourishes well on Syrian soil. There is keen inter-department rivalry and underneath, much Syrian, Greek, and Armenian pride in prizes and points won. A former lieutenant of the Danish army is a regular instructor in physical drill. On Field Day the records made are very creditable and the enthusiasm is very great.

The college was founded under the shadow of Lebanon to make in and for these lands educated, manly Christian men; men to be a light and uplifting force, to break down prejudices, bigotry, and superstition, and to be factors in spreading a purer type of Christianity than is represented in the Oriental sects. That this, in the main, is the object accomplished, travelers in Egypt and Palestine are constant witnesses. Graduates have become teachers, preachers, editors, judges, pharmacists, and physicians, and have filled other posts of honor. Weighty and unbiased testimony of the worth of the work accomplished here is that of the late Rustem Pasha, Turkish ambassador to England, and for ten years the Governor-General of the Lebanon province. He said to Dr. Bliss, "I don't know how much of history, language, mathematics, or science you teach your students, but this I do know, that you make men, and I wish I had one of them in every office of my government."

ANNA CARTER ADAMS '88.

On Saturday, December 29, from four to six o'clock, Mrs. Robert T. Hill received Smith College students at her home, 1728 Q Street, N. W., in Washington. Fifty cards had been sent to Smith faculty, alumnæ, and undergraduates spending the Christmas holidays in Washington and Baltimore. Assisting Mrs. Hill (Justina J. Robinson '80) were Mrs. Bailey (Florence Merriam '88), Mrs. L. W. Busby (Katherine Graves '94), Edith Taylor '97, and Sophie K. Hiss 1904 of Baltimore. Among the alumnæ present were Josephine Clarke '80, Ellen Hedrick '92, Emma B. Hawks '92, Ellen P. Cook '93, Mary A. Hartwell '94, Susan M. Parsons '95, Caroline A. Jenkins '96, and

Otelia Cromwell 1900. The formation of a Washington Alumnae Association has been discussed, but so far it has been felt that a more social and informal spirit could be fostered without such an organization.

The Smith College Alumnae Association of Cleveland held their annual luncheon at the Colonial Hotel, December 29. Twenty-five alumnae and undergraduates were present, every class from '92 to 1904 being represented. Responses to toasts followed, Dr. Miriam Kerruish of the class of '92 acting as toast-mistress. Grace Browne '97 lead in the singing of college songs, which was one of the most enjoyable features of the occasion, because it was very successful in creating a Smith atmosphere. The attendance was not as large as the alumnae had expected, and it is to be hoped that next year the undergraduates especially will take a more enthusiastic interest in the annual luncheon.

Contributions to this department are desired by the second of the month in order to appear in that month's issue, and should be sent to Ruth L. Gaines, Morris House.

- '89. Martha A. Hopkins sails in February for Italy, to remain until next year.
- '91. Alice H. Sherwood, graduate nurse, is practising in New York City. Her address is 35 East 62d Street. Her home is still in Southport, Ct.
- '93. Anne L. Morris was married November 7, to Mr. Roland E. Stevens.  
Grace B. Field was married in June to Mr. George E. Spottiswoode.
- '94. Frances M. Bancroft was married September 5, to Mr. William J. Long.  
Kittie E. Lyall, a former member of the class, was married January 8, to Mr. Oliver Merrill.  
Bertha L. Noyes is studying at Radcliffe.
- '96. Sara S. Duryea has announced her engagement to Dr. Charles D. Hazen, Professor of History at Smith College.  
Bertha F. Herrick has announced her engagement to Mr. Frederick M. Lloyd of New Haven, Connecticut.  
Georgia W. Pope is spending the winter with her mother in Berlin.  
Caroline R. Wing is spending the winter with her father and mother in Italy.
- '97. Grace E. Browne will be in Porto Rico for the remainder of the winter.  
Josephine Hallock is studying with Frau Dr. Hempel in Berlin, Germany.  
Mary Perley Merrill is studying in Hanover, Germany.  
Susan Titsworth and Edith K. Dunton are to study at Columbia next year.
- '98. Helen Cornell, in the name of the Young Women's Christian Association, entertained the alumnae of Chicago at the Hyde Park Hotel, January 5.  
Lucia M. Wheeler was married January 1, at Troy, Ohio, to Dr. Joseph A. Hall.

- '99. Helen Andrew has announced her engagement to Mr. Isaac Patch.  
 Carrolle and Louise Barber are traveling in Europe. Address, care of Morgan, Hayes and Company, Bankers, Paris.  
 Florence Dow was married November 1, to Mr. Dana Estes, Jr.  
 Mary Clarke Heade, a former member of the class, was married October 28, to the Reverend Thomas C. Pollock.  
 Edith Tomlinson was married in June to Mr. Richard Badger.
1900. The class of 1900 gave three hundred dollars to the Students' Aid Society last June.  
 Edith H. Barry, a former member of the class, has announced her engagement to Mr. Roland C. Withington of Jamaica Plain.  
 Katharine Barton is going to Honolulu.  
 Sarah Cook is teaching in Chatham, New York.  
 Edith W. Emerson has entered Radcliffe this year as a graduate student.  
 After teaching for a year or more, Aloysia Hoyer will take the course in the Johns Hopkins Medical School.  
 Katherine C. Griggs is teaching Latin, mathematics, English, and history in the Wissahickon Heights School, near Philadelphia.  
 Clara Heywood sailed last summer for a year of travel and study in Europe. Much of the time will be spent in Munich.  
 Helen Janney has returned from abroad.  
 Clara D. Loomis is studying for a master's degree at Columbia and Union Seminary. Address, 572 Park Avenue, New York City.  
 Edna Palmer is teaching French and sciences in the High School at Northboro, Massachusetts.  
 Phebe Tompkins Persons spent two months during the summer working in the Settlement House of the Church of Sea and Land, New York City.  
 Ada Prager has gone abroad with Mabel A. Harris, '97, for a year of study. She is now in Berlin.  
 Helen Richards is teaching in Miss Hill's School for girls, in Philadelphia.

## BIRTHS

- '91. Mrs. F. T. Hill (Mabel Wood) a son, born January 1.  
 '94. Mrs. G. M. Smith (Katharine Ware) a son, Edmund Ware, born in December.  
 '96. Mrs. Percy McKay (Winifred Atkinson) a son, Percy Alurid, born in November in Kobe, Japan.  
 Mrs. J. E. Blunt (C. M. Curtis) a son, born last fall in Evanston, Illinois.  
 '97. Mrs. Frank Heathman (Grace Brooks) a son, born November 80.  
 '99. Mrs. Edmund Phillips (Bertha Cranston) a daughter, Louise, born in November.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

Probably every college student has expected great things from senior year. Graduating classes are apt to assure the under class girl that it will be something quite different and new that she

The Senior Point of View will encounter when she steps up to their place; and so senior year comes to assume a lofty and impressive character to those awaiting it. But senior year once come, how different from expectation does this newness prove to be! Any idea of an exalted station soon vanishes to make way for an altered point of view. Except for an increased ease and confidence in getting on with others, due to familiarity with three years of the college life, she feels herself in much the same relation to her fellows as in the earlier years. But in her own attitude toward the life about her how subtle is the change that passes over her as senior year advances!

Perhaps the town has been an indifferent or distasteful place to her; but now there begins to be a pleasant hominess about it, the outlines of the hills grow dear, and she half regrets that her personal attachments in the town are so few. More especially does her heart warm to the college campus. Instead of a lot of detached, rather plain buildings, they surround themselves with the atmosphere of a home, the home of a loved institution and the birthplace of a spirit she is only beginning to appreciate. As she sings with hundreds of others like herself in the chapel service, as she jostles scores like herself in the halls, as she works with her like-minded fellows in the class room, the inner meaning of "college spirit" grows upon her, as she meditates upon how rare a thing is this wide sympathy where hundreds side by side seek the same end. Of course the greater joy and strength of her friendships is only what she expected, and her heart enlarges with a greater interest for all, even her mere acquaintances, in the class. The anchor of all her college days, her academic work, seldom weighs heavy or drags as of old. Hard enough it is to study oftentimes and hundredfold are the distractions, but the so often elementary character of the studies of previous years has mostly vanished, and, when she gets right down to work, there is real joy in the task, in the satisfaction of accomplishing what is worth while. Instead of a struggle merely to "come up to the scratch" for each day's recitation, she finds—perhaps to her surprise—a personal gratification, reaching on into the years to come.

Is not such a change, part and parcel of the progress of senior year, only the natural working out of a college course? But alas, how often is that lamentable word applied to the college senior, especially the girl senior,—

sentimentality! Of all the reputed unfortunate and unfitting results of the four years' training is not the limp and tear-eyed maiden the climax? For her the accepted belief goes that all the beauties and joys of life close with college. Of course it is very few who are supposed to go to the extremes of this "simpering sentimentalism," but in the eyes of outsiders and of the other classes, senior year is too apt to be enshrouded in a veil of tears; and it is no wonder that the anxious mother fears for her daughter the return from her beloved college. This way of taking things, handed down by tradition, is surely not the healthy point of view and, it is to be hoped, is more and more rarely the actual one. The few remaining symptoms might be treated as little affectations so that her expectant friends may not be disappointed.

As this nonsense disappears will not her real love for the college seek another outlet than sighs? "Freely ye have received, freely give," sounds as the answer. But what can she—merely a senior in college—give? Then she may repeat for her comfort the old maxim, "Many a mickle makes a muckle," hoping that at least in her small place she is marching with the procession of those who go out to help on the ideal for the college and its good fame in the eyes of those who will judge it by her. Quiet manners in public, to counteract the notion of the boisterous college girl; respect for the customs of the place, as against the notion that she would be a law to herself; sensible dress; regard for times and seasons; attention to work and interest in maintaining the standard of scholarship,—all these may have their influence in creating public opinion. And if the individual be negligent, especially the senior who has had the longer time to observe and judge for herself, how then shall the good work be begun?

LAURA WOOLSEY LORD 1901.

The annual Christmas Fair given the fifteenth of December for the benefit of the Students' Building was in one sense an experiment. The faculty have from year to year cut down the amount

The Students' Building Fair of work to be done by the undergraduates in preparation for the fair, and this year they decided that the entire management must be in the hands of the *alumnæ*. Anxiety filled the minds of the committee as soon as the discussion arose and the attitude of the faculty was recognized, for the fair has been for several years the chief source in swelling the Students' Building fund. No anxiety need have been felt, however, for as soon as the decision of the faculty was known, the loyalty and executive ability of the *alumnæ* came to the rescue. Under the skilful management of Mrs. Higbee, Mrs. Williams, and Miss Lucy Cable, assisted by Mrs. Pierson, Mrs. Mills, and Miss Kellogg, the plan of a Christmas sale of articles to be contributed by associations of *alumnæ* in different parts of the country was successfully carried through. The *alumnæ* responded loyally and generously, and the success of the fair is merely one expression of the fact that love for and interest in Smith lose none of their intensity, even though college days are only a remembrance.

The booths were arranged this year with regard to the different localities which the contributions represented, instead of according to class distinctions.

Boston and Western Massachusetts supplied one very attractive booth, New York and Worcester another, and Chicago and Syracuse a third. The articles sent were well chosen and the rapidity with which they sold testified to the good judgment of the contributors. The one opportunity allowed to undergraduates to help in the making of the fair was in offerings of candy, and here they responded most enthusiastically. Two booths were bountifully supplied with confectionery, from taffy to some of the more ambitious home products. Toward the end of the evening a financially successful and very popularly attended auction of the articles left over was conducted by Mr. Perry as auctioneer.

Other attractions and financial devices of the fair were a lemonade stand very kindly contributed by Mr. Beckmann, rarebits and "hot dogs" served by members of the Biological Society, chemical coffee served by Colloquium, and a new and amusing feature, a sale of lost articles,—college pins, fountain pens, spectacles, and other little necessities of the kind. The side shows, though sadly limited in number, were extremely popular and therefore financially successful. One, the ever delightful variety show, found its admirers as constant as ever. The other, an operetta in popular melodies based on the tragedy of *Julius Caesar*, created a great deal of interest which was substantially attested by the door receipts, a hundred and eight dollars for its two performances. The operetta was written by Ona L. Winants and was acted by members of the Lawrence House.

Over six hundred dollars was cleared as the proceeds from the fair, a larger sum than was made last year in spite of the restrictions in the popular institution of side shows. The result of the fair has shown through its material success as well as through the interest and generosity of the alumnae, thus revealed, that the Students' Building will not be a visionary structure according to an idea that has gained some ground with the more pessimistic, but a vital and not so distant reality.

VIRGINIA ELIZABETH MOORE 1902.

"Go early and save me a seat!" We hear this so many times a day that we never stop to think what it means. We do not realize how, in this thoughtless way, we may make a disturbance or may lack consideration for our friends or may appear, at times, even rude. If a student enters chapel or the class room late and passes down to the front or the middle of the room, where some kind friend has reserved a seat for her, more or less attention must necessarily be distracted. Perhaps this is more noticeable in the class room than in chapel where no one is allowed to enter after the chant, and the reserved seat is usually given up to any one desiring it. In the class room, however, both the professor and the students would be much less disturbed if the girls would take convenient seats for themselves only and not save them for their delinquent friends.

Moreover this habit is most unfair. It is easy enough for those living near the lecture halls to run over early in the morning and put "Reserved for such and such an hour" on chairs for themselves and for their friends. The girls, however, who live at a distance are unable to reach the hall until perhaps half the seats have been engaged. So, unless they have previously



arranged with some obliging friend, they never can get seats toward the front, even if they are always prompt at their lectures. The third objection to the custom of saving seats is, in a way, most important of all, as it pertains not only to the relations of the students toward one another and the professors but also to their attitude toward guests. This is especially applicable to the habit of reserving seats in vespers. There girls sometimes refuse chairs even to fathers and mothers or to guests of the college because they are saving those seats for students late in coming. The habit cultivated every day unconsciously crops out.

It is time, therefore, that we strive for a reform in this matter. It will take, perhaps, a little less kind-heartedness on the part of a few and a little more consideration on the part of many. A change, however, will certainly make us appear much more thoughtful and courteous. Thereby we shall gain not only a better reputation outside the college but also a more respectful attitude toward the professors, as well as a more careful consideration for our fellow students.

JULIA AGNES BOLSTER 1901.

On December 5, 1900, occurred the Tyler House Dramatics, which had been anticipated with a great deal of interest for the double reason that the House had never before had an opportunity of ap-

The Tyler House Dramatics peering behind the footlights, and that it was known to contain several members of the Voice Club. The play chosen, "To Serve for Meat and Fee," was written by Miss Beulah Marie Dix, a Radcliffe graduate, and was originally produced at that college. The scenes and costumes were Puritan, but the atmosphere rebelled against the somber limitations of Puritan life. Several characters served to give lightness and color to the play: Diccon, the gay cavalier in disguise; Diantha, the light-hearted little heretic who loved the dance; poor Ananias, who had a hankering for the goodies of this life; and the seamen, who found that all life on land, even the gayest, has its limitations.

Methyl Oakes 1901 was a delightful Diantha; she was graceful and unaffected,—her voice was good, and her acting showed true art. The part of the young hero is always rather a difficult one, but Maida Peirce 1902 succeeded admirably in this rôle. Diccon was a sufficiently handsome and dashing youth, and Miss Peirce gave the part exactly the spirited and easy rendering it demanded. Selma Altheimer 1902, as the Puritan father of Diantha, could hardly have been improved upon. The part itself had very little action and no humor, and yet it was so skilfully managed that it held one's interest through the entire play; her voice was particularly well pitched and modulated. It would be hard to imagine a better rendering of a comic part than Florence Hinkley's representation of the jolly old sea-captain; there seemed to be the true salt flavor in both voice and appearance. Elizabeth Pettingill 1902, as the coquettish Quakeress of dubious age, was excellent; and Ethel Birch 1903 proved a charming foil to this character—the shy, pretty, loyal little wife of a doubting husband. Helen Harsha's acting showed study and reserve. Anne Martin 1901 gave a picturesque and dramatic rendering of the polite villain. The stage setting showed the genius of utilitarianism for

which college girls are famous ; for no one can deny that our stage properties were a trifle inadequate to the demands of a ship's cabin. Another good point was that even the minor parts possessed individuality and interest.

CAST.

Sir Richard Harlackenden, }	Maida Peirce
Diccon Goodnaught, }	
Gamaliel Frothingham,.....	Selma Altheimer
George Armitage,.....	Anne Martin
Abiathar Doryfall,.....	Florence Hinkley
Hopestill Greenoway,.....	Helen Harsha
Ananias,.....	Margaret Muir
Gill,.....	Jessie Wadsworth
Odlin,.....	Fanny Hastings
Diantha Frothingham,.....	Methyl Oakes
Joyce Frothingham,.....	Ethel Birch
Humility Pendleton,.....	Elizabeth Pettingill

ONA LORENE WINANTS 1901.

Four large boxes of toys were packed just before vacation and sent to Mrs. Ballington Booth to be distributed by her among prisoners' children on Christmas Day. No cause recently presented

S. C. A. C. W. Notes in Northampton seems to have aroused so genuine an interest among the members of the college as that presented by Mrs. Booth. Quantities of toys of all descriptions, from dainty dolls to iron trains, poured in upon the committee until the problem of packing became a serious one. A letter from Mrs. Booth has been received thanking the members of the committee and the girls who contributed for their kindness and generosity, and saying that a glimpse of the happiness and joy of the children over their gifts would have been ample pay for their pains.

HELEN WEST KITCHELL 1901.

A union meeting was held in Music Hall, on Sunday evening, December 16, at which Mrs. Howard Taylor of the China Inland Mission spoke. Mrs. Taylor is an English woman and is perhaps better known by her maiden name of Geraldine Guinness, as the author of "In the Far East" and "The Story of the China Inland Mission." She has come to this country to visit some of the larger women's colleges for the Student Volunteer Movement. Mrs. Taylor spoke especially of missions in China and emphasized the great need for work there. By illustrations from her own experience she made the country and people seem very real. After the meeting, Mrs. Taylor talked very informally to a number of girls in the Association Room.

DELIA DICKSON LEAVENS 1901.

On Saturday, December 8, President Seelye sailed for Italy on the steamer Columbia. He will remain in Naples for the first month, and it is probable that he will return by the last of April or the first of May.

On Saturday evening, December 8, at an open meeting of the Alpha Society, Mr. Robert Bridges gave an interesting lecture on "The Man and the Book."

On Wednesday afternoon, December 12, the Glee, Mandolin, and Banjo Clubs gave a very successful concert in Assembly Hall.

### CALENDAR

- Jan. 14, Lecture. "Recent Excavations in the Roman Forum," by Mr. Samuel B. Platner.  
15, Greek Club. Open Meeting.  
17, Biological Society.  
18, Société Française.  
19, Alpha Society.  
21, Philosophical Society.  
22, Colloquium.  
24, Examination Week begins.
- Feb. 1, Second Semester begins.  
1, Société Française.  
2, Phi Kappa Psi Society.  
2, Green Street and Belmont Avenue House Dance.  
4, Philosophical Society. Open Meeting.  
7, Biological Society.  
9, Alpha Society.  
10, Day of Prayer for Colleges.  
11, Physics Club.  
12, Colloquium.  
13, Washburn, Tenney, and Wesley House Dance.

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The  
Smith College  
Monthly

February - 1901.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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***MICAH AS CHAMPION OF THE POOR***

Rightly to understand the social condition of the kingdom of Judah in the time when Micah the Morashtite stood forth on its hillsides and proclaimed his message, we must go back at least a generation to the energetic reign of Uzziah, whence, brilliant though it was in itself, sprang all the distress and turmoil that fired this prophetic soul. Uzziah's reign is the one bright spot in Judah's history from the splendid days of Solomon to the emancipation under the Maccabees from Syrian rule, a period of more than eight hundred years. Freed from the paralyzing dread of Assyrian interference by the civil wars then raging in that country, Uzziah had been able to set out for himself on a career of conquest. State after state of the surrounding country surrendered to his arms, and Judah from the lofty summit of Mount Zion could once more dictate terms to a prostrate enemy.

One of the first uses Uzziah made of this new power was to turn the commerce, which usually passed outside the hill-girt fastnesses of his kingdom, through the gates of the mountains near to Jerusalem itself. The Jew is a proverbially successful trader, and even in that far-off day he wasted no time in mak-

ing the best of his advantages. Wealth increased surprisingly. The more able of this simple peasant people became enterprising merchants and landed aristocrats. The arts and the luxuries of foreign nations were introduced. Life was magnificent. Jerusalem was resplendent. The kingdom of Judah had reached the high-water mark of its prosperity.

Yet the darkness which followed was the outgrowth of all this splendor. Wealth had brought luxury and power,—to the few, that is, who could obtain it,—but luxury brought vice and corruption, and power brought greed and oppression. Upon this basis of wealth had grown up an aristocracy permeated with the commercial spirit, the spirit that tramples down the rights of others and seizes for itself all that comes within its reach. And this commercial spirit taught its own cunning. The price was great and the measure small. By skilful manipulation the rich man forced the peasant to become his debtor, and when his victim could not pay, turned him out of house and home. If the poor man cried for justice, the judge, blinded by the glint of gold, could not see the truth, and the rich was upheld. Tricked out of his civil rights, if the wretched fled to religion to beg for help and to implore the destruction of the wicked by a just God, it was only to be baffled once more by the gold of his oppressor. The priest told him his distress was punishment for sin, and the prophet predicted a glorious future for the princes, powerful and magnificent, the salvation and hope of Judah.

Religion itself was defamed. With the silks and the pearls of surrounding nations had come in their gods, demanding altars in the local shrines and setting up their worship in the Temple itself. Rites and orgies, obscene and degrading, defiled the hallowed courts; while a lower plane of conduct, a more corrupted idea of justice, a baser standard of morality, took possession of the land. Not only was the poor man driven from his home and left to die of hunger and disease, but Jehovah was dethroned from the shrines and hearts of His people, and without that light that had lifted them above their neighbors through those dark beginning times, God's chosen sank to the level of the foulest heathen,—with this difference, that the heathen knew no better and the prince of Judah did.

Such was the problem that Micah chose to face. For him, however, it was deeply personal. He too was a poor man. He

had bought his food weighed in the deceitful balances. Mayhap he too was wandering homeless from the land that had been his fathers' since the days of Joshua. His cry for justice may have been raised in vain, his reverence for religion shocked by the vileness of its priests. The problem of Micah arose from the awful realities of life; his burning denunciations from the living sufferings of the soul.

From the soul too comes his answer. Though the conditions of his time were very like the conditions before the Peasant Revolt in England or the Revolution in France, Micah is no Wat Tyler, calling on the people for an armed resistance; he is no Marat, burning, hunting, slaughtering his oppressors. There is not a suggestion of personal vengeance in his words. Vengeance will come, it is true, but it will be the vengeance of Jehovah; the oppressed will be delivered, but it will be the deliverance of a God-sent Messiah. And Micah, with supreme faith, tells of destruction to come, implores justice and repentance, but raises no hand to hasten the immutable plans of the Lord. Spiritual is his vengeance, and spiritual is his remedy,—no relief associations, no public schools. It is not the suffering that he seeks to alleviate, it is the disease that he would cure. So he calls upon the whole nation to put itself in such an attitude to God, to draw so near Him, to be so filled with His spirit, that sin shall be impossible, that suffering and desolation, the fruits of sin, shall be no more. "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

In his answer, Micah is like Amos. Practically, perhaps, he is Amos's inferior, but religiously he is above him. Their problems were the same, only the scene was different. Commercial dishonesty, greed for land, the corruption of justice,—both had to meet the same foes, both seek a remedy for the same ills. The remedy of Amos is more judicial. Individual righteousness plays a part, it is true, but the greater emphasis is on the free and uncorrupted administration of justice; while Micah, though demanding justice, puts this and all other demands in a more spiritual light. Hosea's solution seems a compromise between the solutions of Micah and Amos. His problem is a more general expression of the specific grievances against which they inveigh. "Injustice and cruelty" is his cry, and the em-



phasis is on the cruelty. So in his answer he demands justice with Amos, though in a more general way, and mercy with Micah, though in a more emotional and less spiritual way.

When we turn to compare Micah and Isaiah, we find at once a greater difference. Micah is the peasant, stung by personal wrong and suffering. Isaiah is the statesman, reading clearly and coolly the problems of his time, and as clearly and coolly thinking out their solution. He lived at the same time that Micah did, and, though he looked at life from a very different point of view, he read its social problems in the same words. It is in his solution that we see the statesman most plainly. He demands all that Micah demands, though, like the other prophets, in a more material way, but he demands more, and here is the point of departure. He demands the recognition of the value of the individual. You must not deny justice to the poor, he argues, not only because in so doing you are oppressing him, but because you are withholding from him his birth-right as a man. "I will make a man more precious than fine gold, even than the golden wedge of Ophir." It is this that connects Isaiah with the statesmen of modern times, and gives him a place with Cromwell, Lincoln, and Jefferson. Yet for all this, his answer is not so spiritually great as that of Micah. It is more practical—oh, by far!—and therefore greater in the affairs of the world; but if humanity could attain to the perfection of the ideal in Micah, would not the equality of man be the result? "To deal justly": could we render each man absolute justice without acknowledging that, as a man, he has equal rights with his brothers? Could we love mercy and see one man set himself over another to crush and oppress him? Could we walk humbly with our God, without realizing that "one is our master, even Christ"?

Thus in comparing the four social prophets of Jewish history, we see that Amos is more judicial, Hosea more emotional, Isaiah more philosophical, and Micah most spiritual.

But why limit our problem to Jerusalem, our answers to prophetic times? Is it not the essential characteristic of a prophet that he speak for all times, even though he know it not? The problems of our day and of Micah's are the same. Micah's answer, as the words of a true prophet, is alive to-day. His is an answer for the nineteenth century Anno Domini, as it was for the eighth before Christ. But it is not the answer of

the nineteenth century. An age the most mechanical, the most progressive the world has yet seen, we solve our problems by institutions, by education. We formulate cunningly devised theories and try them on certain communities of unfortunates. We establish numberless societies. We expend millions of dollars. We devote thousands of lives. And are the poor any better off now than they were in the days of Micah? Belike, yes. But are they better off in proportion to our increased possibilities for helping them, to our advanced education and enlightenment? Has Micah's answer no help for us to-day? Shall it be scoffed at as visionary, ideal, the crude production of a crude age?

It seems to me, that at the close of his "Progress and Poverty" Mr. George is feeling for some such spiritual solution, that, down in his heart, he turns to such alone with living hope. And there are words more authoritative than any answer of Mr. George's, words that, no matter when spoken, will always be the final decision for all problems of life; and these seem to me to correspond in spirit with the words of Micah. When Jesus, asked by John the Baptist whether He were indeed the Christ, enumerates the signs by which His divine commission may be known, He does not say, "The poor become rich," "The poor have equal portion of the good things of the earth." He answers simply, in words adapted from one of the old prophets themselves, "To the poor the gospel is preached."

Let us not give up our philanthropic enterprises. Let us not slacken our practical zeal. But when we study ways and means, surely we should turn to that book whereby all life should be governed, and, finding there the same problems, study there the answer which, primitive though it be, came from a more simple and simple-hearted age; came from, what we often are not, a man that was one of the people, crushed with them, wronged with them; came from one who, though all life seemed against him, never lost that triumphant faith that could give him patience in the midst of poverty and distress to await the appointed day of the Lord. Give, work, think; but teach the poor, the wretched, the influential, the fortunate, "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with their God."

MARGARET WILSON MCCUTCHEN.

## **JEREMIAH**

A man uncrowned by what we call success,  
Bereft of life's twin blessings, home and friends,  
He gained in losing all things save the best.  
We lose in gaining our ignoble ends.

RUTH ALLEN BENEDICT.

## **TO A SKEPTIC**

Not live again! Look in a lovely face  
And see the soul's own marvels written there;  
The earnest brow, the loving depths of blue,  
The lips that scorn destruction and despair.

Kneel at the bedside of a dying friend,  
Clasp his brave hand and look into his eyes.  
More beautiful than birth, or life, or love—  
The smile that slumbers on a face that dies.

Watch from your hill the children of the vale,  
Those who on frozen fields are left to die,  
Trampled by the armies of the great.  
They shiver at the stillness of the sky.

And must they take no part, or one so mean  
In the great drama of the universe?  
Why bear the torture of a tiny scene,  
If not for greater dramas to rehearse?

Look at the earth-bed of a vanished lake,  
Where once the moon flashed silver on its breast.  
Those waters on a thousand shores may break,  
A thousand times within the snow-clouds rest.

Shall man who checks the flood and rides the seas  
Appear but once in consciousness and power?  
Then should he bow indeed to woodland springs  
And worship every raindrop in the shower.

No, not the earth with all its richest store  
Can be the great inheritance of man.  
A life to live was Nature's,—God gave more,  
A day that opened where the night began.

ETHEL HALE FREEMAN.

## LOST—A TRAIN

It was the evening of the Harvard-Yale foot-ball game, and the Union Station was swarming with wearers of the crimson or the blue, all pushing their way toward the suburban trains which were slowly puffing out of the station. A crowd of foot-ball enthusiasts is usually a good-natured one, and there was little jostling or pushing, though no one could make any headway except as the whole mass moved by intermittent jerks, which generally threw one off his own feet on to his neighbor's. Suddenly, however, the crowd felt itself uncomfortably condensed by an unexpected impetus from the rear, and those who could manage to turn their heads at all had the pleasure of seeing Dexter Curtis, Jr., dashing madly through the crowd with the reckless enthusiasm of his foot-ball days. His hat was on the back of his head and his face was very red, but there was a look in his eye that caused the boldest newsboys to duck out of his path and made the crowd separate as best it could to let him by. The sacrifice of his own cherished dignity and the discomfort of the rest of humanity were small items to Curtis at the present moment, the point at issue being to get Miss Channing on the Millfield train in time, as he had promised.

The young lady in question was running distractedly in his wake, holding on her hat with one hand, and making futile snatches at her trailing skirt with the other, in which she carried a Harvard banner and a huge bunch of red chrysanthemums.

"Do you think we can do it?" they heard her gasp as she ran by.

"Yes, come on if you can,—the train is always a minute late!" shouted Curtis.

But when they reached the outer tracks there was the Millfield train already steaming out of the station, while the gateman stood before the closed gates as stolidly as though he had not committed an unpardonable crime in sending the train out on time. He even had the assurance to grin broadly at the disheveled couple who rushed up to him, breathless and exhausted.

"Sorry, can't let you through," he said. "Train's too far out."

Miss Channing bit her lip hard : she felt undeniably cross ; she hated to run for trains anyway, but she had promised to meet her aunt on this train and go out with her to Millfield ; now she had lost her chaperon and her train, and she felt on the point of losing her temper. Moreover, she was quite aware that her appearance was disordered, not to say rakish, with her hair flying, her hat cocked on one side, and her gown dusty to the knees.

"When does the next train go?" she demanded of the gateman with great dignity, ignoring Curtis, who was glaring after the departed train.

"Where to, lady?" asked the official.

"Why, Millfield, of course," answered Miss Channing rather sharply, annoyed at the stupidity of her own question.

The gateman consulted his watch.

"Well," he drawled, "there ain't another on this road till 9.34, and that's an accommodation. Waiting-room's to the right," he added, jerking his thumb in that direction.

The exclamation that Curtis suppressed at this juncture was not a blessing ; a woman may feel annoyed at losing her train, but the man who can lose his train with equanimity is either a broken-spirited creature or a modern day saint. Curtis was neither ; moreover, there was more at stake than merely losing the Millfield train.

"Perhaps there's a train from the other station," he suggested gloomily. "If we can get back to the waiting-room, I will get a time-table and look it up." Miss Channing wearily picked up her skirts and started back. "I can't tell you how sorry I am," he began lamely. "It was inexcusable of me to make you hurry so, and then lose the train ! But I was sure we could make it."

"Oh, it wasn't your fault at all," rejoined Miss Channing, with suspicious sweetness. "I ought to have known myself we never could do it. But even if there is a train on the other road, I think I would rather stay here three hours than try to cross the city in this crowd. I only hope Aunt Edith won't be worried."

"I'll telegraph to her," suggested Curtis, eager to prove that he was not entirely without resource in an emergency. But Miss Channing appeared unwilling to give him even that consolation.

"No, thank you," she said. "Telegrams always send her in-

to hysterics.—Never mind about a seat," she added resignedly, as Curtis looked in vain for a vacant place in the crowded waiting-room. "I can stand up just as well."

Curtis found one at last between an uninviting Armenian family and a dirty baby who was eating sticky pop-corn balls. He groaned to himself as he thought of the unpleasant position in which he had placed her. After she had condescended to go with him to the game, to show his appreciation by making her lose her train and obliging her to wait for three hours in a crowded station, unchaperoned and supperless! And this was the opportunity to which he had been looking forward as his last chance. Somehow he had felt that in going to the game with him she had given him a little encouragement, even though she had worn a dark crimson gown and refused to support the blue of his Alma Mater. In spite of the fact that she had ignored his attentions all the afternoon with her usual cold little formalities, he had hoped that the evening might bring him better fortune. And now what a mess he had made of it all! Whatever respect she had hitherto felt for him must be fast vanishing, as she saw how incapable he was of taking care of her for one short afternoon; and in his present mood he did not feel that three hours of his exclusive companionship would go far toward redeeming his character in her eyes. When a man particularly wishes a woman to rely on him for support and protection, it is distinctly hard for him to be placed in a position of apparent impotence.

"Her young brother could have taken better care of her," thought Curtis to himself, "and if any one else were in my fix, I suppose he would improve the opportunity and get in a lot of good work with her, and be genial and good-natured and entertaining."

Whereupon with a great effort he summoned what he considered a pleasant expression, and was just about to dazzle Miss Channing with it, when suddenly the pop-corn baby caught sight of his face and burst into tears. Curtis hurriedly withdrew the smile, blushed in confusion, and looked at Miss Channing to see if she had seen it.

Miss Channing, as has been said, had fully determined to be cross; not that she would show any ill-bred temper, but merely a resigned and polite displeasure. But when she had pinned her hat straight, smoothed her hair, and shaken out her dusty gown,

she was surprised to find that the prospect of waiting three hours in the Union Station did not seem so appalling after all; and when she looked at Dexter Curtis, the gloom of his expression suddenly appealed to her as ridiculously out of proportion to the situation.

"You are frightening that poor baby out of its wits with that dreadful frown, Mr. Curtis," she remarked.

"Glad she thought it was a frown," he thought grimly.

"If I were eating pop-corn balls, I should be frightened myself," she went on, looking at him quizzically. "I think I never saw you really cross before!"

Her manner was unusually informal and gracious, but Curtis did not feel like being laughed at.

"I am afraid I am going to be anything but diverting, Miss Channing," he said stiffly. "And I find this miserable time-table doesn't offer a single train before the 9.34. You will get awfully hungry before then. Wouldn't you—perhaps—couldn't you possibly come up town to dinner?" he asked eagerly. "I know it isn't quite the thing, but it's too bad for you to go without your dinner on account of my blundering."

Miss Channing pondered a minute; she certainly was hungry; but she decided that such a concession would ruin the effects of her afternoon's fencing, which she vaguely felt had been rather clever.

"No, thank you, I can't do that," she said; "but you may get me some—oh, some crackers or peanuts, if the station affords such luxuries."

Curtis, grateful for small favors, hurried away and was soon lost in the crowd. Miss Channing waited patiently, hoping that he was not attempting to charter a buffet car or buy out the fruit stand. After she had puzzled herself for a while with the long-suffering time-table, she found amusement in watching the contortions of the sticky baby, who occasionally mistook Miss Channing's chrysanthemums for the pop-corn ball, and began to stuff them into its voracious little mouth.

At last she saw Curtis returning, an ungainly bag of bananas and a huge bag of peanuts in one hand, and a box of Uneda crackers under his arm, and two large pink boxes of Baker's Best Confectionery, much bedecked with ribbon rosettes and streamers, sticking out of his pockets. Somehow the dignified Curtis in such a position appealed to her as his conventional and

attentive self had never done before. But her mirth only embarrassed and depressed him. "She must think me a perfect idiot," he thought to himself, as he unloaded his strange assortment of provisions.

"I was sorry to be gone so long," he panted, mopping the perspiration from his forehead. "Did you get tired waiting?"

"Oh, I didn't mind at all," replied Miss Channing, pleasantly—too pleasantly, Curtis thought, as he reflected grimly that his absence was probably a welcome relief to her.

"I'm afraid the peanuts aren't very fresh," he said anxiously, "but the bananas are fine, I'm sure. Oh, I remember now, you never eat bananas! What an ass I am!"

"Never mind, Mr. Curtis," his companion hastened to assure him. "I am extravagantly fond of Uneeda biscuits, and as for the candy, I have never seen anything more elaborate than Baker's Best Confectionery."

"It seemed to be the least objectionable," said Curtis, apologetically, "but I don't expect you to eat it."

As the dreaded three hours passed by, Curtis grew more and more gloomy and morose. He admired Miss Channing's acting; he could almost have thought her unexpected gaiety and unwonted graciousness of manner spontaneous, if he had not known she was inwardly laughing at him or pitying him, either of which attitudes was almost intolerable to his pride; her usual calm indifference would have been less humiliating.

He breathed a sigh of relief when at last they heard the nasal voice of the conductor shouting out, "Train for Norfolk, Clinton, Winchester, Millfield, *and* way-stations, western division, on track number seven!"

They boarded the train in silence. Miss Channing had some time since despaired of interesting him in conversation. As they sat in the chilly car waiting for the train to start, it suddenly came over Curtis that he must tell her why it was that his blundering had meant so much to him, why he could not respond to her mood, why he was, in fact, so utterly wretched and miserable. He knew what her answer would be; he was aware that both time and place were inauspicious; but at least he could vindicate himself for his conduct this evening, and—well, it is easier to know the worst than to anticipate it.

"I am going West to-morrow," he began clumsily.

"So soon?" asked Miss Channing, raising her eyebrows in



surprise. "I had hoped you would be here for my reception. Couldn't you manage to miss your train?"

It was an unfortunate question, and Curtis turned away, hurt and silent.

Miss Channing was occupied in wondering indignantly why the West should suddenly seem so depressingly far away. "It's so far!" she heard herself saying half aloud before she knew it. Luckily Curtis had not noticed, and before he turned around she was again the conventional Miss Channing, politely indifferent, rather bored, and perhaps a little colder than ever. Moreover, by some contortions of feminine reasoning, she immediately decided that Curtis must suffer for her momentary aberration. She deliberately took up the time-table beside her and glanced it over; suddenly she gave a start of well feigned surprise.

"Why, Mr. Curtis," she exclaimed, "what does this mean? They say that women can never manage time-tables, but—" here she ran her finger along the line of figures—"but here is certainly a 7.45 train for Millfield. You must have overlooked it—and it would have saved us two hours' waiting!"

But somehow Miss Channing could not feel as triumphant as she had expected when she saw the look of despair that came into Curtis's face. As if he had not blundered enough without overlooking the right train! The 7.45 sealed his fate and he knew it; but his very despair impelled him to speak, and in a rush of words he made his explanation.

When he had finished, however else Miss Channing felt, she did not feel triumphant. For a minute she did not speak; then she looked up defiantly.

"I knew about that 7.45 train all the time," she said. "I didn't tell you on purpose. I found it on the time-table when you went to get the peanuts!"

And Curtis, appreciating the possible implication of her words, and being withal a man of discretion, refrained from telling her the discovery he had just made—that the 7.45 was a Sunday train.

MARGUERITE CUTLER PAGE.

### *AT EVENTIDE*

Sweet, the night is closing in,  
And the old, old wounds throb sore,—  
Yet my worst crime was less a sin  
Than your scorn of the love I bore.

Echoes of battle still I hear,  
Though the sunlight long has fled;  
The war was all for you, dear,  
For you ran the heart's blood red.

Scarr'd with battle when I turn'd  
To you for the victor's crown,  
Each scar you saw, the reason spurn'd,  
And my laurel was—your frown.

Perfect and fair you stood above.  
To reach you I join'd the fray;  
All the scars I wear for you, love,—  
And your only word was nay.

Sweet, the night is closing in,  
And the old, old wounds throb sore,—  
Yet my worst crime was less a sin  
Than your scorn of the love I bore.

NINA LOUISE ALMIRALL.

### *THE AWAKENING*

There was once a beautiful land of green rolling meadows,  
rising in hillocks of tall, feathery grass, now spreading out in  
fragrant violet marshes with clumps of silvery willows here  
and there,—again stretching green and level, where the broad  
river wound its course until it disappeared in the forest of  
pines and gleaming birches beyond. Above the forest rose  
the mountains, cold, still, and blue, where the white mist gath-  
ered silently at evening and rolled mysteriously away at dawn.

Here dwelt a fairy—a real fairy; not one of those gauzy-winged elves that flit from bud to bud, stealing the honey from its rightful owners the bees, and looking very perishable and bewitching, notwithstanding. No, not a make-believe fairy at all, but a wonderful being, so grand and beautiful, and yet so warm-hearted and humble, that there was never a creature too small and humble in all her land to feel her loving warmth and presence.

And this presence *was* the fairy. She took no distinct form of being, dwelt in no enchanted lily or accommodating buttercup, nor spoke a voiced language. But preferring to love her land as her heart's dearest treasure, and to dwell in closest communion with its every feature, she spread herself over it all, guarding and cherishing it by her presence.

The little ground-sparrow flew far away over the meadows, fearing no harm for her nest of eggs hidden in the warm sweet clover, which she left all day, safe in the loving care of the fairy. The pale rosebud, opening to the light, flushed deep with delight in the presence of her sovereign. When the river seemed bluer than the sky it reflected, and when its little current waves lapped playfully against one another, then the fairy was laughing; when at evening the broad fields lay peaceful with long shadows across them, then the heart of the fairy was beating in peace and rest. Again, as the fleecy clouds scurried across the heavens, happy thoughts were likewise flitting before the vision of the fairy. By her land she lived, and by it expressed her every mood.

But after a long period of happiness a subtle change began to appear in the land. Sometimes a startled doe would bound out of the forest depths and stand alert and shivering at the brink of the stream. Then the fairy, filled with strange alarm, would listen for some long expected sound, she knew not what. At times she fancied it to be a human cry breaking through the hushed silence. But the hollow echo sounded only the frightened notes of her birds, as they had uttered them a minute before, or the last rush of playful wind through the tree-tops. The suspense was but momentary, and soon the frightened doe forgot her alarm in cooling draughts of water.

Though this land was not remote from busy worlds where men toiled after glory, riches, and all prosperity, still no living being had ever known the beauties of its realm or felt the pres-

ence of its queen. No foot had trodden the soft carpets of rich grass, no hand had broken a flower from its stalk. And oft-times the fairy wished for other souls besides her own to comprehend the grandeur of her land, for hearts that would thrill and beat like hers in the love and joy of living; or, if these wishes were too vain, for some one simply to inhale the perfume of her flowers, to feel the soft clinging tendrils of vines, as he lay under a canopy of green foliage or buried his head deep among flowers and creepers to drink of a virgin spring.

The more the fairy thought, the more lonely she became, longing for something worthy of a higher affection than even her beloved land. So gradually, very gradually, she withdrew from her old self, unconsciously letting in the chill winds, where once only sunshine was permitted to come. Her loving vigilance and care seemed growing weaker and weaker, and often at eventide, when the far-soaring hawk directed his flight homewards and the wandering crow floated silently on his black wings to the nest in the pine-top, a sadness would creep into the land and suffuse the golden sunset.

It was whispered about from flower to flower that the good fairy, the life of them all, was on the verge of a dreadful calamity. Being a fairy, and immortal, death could not harm, but a deep, death-like slumber was about to enshroud her, for how long they knew not. The daisies bending sorrowfully on their stems ceased to dazzle in the sun, the clover forgot to send forth its fragrance, and many a rosebud opened pale and wan. One flower alone lifted its head hopefully; 'twas the tiny purple heart's-ease.

"Yet a little while and he will come; fear not, dear sisters!" Thus did this brave little flower strive to cheer the melancholy land.

Now the days grew colder and shorter, the peaceful nights grew long and lonely. Sometimes the poor fairy was heard sighing as if bemoaning some long lost memory. And at length one dreariest night, growing ever weaker and weaker, she sank into deep oblivion. A chill wind howled dismally through the dark pines, and a cold moon shone out of the darkness, unmoved by the piteous sight of flowers wilted and grass bent low by the storm. A white mist rose silently from the broad river and, spreading out over the valley, enfolded in its damp, cold vapor the land she loved.

Finally, in over the pale, mist-covered land, came light, warm and yellow, streaming in from afar. And as ever the light grew stronger, the mist turned to gold and purple haze, deeper and deeper until, clarified by the golden light, it glowed like a beautiful opal held in the sun. The warmth of the new glory penetrated the chill air, and as the light brightened it widened for itself a path through the purpling mist even to the sleeping fairy.

Through her slumber she felt its glow ; she turned her frozen heart toward it and then—from away out of the vista of yellow light, came strains of heart-rending music; at first, the sounds of sadly dripping water, then those of a clear, tender voice full of passionate sorrow, rising to ecstasy, sinking to a low, smothered moan. And now the sad, lonesome dirge swelled and thrilled, telling as only it could tell the sorrows and temptations in a longing, burning soul, the endless conflicts, and the final triumph of the noble and true instincts.

The trembling mist rolled slowly back, gathering into itself a thousand new colors born of the strange light ; and in the place of darkness and chill stood the image of a beautiful boy. Fair, white, and gleaming, his head crowned with a soft, mournful glow, his lips parted in sorrowful melody,—yes, there he stood, the first visitant of the forsaken land. For a moment he paused, and seeing the once lovely country now all blight and desolation, in his new grief he forgot to sing. His beautiful form shivered, his golden head bent, and the land became filled with weeping. Then the fairy bestirred herself. Her numb, frozen limbs found unexpected life and power, and, charmed by the music, she soon was standing in wondering pity and compassion beside the weeping figure.

Lo, as soon as the presence of the good fairy returned, no longer was there silence or death; for her kingdom awoke with her. Once more the daisies shone bravely in the light ; again the wood-robin wound his sweet call ; and the river caught once more the color of her eyes, and its little current waves tumbled merrily along as of yore, when the fairy smiled. The little heart's-ease,—how tall it stood on its slender stem, its face radiantly happy ! For had he not come, of whom she had prophesied? But he wept, nor felt yet the loving presence of the fairy about him. And she, tenderly striving to reach his stricken soul and to express her all-embracing pity, clothed herself in a

form akin to his, one he would understand,—that of a beautiful woman. Gently she laid her hand on his shoulder, gently, so gently, that he raised his head and their eyes met. Love, tenderness, pity, and a great desire to understand, he read in the lovingkindness of her blue eyes. Ah! she was young, young as he,—she would understand! He let his eyes turn from her an instant and for the first time saw the land alight with sun and loveliness.

“Ah! then you did awake?” he suddenly exclaimed in eager tones, turning back to her. “How long I have hunted for you! I thought it was too late and you had died.”

Now the fairy, who had been so lost in pity for him, suddenly remembered the cold, cold sleep which had held her a prisoner all those long winter nights; recalled the beautifully sad music that had first aroused her sympathetic heart to life and energy. She looked at the boy, shining and triumphant, who had awakened and restored her to living; and the spirit of the fairy, though now embodied in the form he best might comprehend, turned in love and gratitude towards him.

So when, suddenly bursting forth in merry laughter, he seized both her hands in his, kissing her boyishly on both cheeks and smiling, oh so happily, in her face, she felt how young, how very young and childlike and simple he was, such a one as she had longed for as companion in her beautiful but lonely land.

“Come,” she cried, leaning toward him, “hereafter thou shalt dwell in my home, shalt rule as I rule, shalt live as I live. Henceforth I abide in the form akin to thine, a real woman, as formerly a real fairy; and thou—”

“And I—” he rejoined, unconscious, in his joy, of the few brilliant tears still lingering on his beautiful lashes.

“And thou,” she repeated, pausing to look across to the hills she loved, “thou shalt be the Strength of my heart; for thou wert Grief when thou didst arouse me, but I am ever Sympathy.”

ESTHER CONANT.

## **THE TIRED IDOLS**

The burning tapers flicker low,  
The tired idols sleep.  
The sacred swallows peep  
Beneath the temple eaves. And lo,  
From out the shadows stealing,  
A weary mother kneeling, kneeling,  
Prays a prayer below.  
And the tired idols sleep.

The smoking incense hovers low,  
The tired goddess sleeps.  
A tiny birdie creeps  
Beneath its mother's wing. And lo,  
Before the rude shrine stealing,  
A lonely mother kneeling, kneeling,  
Pleads in prayer below.  
But the tired goddess sleeps.

KATHERINE FISKE BERRY.

## **THE FRIENDSHIP OF EMERSON AND CARLYLE**

One of the things which strike us most in reading the self-revealing works of Thomas Carlyle is the utter loneliness and solitude in which he lived his intellectual life. In spite of his affection for his family, in spite even of the intellectual companionship which he found in his wife, he, beyond almost all other mortals, seems to have been afflicted with that sense of isolation and boundless solitude which comes over nearly every human being at some period of his existence. That dreadful sensation of the soul's being so wrapped and muffled in the outer trappings of the body that it can never, never reach out and touch any other human being, and thus get that longed for sense of companionship,—this feeling, which is, I think, an almost universal experience, seems to crop out in nearly every page of Carlyle's writings. "We are all little islands of mystery shouting to each other across seas of misunderstanding."

The secret of all friendship lies in this hungry, lonely character of the human soul, which ever strives to get a little nearer to some other soul. Our friends are those who at one point or another do seem to touch us, and those friends are the most soul-satisfying who have the most points in common with us; but never do we find one person who can meet us at every point, and between whom and ourselves the ocean of misunderstanding is quite dried up; the most we can do is to get a gossamer bridge like that of the Mohammedans to cross upon.

The higher and more intellectual the plane upon which a man lives his moral life, the fewer people does he find who can meet him at any point; and both Emerson and Carlyle habitually dwelt among altitudes seldom reached by the common run of men. Emerson's wide and broad sympathy enabled him to stoop to the level of those far below him, or rather, to lift them temporarily to his own height; but Carlyle could not do this, and again and again we hear him crying out that he is alone. "I am alone under the heavens," he writes, shortly after he has first met Emerson; and again, more than twenty years later he says, "I am often abundantly solitary in heart," and "I am often very lonely in these months and years."

At no time was Carlyle's sense of desolation much greater than when, living alone with his wife at Craigenputtock, he writes in his diary, "I am left here the solitariest, stranded, most helpless individual I have been for many years." To this man, for the time being crushed and desperate, came Ralph Waldo Emerson, then young and unknown, but then and always the living embodiment of "sweetness and light." Like the clear, warm sunshine he purified the cloudy atmosphere, and left both Carlyle and his wife grateful for his brief visit. "He seemed," wrote Carlyle in a letter to his mother, "one of the most lovable creatures we had ever looked on." Emerson up to that time had been unknown to Carlyle; but it was Emerson's interest in those works of Carlyle which had reached him in his home across the water, which drew him to Craigenputtock to see their author. From that visit sprang a mutual interest which never flagged, and the friendship which then arose lasted to the end of their lives.

This friendship, which has often been called strange and remarkable, seems to me too natural not to have happened. Not only their resemblances, but their differences, formed mutual



points of attraction. Each had soared beyond the thought of his age and his country and stood alone, above other men. Carlyle, as we have seen, had reached a point where understanding sympathy would be above all things grateful to him, and Emerson was full of that sympathy which comes from understanding. Each spoke the other's language with just enough difference in the terms to attract but not confuse. "Eloquence," says Emerson, "is the power to translate a truth into language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak." Eloquence, then, was what these men possessed for each other. The aim of each was practically the same, to get beyond the mere material to something of real spiritual worth and value; to turn aside from all sham and show and to get to the truth. "Hate shams," was the burden of all that Carlyle said or wrote; "Love the truth," was the text from which Emerson drew all his philosophy. Both held ardently to a belief in the ideals of life, to a something far greater and more transcendent than a merely mechanical conception of the universe, and both were continually striving to do something to raise the ideals of mankind. Each attacked his subject from a totally different point of view, but both moved towards the same center.

The warm, sunny hopefulness of Emerson's disposition must indeed have been to Carlyle as balm to the sore and wounded spirit, for, in spite of his theoretical and ultimate optimism, Carlyle was of a gloomy and sometimes almost despairing temper. It is, I think, nearly always the case that characters like Carlyle, nervous, irritable, and easily depressed, are most strongly attracted to people possessing steady cheerfulness such as Emerson's. Each of these men, moreover, saw in the other a kindred poetic spirit; each felt that the other was striving to express to the best of his ability what he also felt in his inmost soul,—the feeling that there is a something above and beyond mere fact; each felt the wideness and the unknowableness of the universal. Herein lies the common element of mysticism which helped to draw them together, for both in their man and their poet natures these two were kindred spirits.

Their friendship had in it no element of coldness or formality; it was a warm, vital thing, as any one who has read their correspondence can not help seeing. Perhaps we can never realize just what it meant to Carlyle to have this kind, noble, steadfast friend to whom he could pour out his sadness and trouble

whenever the burden became too heavy for him to bear. Each seemed ever to feel confident that he would be *met* by the other in whatever strain he chose to write. Emerson, after his first visit to Carlyle, says that a man of true genius "will give one a *sense of having been met*, and a larger horizon"; and years later, Carlyle, in mourning over the dumbness of man, writes, "I feel as if Emerson were the man I could soonest *try* to speak with." Especially as old age comes upon him, and after the death of Mrs. Carlyle, does Carlyle turn more and more to this friend across the sea. "I can not do without some regard from you while we are both here," he writes; and again, in one most touching letter, he says, "Can you not in defect or delay of letter send me a Massachusetts newspaper? I think it costs little or almost nothing now, and I shall know your hand." So simple and so affectionate was their feeling for each other. Nor was it in the least one-sided; Carlyle does not depend more upon Emerson than Emerson upon him. "I thank God whenever I call you to remembrance," Emerson says; and again, "Send me some word out of the wide silence." "A friendly thought is the purest gift man can afford to man," says Carlyle; and Emerson was rich not only in friendly thoughts but in friendly deeds. It is characteristic of both men that they did not let their friendship live itself out in mere protestation, but were ever eager to be of practical use to each other, to do as well as to be. The most common matters were not too small to be of interest to one if they were so to the other. Thus we have Emerson giving Carlyle a long account of just how to cook Indian meal, and sending him a barrel of the right sort. Here, indeed, was another point which they had in common, a certain homeliness and naïveté of character which is often present in the expressions of both and blends curiously with their poetic qualities. Both men were seers in the truest sense of the word: they saw the facts which were around them, and their meaning, and both possessed the power to look down into the future and trace the result of the present.

Thus there existed between the two greatest men of the century a warm, human, and sympathetic friendship,—a friendship for which there was every reason in the character of the men, and which is not a thing to be wondered at except for its perfection. It is interesting to know that Emerson in his last hours thought of Carlyle, not as the great genius who had spoken

thunderous messages to the world, but as "that good man—my friend." It seems as if these two, in spite of the broad ocean which separated them, came nearer to abolishing that great spiritual sea of solitude in which we are all submerged, and to standing soul to soul, than often falls to the lot of mortals, be they geniuses or ordinary men.

PERSIS EASTMAN ROWELL.

### LESSING

Thou who didst seek to find,  
Holding that search as recompense  
Sufficient, though the end denied,  
Teach me thy better joy,  
To be with striving satisfied.

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE.

### THE LIGHT UPON THE HILLS

From the forest's fairy hollows the purple light is fading,  
And the sunbeams sport no longer at the flashing, fern-fringed rills;  
In calm, unbroken stillness the flickering shadows deepen,  
Yet the sunlight glimmers warm and bright on the far-off western hills.

The dew is on the meadow and the clover heads are nodding  
In silence, as the bumblebee his drowsy droning stills;  
The splendor and the glory fade to the gray of evening,  
Yet the gold and crimson linger in the light upon the hills.

The mist is on the river,—the pallid, reed-fringed river,—  
And the mystic hush of eventide the lapping water thrills;  
Yet beyond the mist and darkness a clear, faint light is shining  
With tender, mellow, radiant glow on the far-off, dreamy hills.

GERTRUDE ROBERTS.

## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### THE GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER

"Lady, you whose silken shimmer  
Mocks the early morning glimmer  
Of the dew upon the grass,  
Quick you greet with scornful laughter  
What I tell of now—and after,  
And forget me as you pass.

"But, by lips in whispers moving,  
By the eyes that melt with loving,  
By the blood that leaps like wine,  
By the touch of little fingers  
Which, though vanished, ever lingers,—  
I can read your fate in mine.

"And, although your silken shimmer  
Mocks the morning's dewy glimmer,  
Though you scorn and pass me by,  
By the path each treads to-morrow,  
Height of love, or deep of sorrow,  
We are sisters, you and I!"

EDITH DEBLOIS LASKEY.

By reason of the extent of his domain, the fertility of his lands, and the great number of his well-governed vassals, the Baron de Contrefort was the envy of all the lords in the region. None of them could boast of such prosperity or of such success in managing affairs. But the Baron de Contrefort cared nothing for all that made him the admiration of his neighbors. He tranquilly enjoyed his wealth and never sought to add to the lands that he had inherited or conquered in his youth. The baron was a man

without ambition and without pride except in one thing—his horse, Charles Martel.

Truly he was a noble animal, this Charles Martel—a war veteran, too, and comrade of the hundred exploits which the baron had performed as a young man. But that was a long time ago. As I have said, the baron had established himself upon his domain as a peaceable landholder; and he mounted the broad back of Charles Martel no more except for a gentle trot among the fertile fields of Contrefort. Clearly the steed as well as the master was no longer in the first springtime of his youth. Indeed his years numbered twenty-six,—a somewhat advanced age for a horse. But in the opinion of the baron this longevity was only a proof of the excellence of Charles Martel. “It must be a rare horse,” he was wont to say, “that can attain twenty-six years.” He thought that his horse like his wines became more precious every year. Hence, through all the country-side a man would have struck the baron sooner than suggest to him that the eye of Charles Martel did not shine with its former fire, or that a very little hill sufficed to make him lose his breath.

One day when the baron, having resolved to superintend in person the work of the *corvée*, was riding toward his cornfields on his beloved courser, he chanced to meet his cousin the Baron de Bourdigne, lord of the domain contiguous to his own. Not only was the Baron de Bourdigne his first cousin, but he was also a good fellow, and the two had always been the best of friends. So they greeted one another cordially and exchanged a few observations upon the state of harvests and game. Then the Baron de Contrefort would have passed on to his cornfields; but at that moment, whether through thoughtlessness or through malice, the Baron de Bourdigne let fall these fatal words:—

“My cousin, it seems to me that Charles Martel appears a trifle weak in the knees.”

That was all, but it was more than enough. Uttering a cry of rage, the Baron de Contrefort struck with all his strength the mocking face of his cousin; then he seized him in an iron grasp, tore him from the saddle, and flung him to the ground. Then touching with his spurs the venerable sides of Charles Martel he set off at a hard trot for Contrefort. As for the lord of Bourdigne, he gathered himself up painfully, followed with a furious glance the cloud of dust raised by the shambling hoofs

of Charles Martel, shook his fist with a sinister and threatening gesture and, mounting his horse, took at a gallop the road for Bourdigne.

In those virile days when a man was insulted he did not demand an apology; he avenged himself. Thus the outraged baron did not cease to urge on his horse until he reached the outer court of Bourdigne, where he drew rein before the little chapel. Some of his dependents, seeing him leap from the saddle and dash headlong into the chapel, came running from their quarters. Pausing at the door, they found the baron kneeling before the altar, solemnly swearing not to rest before compassing the death of Charles Martel.

On reaching his castle the Baron de Contrefort descended from his horse and, having tenderly caressed him, he had him led away to the stables. Then he sent for the superior of the monks who lived on his estate and cared for the souls of his vassals; and while awaiting his arrival, he entered the hall of the castle, where he paced to and fro, gnawing his bristling moustache and muttering a thousand maledictions.

When the superior entered the hall, the baron turned upon him a look of savage joy.

"Father," said he, "we are about to fight. To-morrow my cousin the Baron de Bourdigne will be here with a great army."

The superior rolled his little round eyes toward heaven.

"May the good God preserve us!" he cried. Then, changing his tone abruptly, "What the devil does my lord your cousin want with us?"

"He has insulted me atrociously!" roared the baron. "He has just said to me that Charles Martel is growing old."

"Infamous!" said the superior, who saw at once how the wind blew. "The noble Charles Martel! And what did you do?"

"I struck him a terrible blow and cast him upon the ground," replied the baron.

"And why did you not kill him?" demanded the superior.

"I forgot that," replied the baron. "What the devil, Father! When a man is angry he does not remember all these things. But that will come later. And now, prepare to fight. How this recalls the crusade that we made together in the days when you were not yet a monk! You had a terrible arm in those days, Father."

"It is the will of God," sighed the superior, philosophically. "If I must fight, let me fight my best. And in truth," continued the man of prayer, "there is a certain squire of the Baron de Bourdigne whom I could slay with great satisfaction. And now, to the siege!" And he rushed from the hall, tearing off his cassock as he ran.

The next day the castle of Contrefort stood ready for a siege. The drawbridge had been raised and the gates closed, and upon the great wall many sentinels kept watch. In the court, the baron and the superior, both armed to the teeth, reviewed their soldiers and ordered the last preparation for the combat. About noon a sentinel gave the alarm from his tower, and rushing to the wall, the men of Contrefort saw a multitude of warriors advancing upon the castle. The Baron de Contrefort and the superior ascended the watch-tower and gazed upon the approaching army. As the enemy drew nearer, the baron could distinguish his cousin of Bourdigne. His eye flashed, and his hand pressed the hilt of his sword.

The hostile army halted a few paces from the wall, and a herald advanced into the open space. Having sounded his trumpet he proclaimed that the Baron de Bourdigne was come to avenge his cousin's insult; that he had sworn the death of Charles Martel; and that if it should be necessary he would raze the castle of Contrefort to the ground.

"Ah, it is still a question of Charles Martel," cried the baron. "He must be led to a place of safety. Let me go!"

He descended the staircase swiftly, rushed to the stables, and after a moment he was seen crossing the court at a run, dragging by the halter Charles Martel who followed trotting. The baron made him enter the hall of the castle, where he shut him in, then returned breathless to his soldiers. At that moment the noise of a terrible shock was heard. It was the assault of the men of Bourdigne upon the barbican. Then followed a fierce combat. Well defended though it was, the barbican yielded at last to the furious onslaught of the enemy. Crossing the ditch, they forced the gate, and hewing down the defenders on all sides they pushed struggling into the court. Then uprose a terrible clamor. The monks rushed from their quarters, uttering cries of fear, and took refuge in the castle; while the warriors of Contrefort and of Bourdigne fell upon each other, and the clash of arms and the yells of the combatants swelled

deafening to heaven. The Baron de Contrefort and the superior were everywhere, fighting side by side, slashing and hewing like madmen. Soon it became evident that the soldiers of Bourdigne were gaining ground. Step by step the garrison of Contrefort were forced to give way. Contending every inch, they were borne back even to the castle. It was now a question of saving themselves as quickly as possible; so they took refuge behind the solid door of the castle, overpowered for the moment but unvanquished still.

The siege that followed this struggle was furious and determined. Nine days passed in assaults and repulses. During all this time Charles Martel stood in a corner of the hall, with his head drooping and his eyes half closed. The baron stole an occasional moment from fighting or watching only to caress this stolid *casus belli* and to whisper a few encouraging words in his ear.

"Only look at Charles Martel!" he cried one day. "What noble resignation!"

The superior considered the animal with a penetrating eye. "Was he fed yesterday?" he asked.

"He would not eat," replied the baron. "His noble spirit forbids him to eat in such a crisis."

The superior surveyed Charles Martel again, slapped him on the flank, and as the animal seemed sunk in oblivion, returned without further parley to the defense of the castle.

On the tenth day, the besiegers gained ground enormously; and before night it became evident that the castle must fall. The besiegers gave over their onslaughts for the moment, and again the herald advanced and sounded his trumpet.

"Baron de Contrefort," he cried in a loud voice, "deliver over to us the horse Charles Martel and we will spare you and your men, and we will not raze your castle to the ground."

The superior hastened to the side of the baron. He would have spoken, but at his chief's dark glance he fell back without a word. The baron ordered his herald to reply with a valiant defiance. Then turning to the superior he said, "There remains the dungeon. Let Charles Martel ascend to it."

He summoned two stable boys and ran to the horse, who stood motionless in his corner.

"Au revoir, Charles Martel," murmured the baron in his ear. "Trust yourself to these good boys. As for me, I go to defend



the door until you shall have ascended. Au revoir, my brave fellow." And drawing his sword and shouting, "Follow me!" he ran to the door of the castle.

At that moment the engines of the besiegers thundered again upon the wall.

Charles Martel, who seemed in no way moved by this din, followed the stable boys with docility. At the foot of the staircase he cast an indifferent glance upward; then, with head hanging and eyes closed, stumbling and scrambling, he suffered himself to be dragged aloft.

All night long the renewed combat raged among the ruins of the falling castle. Sunrise revealed the forces of the besiegers terribly reduced. In the dungeon, the remnant of the defenders grew every moment weaker. The baron and the superior rallied them for a last effort. The superior, brandishing his sword and swearing in a manner scarcely priestly, took his place beside the baron at the head of the soldiers.

They carried the day. Before the very door of the dungeon the Baron de Bourdigne fell under the feet of his men. Terrified and weakened, they were cut down in this last desperate struggle of the besieged. Those who were able saved themselves in flight, leaving the dead on the field of battle.

The baron profited by the cessation of the combat to seek Charles Martel. He embraced the neck of the horse.

"I have avenged you, my noble courser!" he cried. "Your traducer is dead, and you are saved."

At the sound of his voice Charles Martel half opened his eyes; then he sank down upon the stone floor, and quietly breathed his last.

At this moment the superior came in.

"And how fares Charles Martel?" he cried as he entered.

"Dead," replied the baron briefly. "It is emotion that has slain him?" he submitted presently.

"My lord," answered the superior, while his hand sought the hilt of his dripping sword, "I think that it is his great and honorable age."

The baron bowed his head, and silently contemplated the corpse.

"At least," he said finally, "we have preserved all that remains of him."

"Consider," hazarded the superior. "Here is your dear cousin dead—"

"So much the better," interpolated the baron.

"And your wall battered down, your stables and your chapel in ruins, your castle razed to the ground, and half of your men slain. I wonder if the game is worth the candle," said the superior thoughtfully.

"My dear fellow!" cried the baron in astonishment, "what an original idea!"

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS.

Mehitabel Melissa came to college afflicted with some other things beside her name. The small High School in the little town of Maddern had, so to speak, revolved around Mehitabel Melissa's literary ability, and she possessed therefore a decided confidence in her talent in that direction. Her composition teacher had remarked to Mehitabel Melissa's father that she had a very "apt pen," whereupon her father, beaming, had seen to it that the pen should be a gold one.

At the graduation exercises when Mehitabel Melissa had stepped forward to read her essay there was a murmur of delight and expectation from the audience of relatives and friends. Mehitabel Melissa's mother, who sat on the front row about ten feet away from Mehitabel Melissa, raised to her eyes with trembling hands a pair of opera glasses better to contemplate her daughter and the graduating gown which she had helped her to put on half an hour before. Mehitabel Melissa made a jerky bow and read her essay entitled, "Flowers Everywhere," a subject of her own choosing. It could never have been said of Mehitabel Melissa that she departed from her subject,—at any rate not before she had so endowed every region of the earth with flowers that there was room for very little else on this terrestrial sphere. The flowery language, the figures of speech, combined with the tuberoses, the lilies of the valley, the honeysuckle, the jasmine, the mignonette, all coming at once, were enough to have stifled the admiring friends and relatives with the fragrance of it all. But instead of looking as if they feared it would be necessary to procure lawn mowers in order to make their way through the luxuriance of horticultural growth described as surrounding them, they listened in rapt, admiring attention. The exercises over, they rushed up to Mehitabel Me-

lissa, kissed her, made much of her, and demanded the privilege of looking at the essay in their own hands. Mehitabel Melissa yielded it up modestly,—she had decorated it in water colors with little groups of forget-me-nots and violets. She wished it to be beautiful to see as well as to hear, and she had heard that the monks of old illumined valuable manuscript.

The next day she read a certain "Pamphlet of Information" long and industriously, and there came upon a course which spoke of papers and themes. She would go to college, she would take this course, she would cultivate her talent.

She went to college, she struggled hard with certain formalities of mechanical—nay, rather of a mathematical nature—and then she was installed. One day about a week later she went to the class in themes. At home when Mehitabel Melissa and her fellow classmates had deserved any reward, the teachers had occasionally read them a story or two. The professor seemed to be following this plan. Mehitabel Melissa sat and listened entranced to stories, amusing stories, and to two poems. She was delighted. All at once she felt that, after all, she was glad she had come to college. But when the class was dismissed, above the clatter of the arms of the chairs being folded back into place, she heard one girl say to another,

"Do you suppose Alice Ward wrote that first poem? She wrote such clever things last year."

Then it all dawned on Mehitabel Melissa—those poems were written by the girls, those delightful stories were themes! She, Mehitabel Melissa, was expected to write things like that. A girl behind her gave her a gentle push, and Mehitabel Melissa moved forward a little. Then she walked out and went back to her own little room on the third floor of an off campus house. She closed the door and locked it. She went over and sat down by her desk and began idly to play with a patent inkstand, a parting gift from her father. She reflected that the inkstand would not work; no matter, she could write home in pencil.

In the house next door a girl in a red dressing sack was standing by the window beating fudge in a pan. Mehitabel Melissa thought vaguely that it was strangely flippant of that girl to wear bright red at a time like this. With a sudden fierce movement she leaned over and pulled out a drawer in her desk and took from it with rude hands the decorated copy of her graduating essay which had been laid there so tenderly. She read

through the first pages, and then thought of the stories in the theme class. She pulled her brown waste basket over by her and made a potpourri of "Flowers Everywhere" by tearing it into little bits. Then she put her arm on her desk, laid her head down on it, and stayed there quite still for a long time.

Half a year later another offering was laid on the shrine in the little drawer of Mehitabel Melissa's desk. It was in the form of a short theme and at the end it bore the legend in letters of red, "Your work is improving." And this time Mehitabel Melissa was content that her production should remain undisturbed.

LUCIE LONDON.

#### THE SONG OF THE MOUNTAINEER

I know that the forest tells me true  
The secret of the trees ;  
I trust the murmured syllables  
They scatter to the breeze ;  
But the ocean stores its loves and its lores  
Deep down in its watery fold ;  
For the heart of the sea throbs not for me,—  
The heart of the sea beats cold.

The mountain breasts are warm with fire,  
Their pulse but echoes mine ;  
I love their earthquake mutterings  
And their song in birch and pine ;  
But the ocean keeps in its fathomless deeps  
Its thoughts to me untold ;  
For the heart of the sea throbs not for me,—  
The heart of the sea beats cold.

CHARLOTTE BURGIS DeFOREST.

Surrounding, encompassing everything were shadowy distances of luxuriant foliage that seemed unending. Near at hand the bridle path of the pioneer

A Pioneer Flower Bonnet wound around the roots of the great trees, and was finally lost in the green beyond. The stillness was more than that of a June Sunday, it was the silence of the vast primeval forest.

There was no expectancy, no alertness. All life seemed hushed, drowsy. Only the shadows of the leaves moved, creeping across the bridle path as the sun advanced.

Suddenly from far away in the green depths a faint noise of laughter and voices came echoing from tree to tree, growing clearer until the woods seemed ringing with it. A gay, mocking laugh sounded close at hand, and a vexed voice answered, "Fie on thee, Sarah Wisner, for an ill-mannered sister." Around the turn in the bridle path came two ungainly farm-horses, swaying from side to side in their plodding gait and giving their riders many a rough jolt.

Surely it was Mistress Sarah who rode first; a winsome maiden was she with her mischievous black eyes, upturned nose, and saucy brown curls, well matched by rosy cheeks and a trim, little figure. Deborah Wisner was the older sister and she sat her awkward steed with a queenly grace. Her pale, clear-cut face, framed with black hair had a proud beauty in it that contrasted well with the merrier face of Sarah. Their crisp lawn skirts were gathered up and lay in billowy piles of ruffles on their laps, and their dainty slippered feet were held out from the shaggy sides of their faithful carriers. Again Sarah's gay laugh rang out.

"I tell thee, Sarah, I will not have thy ill-timed mirth. Thou art a saucy child. What matters it if I choose to wear my new lawn to the Methodist meeting? Is it meet for thee to chide me, clad as thou art in thy own fresh gown?"

"Ah, Debbie," said Sarah, reining in her horse so that she could face her sister; "but thou didst sew until late yester eve to finish thy lawn, while mine has been hung away these two days. Besides, Debbie, did I gainsay the fact that I desire to look my prettiest before the Methodist brethren? 'Says I to Josiah when I hears of them Methodists' arrival and when I hears as there was five sons, then says I to Josiah, there's a chance for them Wisner gals,' so—"

"Sarah Wisner! Thinkest thou the idle gossip of Mistress Josiah Bardwell is fit for thy tongue? I shall not stay another moment to listen to thy ill-chosen conversation."

"Nay, but thou wilt, Debbie, stay as thou art, for thou cans't not go forward because of me and my beast, and I have no fear that thou wilt go home, Deborah Wisner. Ah, Debbie, I meant not to hurt. See, I will go on," and again the two horses jolted

along the path, and the sunlight now and again broke through the trees and rested on the two fair faces.

Finally Sarah stopped so abruptly that the stately Deborah, being close upon her, barely escaped a tumble.

"Are we near, Sally?"

"The clearing is but just beyond," answered Sarah. "Arrange thy petticoats, Mistress Deborah, put thy flower bonnet upon thy shapely head, and prepare thy thoughts for the divine service."

Thereupon each maiden shook down the crisp, ruffled skirts of lawn, and brought to light each a bonnet gay with flowers. Sarah's had red roses, Deborah's yellow.

"Sally, art not abashed to go unbidden to a strange church? I know not what to say. Tell me the preacher's name again, I do forget."

Sarah raised her clear voice and the wood echoed with her words. "Roe—canst hear? Daniel Roe and his five—"

"Sally, I command thee hush! They will hear. Thou wilt disgrace us with thy pranks."

"Go preach to the woods, Debbie, and I will go to the meeting-house," Sarah answered, starting her horse.

Deborah followed, and another turn brought them into the clearing.

It was a desolate little place, this clearing of only two months' settlement. Three log houses were built near the furthest edge, and in the center a little log meeting-house, in the door of which a man was standing as they rode up.

Deborah summoned her courage. "Art Mr. Roe?" she asked.

"I am Daniel Roe, the Methodist preacher," he answered.

"And I," said Deborah, "am Mistress Deborah Wisner—this my sister, Mistress Sarah. We are the daughters of Moses Wisner. Thou must know of our father who lives at the clearing beyond here near the Presbyterian Corners, where he is an elder in the church. He has allowed us to attend thy church this Sabbath."

While she was speaking a perplexed look came over the preacher's face. He seemed at a loss what to say as he gazed up at them.

"It would give me great pleasure, my sisters, to have you with us, but I hardly know how—"

Deborah drew herself up proudly. "I beg thee to remember,

Mr. Roe, that I am not thy sister, and as we seem not to be welcome, Sarah, let us return."

"Oh, I pray thee sir," broke in Sarah, "mind not my sister's speech. 'Twas but a hasty outburst. We did not know it was not allowed us to worship with thee and thy church."

The preacher turned toward her bright, earnest face. "I thank thee, my child, for thy words. Surely it is right for thee to worship with us; I was but puzzled by your finery," and he glanced again at the haughty Deborah. "According to the rules of my church I can not let you enter with the gay flowers in your bonnets. If you desire to come in, you must first cut them out."

"Enough," cried Deborah. "I tell thee, Sarah, let us go."

"But I am not going, Deborah, I shall remain for the meeting. 'Tis but a trifling service to cut away my roses."

Deborah stared. "Then shall I do better on my homeward way. To such nonsense will I never stoop," and she whipped up her plodding horse and rode away into the forest, Sarah's troubled eyes watching her.

"Do not worry nor blame, my child," said the preacher. "Here is my son, Austin. Mistress Wisner, Austin. He will lead thy horse across the field to our dwelling, and there thou shalt cut away thy blossoms."

Sarah looked down and saw that a young man had come out of the meeting-house, and was standing near the preacher. She had forgotten the five sons, and this was one of them. She thanked the preacher, and rode away across the field, Austin Roe leading her horse. He answered her questions about the new settlement, and the Connecticut section from which his family had moved; and she told him in turn about the preacher's refusal to let them in with flowers in their bonnets, and how her sister Deborah had gone back home, and then they came to the little log house.

"My mother is already at the meeting, therefore tell me of what thou hast need," he said, leading the way into the living-room.

"Surely a pair of scissors will suffice for a cutting process," she said gaily. The scissors brought, he watched the brown curls nodding saucily over the bright bonnet in her lap, and the nimble fingers clipping the blossoms loose.

"Oh, 'tis a pity to spoil the pretty thing," he said.

"No, no, just quite sensible. 'Tis of no account to wear flowers."

"If I made the Discipline it should not be so," and he sighed so woefully that Sarah laughed outright.

"There, 'tis the last one," she said, giving a final snip; whereupon the last red rose flew off the bonnet and landed at the young fellow's feet. Quickly he seized upon it, and looked at her boldly.

"'Tis my prize, Mistress Wisner, is't not?" he pleaded.

"For shame, Mr. Roe, what says thy Discipline?—and thou the minister's son." He laughed gaily.

"I shall not wear it in my cap," and he put it in his pocket.

"Thou dost not need the roses after all," he added, looking at her admiringly as she stood ready with the plain little bonnet on her curls. "The Discipline knew best, I ween."

"Art ready?" said Sarah, abruptly.

Heswung her up on the old horse and they set out again. The freshly broken earth was rough and the horse stumbled frequently. Austin Roe had a bolder tongue than when they went over the field before.

"I fear me, Mistress Wisner, the ground is much too uneven for thy comfort."

"No, no, 'tis but the awkward step of the farm horse. I am used to many a jolt."

He looked at her eagerly. "I have a pony brought by myself from Connecticut. Wouldst thou have it, Mistress Wisner? 'Twould suit thy weight rarely."

"I beg thee, sir, to remember that the Sabbath is not a fit day for horse trading."

Austin Roe bit his lips impatiently and turned again to the horse; and the demure little Sarah saw only the back of his shapely head for the remainder of the journey.

The preacher met them at the door again and Sarah Wisner went in to her first Methodist Love-feast. She put off her coquetry as she had her flowers, and it was a serious little maiden who drank in the gentle words of Daniel Roe that morning.

"Thou dost transform our meeting-house with thy sweetness, my child, and thou art always welcome," said the preacher as he bade her good-by, and Austin Roe echoed his father's words in his face as he rode into the forest with Sarah.



As they wound along through the golden green and the shadows, he looked at her shyly, remembering the lesson of the pony. Then gently he said, "I shall ride often through these woods if thou wilt let me."

And Sarah's look was clear and sunny as she answered, "And thou shalt find a welcome if it please thee to ride all the way through."

Another June, Sarah Wisner rode through the forest in her bridal gown, and the preacher married her to Austin Roe in the little log meeting-house.

"Debbie, thou canst not help thyself, now. Thou art sister to one Methodist at least," and as the color deepened in Deborah's cheeks, Sarah whispered to the preacher, "I'll wager, my father, that such relationship will not long suffice her."

LILLIAN PRESTON HULL.

#### WHO KNOWS?

"I've loved, I've loved," she said with content  
As she gazed at the red, red rose.  
And the red rose nodded in sweet assent,  
For perhaps she had loved,—who knows?

"I've lost, I've lost," she said all forlorn,  
And a tear dropped on the red rose.  
The red rose pricked her with one small thorn,  
For perhaps she had lost,—who knows?

CLARA MYERS KNOWLTON.

#### "PLEASE DO NOT DISTURB"

"Studying. Please do not disturb."  
Just as well to go away;  
She's absorbed in noun and verb,  
Not at home to you to-day.

And you'd find it very stupid,  
Heartless things are noun and verb;  
Might as well go home, Dan Cupid!  
"Studying. Please do not disturb!"

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR.

In the old family Bible, bound in calfskin, the date of my birth is thus recorded, "Elizabeth Catherine Deyer, born February the tenth, year of our Lord 1832." That is the **My Own** way it stands, written in a large, bold, masculine **Kingdom** hand, and a little farther down the page, in my mother's exquisitely fine writing, the additional sentence, "February the twentieth. Baby was christened to-day Elizabeth Catherine, Elizabeth for my esteemed and beloved mother and Catherine for Mr. Deyer's maternal parent. We pray that our child may inherit the virtues and graces of both of these most estimable gentlewomen."

Here were plain facts before my eyes and still I took them and colored them with my own fancy and there I read that Elizabeth Catherine Deyer was born a Princess Royal, and with this fancy I played for many years. Often I would spend long, rainy winter afternoons robed in a red shawl with a chain of pearls twined in my hair,—a cousin had been to Rome and had brought me the beads, which henceforth became my most cherished treasure,—a peacock fan in my hand, sitting in state in the library holding my court. I well remember how horribly mortified I was if any one intruded and saw me; for it broke the charm, and I would snatch the pearls out of my hair, drop the fan and wrap the shawl about me, as if I felt chilly. Perhaps you will call this deception, but to be laughed at hurt me, and no one would have understood had I tried to explain.

Let me beg you to give your children names. The combination of mine may now sound old-fashioned; but such a wealth as they have been! For instance, one day I was the haughty Tudor Queen of England signing the death warrant of the poor Queen of Scots, or again I was Saint Elizabeth, but here I lost faith, for so completely did I merge my existence into that of the real saint that when my imaginary husband accosted me and brutally demanded what was in my basket and I answered, "roses," the roses failing to materialize I was indignant. Wasn't the Lord just as anxious that I should tell the truth as my far away namesake? Then why didn't he perform a miracle for me and save me from telling a lie? Then taking my second name I was Katharine of France, Catherine de Medici, Katharine of Aragon, just as my mood suggested.

I had no brothers or sisters, and I lived in the old Deyer homestead with my grandfather, grandmother, and my own

dear mother ; for my father had died when I was a tiny child. My mother was an invalid and, for weeks at a time when she was worse, I would steal in on tiptoe after breakfast to kiss her thin cheek, and again at nightfall before going to bed, to say good-night ; so the days were long and rather lonely.

There was a small tract of woodland behind the house and this served as an enchanted forest where scaly, fire-breathing dragons guarded a buried treasure which I longed to discover, or as my pleasure park where I rode a-hunting with my train of lords and ladies.

"The huge bronze gates of the palace are flung open by lackeys in brilliant coats of red and gold," I would murmur to myself, "and the Princess Royal steps forth attended by her two favorite maids of honor, the Arch-Duchess Louise and the Countess Marie, and a dozen knights. As she descends the grooms lead up the horses and the Princess mounts and sits gracefully in her saddle patting the arching neck of her beautiful Arabian steed that, eager for the chase, chafes the bit beneath her gentle but firm hand. Her escort mounted, Her Royal Highness gives the signal and away they dash into the green wood. The Princess wears a gown of white embroidered with pearls; a great black hat with long feathery plumes shades but does not conceal her lovely face." Childish egotism ! In my fancies I was always beautiful. Pug nose, straight mouse-colored hair were transformed into Grecian features and locks the color of the sun, or occasionally black as a raven's wing ; but this did not give my courtiers so many chances for flattering comparisons, and so was not so often chosen. And, of course, I had a lover ; but he was rather vague, a combination of Sir Galahad, Richard Cœur de Lion, the Black Prince, and other heroes of my childhood ; however, he loved me, slew the dragon, recovered the treasure, and danced divinely at the court ball given by the king on my wedding eve.

My grandfather Deyer was a deacon of the church, therefore I was not allowed to dance, and on Thursdays at school I suffered untold agonies hearing the other girls talk about the good time they would have at dancing class, and how often Tom, Dick, or Harry would ask them to dance. So you see that the prince who was to win my heart and hand must know how to dance, for I danced like a woodland nymph, at least my courtiers swore I did.

Long ago I laid aside my scepter and sovereign duties, but the throne is not empty, for my dearest godchild and namesake reigns. One day, seeing Betty bowing and kissing her hand before the long glass in my dressing-room, I sank on my knees beside her and flung my arms around her waist.

"Betty," I gasped, "are you a Princess?"

"Yes," she answered simply, "I am, but how did you know it, Cousin Elizabeth?"

How did I know it?—only because long years ago I too had reigned and played at being a Princess Royal.

ELIZABETH ROBINSON JACKSON.

## EDITORIAL

The survival of the fittest as a law of the universe is unquestioned in our day. If a maxim then has pursued us from our earliest recollection we may believe with some confidence that there is a sound kernel of truth in it. The person who maintained that every adage is either a truism or a lie must have been possessed of an over-literal mind or inclined to extreme hastiness in generalization. No doubt there are in circulation flashy sayings of an epigrammatic order that remain current for a time by virtue of some empty conceit, but the day of these is brief. One by one they fall into disuse and are forgotten. Not so those sterling maxims, defying the test of time, which contributed to the moral growth alike of our parents and of our grandparents and so on *ad libitum*, and of which we in our day and generation must not expect to be wholly independent. There is something very insistent about these venerable pieces of good advice, these words of consolation or of warning; and it is well for us that it is so. An adage may seem to be cold comfort; but there are times when it is the best antidote for the ills of life, if it is received in a spirit not too skeptical and acted upon accordingly. Thanks to the number and variety of these maxims, there is scarcely an unhappy contingency that can not be met by one of them. And where better can one turn in the period of discontent that comes in the middle of the winter term?

On the whole, there is no more trying time during the college year. The Christmas vacation seems a part of another life in some remote age; Easter and the spring term seem myths. If the passing of examinations has left a feeling of relief, it has also left a feeling of much hard and steady work done. One has an ardent longing for one's home and family which must in most cases remain unsatisfied. One's existence is too likely to seem made up of dead routine, without ambition or aim.

Dull and lethargic discontent is too likely to be one's prevailing sensation. If this is so, now is the time above all others to seek help from the army of maxims ever ready at hand; to find one's best good in reverting to the familiar admonitions of childhood. The languid spirit, thus reinforced, remembers that all things come to them that wait, counts the weeks to some alleviating event, and finds the prospect less unendurable; remembers that every cloud has its silver lining, investigates the situation, skeptically at first, and admits reluctantly that life is not wholly joyless. Or better—and she who forgets this misses the best that maxims have to offer—remembers that king among good counsels that points to labor as the universal panacea. Then she may reflect that she is really not doing her best in basket-ball; or that she could write an excellent story for the *Monthly* if she would take the time to work out the idea that she has had in her head for weeks; or that she might be rather more useful on that committee of hers that has so many efficient workers; or—incidentals failing—there is always the curriculum! In the winter of her discontent, let her moralize.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

A new, though by no means a novel contribution to the discussion of the old question, "Shall woman's education differ from man's"? comes in an article in the Forum for this month, by President Thwing, of Western Reserve University. Dr. Thwing takes up in order the conditions, the methods, and the forces of education, the subject to be educated, the aim and the content of education. As regards what he calls "the conditions of education," namely, time and space, there need be, he says, no difference between the education of women and that of men. The time of education should be, in every case, as long as purse will buy and individual will allow. The relative advantage or disadvantage of an urban, a rural, or suburban location for a college is practically the same to students of either sex. In regard to the methods and the forces of education he comes to a similar conclusion. Co-education, coördinate education, separate education,—each method has its weaknesses and its strength; each is good or bad, better or worse, best or worst, according to the individual student, man or woman, to whom it is applied. And the great teacher, the teacher of a great personality, is required to the same degree by men and women alike. Thus far Dr. Thwing's argument has been of so general a nature that it has been as impossible definitely to disagree as definitely to agree with him. Now comes our first intimation of his distinctive position. "The fourth thing that I wish to say," he continues, "relates to the subject to be educated,—the man, the woman." Whereupon he goes about to prove woman's intellectual equality with man, assuming here and in the treatment of his next head that education has to do solely with the life of the intellect. When he comes to consider the content of education, however, Dr. Thwing departs suddenly and widely from this intellectual view of education with the statement, "Of the many things I should like to say about the

course of study, the one thing that I wish most to say is that the differences in different studies are of very small value, provided the student is interested in the studies which he pursues. . . . Woman should take those studies which interest and move and form her. Man should take those studies which interest and move and form him. The studies should be different, not on the ground that the one is a man and the other a woman, but they should be different on the ground that each is an individual." Thus, at the very crisis of the discussion, the emphasis is adroitly shifted from the original question, and the paper closes without explaining to our satisfaction Dr. Thwing's views on the education of women or on this new problem of the scope and value of the elective principle in education.

In the January Forum, President Jones of Hobart College gives, in no uncertain tones, his opinion of the elective system, as carried to excess in so many of our colleges, where the student is allowed passively to follow the line of least resistance. "Any course disappointingly stiff is dropped for another occupying the same number of hours. 'When they persecute you in one city flee ye to another', is an injunction well laid to heart by those otherwise indifferent to the Scriptures; and sudden migrations from the Jerusalem of calculus to the Jericho of economics are not without their humorous aspects." While by no means advocating a return to the iron-bound conditions of fifty years ago, Dr. Jones maintains that enough restriction must be placed upon the operation of the elective system to give symmetry and consistency to the college course, if the college is not to lose its place as a fitting-school for life.



## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

In writing of the Cornell University Medical College, I realize afresh that to have two "alma maters" is an unmixed blessing. Though my mind's eye wanders frequently over "waving meadows" and lingers among "purple shadows," it is

The Cornell University Medical College is no less capable of following the waves on Cayuga Lake, and seeing visions behind the "Western hills"; and though I loyally say in the words we have all learned so well,—“We have no yell,” I yet feel contentedly at home among those who “yell Cornell.” To know the strange personality of one college, as much as a finite being is able to know it, makes understanding another a little more possible, and, I believe, loving one college loyally necessitates loyally loving the second.

But you who know me, know my feeling for Smith. The others do not care. All of you, being awake and in this century and country, ought to know of the beginnings of life of the Cornell University Medical College in New York City. There were three factors in its origin. The first was a disagreement in the Medical College of the University of the City of New York, which ended in the transference of the allegiance of the majority of its faculty, trained in teaching and in working together, to Cornell. The second was a gift from Colonel Oliver H. Payne, to build and endow a Medical College, under the sole condition that it should be made second to none. The third was the life motto of Cornell, bequeathed to it by its founder, who said: “I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study.”

The first class of the Medical College was graduated in 1899. The college now numbers three hundred and thirty-six students, including those who are taking the first two years in Ithaca. We are too young to talk of what we have done, and too modest to talk of what we are going to do, but we have a very friendly feeling toward other colleges and are very willing to be known as we are.

To know us you must know our building; that will tell you both our reality and our ideals. It includes much, in the words of a certain card catalogue, from “Accidents to Æsthetics.” From the roof, one can look either through the glowing colors of the United States and Cornell flags flying bravely from their sixty foot poles, or straight into the court of Bellevue Hospital, or down the East River toward the lazily active ocean, or into the squalor of an east side city street through which an ambulance frequently rings its way. It is a building of light stone and brick, a city block in frontage, and a hundred feet in depth. There are two large entrances, one for dispensary patients and

one for members of the college. Entering either door, one finds himself in the midst of white marble tiling, rich dark wood, and space. If it happens to be after dark, the whole is filled by the most pervasive, soft, glowing electric light. The details of lecture halls and class rooms;—a dissecting room with polished floors and space for three hundred students; laboratories for undergraduate and advanced work, glowing with the brass of microscopes and the colors of chemicals; the dispensary waiting-room, and the labyrinth of rooms where the poorest receive treatment from specialists, free of charge;—are more interesting in reality than on paper.

Just as you are asked, "How do you like Smith's?" we are asked, "How do you like your work?" and consoled with because it is "such a grind," and reverently complimented on our "sacrifices," and with confidential tone asked what medical students are like to work with. This time I am half inclined to answer, instead of changing the subject to the literary merits of "Eleanor" or the splendor of the present opera season.

In regard to the work itself, to quote from the official register: "The essential feature of the entire system is the division of the classes of the several years into small sections for recitations, demonstrations, laboratory exercises, dispensary visitation, and ward work in the hospitals." The significance of these words will be realized only by those who know the work of other medical colleges. Our work is practical from the start, our quizzes, conducted as a recognized part of the college work, are models of applied pedagogy, and our professors are many of them known as authorities in the literature of their departments, and as skilled physicians in the hospitals with which they are officially connected.

And the students? In the fact that the work fills time, heart, and mind, is our joy and also our tragedy. A schedule filled from nine to six, Monday to Sunday, which includes only an escaped hour here and there for study, provides "Accidents" in plenty, but the "Æsthetics," except for our building and our flags, must come "between meals," as it were. For the benefit of the more technical I would add that a working definition of Æsthetics is "the laughter and color and vision which transform grinding into life." I myself have not known a day of "grinding" since I began. The chief reason for that lies of course in the beauty and elasticity and dignity of the work itself, but is also due to the companionship of those who are working with the same interests. Moreover, a large part of the reason is made by the irresponsible spirits of those "wags" who are ever young, by the Cornell yells, and Cornell songs, and Cornell colors. The Medical Club, a very young organization, aspires to complete what is lacking in public spirit, loyalty, knowledge of other colleges, and opportunity for relaxation, and so to provide the perspective essential if work is to be done in the true play spirit.

The two most prominent points of interest in this life of ours to a layman are probably the constant presence of suffering, and the advisability of co-education in medicine. For the nerve and strength necessary to meet the first, the advantage of wide opportunities in general education and travel, and of largeness of character can not be overestimated, yet our course from the study of hard, knotty bones to the responsibility over life, is such a long,

gradual one that we are better prepared for that responsibility when it comes than the layman.

Co-education seems, abstractly, to be the rational method of preparation for those who are to work not in monasteries nor convents, but in the great, struggling world. In regard to the things which the outsider naturally thinks would be "unpleasant," the most potent remark is that though some of us are men and some are women, all are alike human, and where human interests are concerned, the dividing barrier simply does not exist. The effect of a thing lies in its significance. The things we discuss are significant of suffering and the work to be done to relieve it, so it is no wonder the words concerning them are free from embarrassment and spoken as a matter of course. It is even thought that many of the tangles of society would untwist themselves were less stress laid on doing away with artificiality, and more on increasing reality, through common work and common interest among men and women.

An alumna always wants to give advice, so if you are thinking of studying medicine, my advice as to the preparation is for you to have a college education full to the brim of Latin and Greek, even if only for the sake of the etymology of our long words; of one science constantly, as training in scientific methods of study; and of literature, history, music, people, and fun, to provide portable inspiration. After that, take a good look at the world, through travel preferably. Then dive deep—but visit Cornell first.

STELLA S. BRADFORD '93.

The location of Bryn Mawr College is ideal: only ten miles from the heart of Philadelphia, the student may enjoy many of the privileges which the city offers and yet live in one of the most beautiful

Bryn Mawr College country spots imaginable,—where athletic sports are secluded from the curious eye and lessons learned in the woods undisturbed save by the song of birds and the chirp of crickets. Not only did Nature do her prettiest for Bryn Mawr, but art and skill have combined in forming the nucleus for a group of college buildings which when completed "will be the finest in the world." From the beginning the trustees of the college have foreseen a large development and every part has been planned and built upon a broad foundation, for the future as well as the present, so that in the end—if end there be—a harmonious result will be obtained. Large architectural plans were made, which include everything a great university for women could desire—even a Spanish garden and a pleached walk—and these plans are being carried out as fast as the need is felt, since an actual need is usually quickly followed by the necessary funds. One or two of the college buildings are modified reproductions of castles in Wales and above the entrance to Pembroke Hall is displayed the Pembroke coat of arms. They are all built of gray stone, overgrown with the graceful ambelopsis and English ivy. The gray and green of springtime, pictured beneath the blue skies, rival the gray and crimson in the golden sunshine of autumn, until the campus seems an enchanted fairy land.

The first dormitory to be built was Merion, with large, square rooms and without closets. The trustees, who were Friends, said, "The young ladies

will need but two gowns, one for the First day and one for school wear. These can be hung on two hooks on the door." It was not long before wardrobes were added. Four dormitories have since been built with accommodations for about sixty students in each. In these, one student may have one room or two, or two students may have two rooms or three, as opportunity and purse permit. As it is earnestly believed that the greatest benefits of college life are obtained only by those who continually breathe its invigorating atmosphere, all undergraduate students, except the few who can live at home, must board in one of the college houses.

From the main college buildings the campus slopes charmingly down to a large apartment house for the faculty—aptly called Low Buildings—and to the basket-ball field. It may be that no part of the campus is dearer to the hearts of the students than this amphitheater, nestled among the green knolls, upon which each class yearly contests for the banner in basket-ball. In winter the field is flooded and converted into a skating rink. Four exercise periods are required each week of all students, of which one period must be spent in the gymnasium. The others may be taken in various ways, as drives, walks, basket-ball, golf, or tennis. The length of the period depends upon the severity of the exercise. Exercise conditions may keep a student from her degree and deficiencies must be made up as in any other department. The success of one poor student in making up fifty-six hours in one week, in addition to the required amount, has always remained a mystery to me.

Last May, the first effort to raise money for a Students' Building at Bryn Mawr took the form of a May day fête in which alumnae, graduate students, and undergraduates took an active part. A large audience from Philadelphia and beyond gathered to see Elizabethan plays and picturesque scenes reproduced with skill and historic accuracy on the beautiful college lawn. It was a perfect success and furnished a large nest-egg toward the Students' Building. The fund was increased at Christmas time by the sale of calendars.

Since 1892, the trustees have left the government of the college, in all matters not purely academic, in the hands of the students. The students have accepted this responsibility as a sacred trust and have conscientiously and loyally worked for its fulfillment. So completely does this association hold control that unworthy students may be suspended or expelled from the college without advice from the trustees, president, or faculty. Self-government has a long code of rules which the executive committees and proctors enforce, if need be. Usually the students gladly obey. The penalty for breaking some of the rules is a fixed sum of money; for graver offences students receive written admonitions from the executive committee. Three of these warnings cost a student the privileges of the college.

It has always been customary for students to wear gowns during the academic hours at Bryn Mawr. The cap is not as generally worn, but appears upon occasions. A pretty scene occurs the night the freshmen receive their caps and gowns, about six weeks after the opening of the college. The freshmen, proudly arrayed for the first time in the insignia of their alma

mater, are met on the campus by the sophomores, likewise gowned and carrying lanterns. After marching and singing the two classes form circles, one within the other, and each sophomore presents a freshman with a lantern "to light her through college." The freshmen march and sing from house to house and then run home to hide or lock up those precious caps and gowns, for lo, the naughty sophomores are intent upon preventing their younger sisters from appearing in their scholastic garb at chapel the next morning.

In accordance with the provisions of the gift of Dr. Taylor, the founder of Bryn Mawr College, the board of trustees and the president belong to the Religious Society of Orthodox Friends, and while the college and its religious meetings are pervaded by the principles of the Christianity of the Friends, it is a broad, non-sectarian college and not the slightest attempt at proselyting is ever made. All students of the college are cordially invited to attend the Friends' meeting at Haverford, and the college provides a large bus to carry such as feel inclined to accept. Buses are also generously provided for those who worship in the other denominational churches in the vicinity. To one who has attended chapel at Smith for four years, chapel at Bryn Mawr would at first seem strangely lacking. The attendance is varying, often small. There is no organ, no piano, and only within a few years has there been singing. But to one who attends habitually, the plain service reveals its deeper meaning and power for helpfulness. The same is true of the Sunday evening meeting, in which all members of the college are invited to join. During these quiet hours the beauty of silent, spiritual worship becomes ever more beautiful and uplifting.

Between graduate and undergraduate students, there is a gulf fixed, so deep that but few have had courage to pass over and meet those on the other side. Although they live in the same houses and eat in the same dining-rooms, there has been but little friendly intercourse. This difference seems gradually to be growing less, as the undergraduates find that graduates need not necessarily be "pale-faced grinds," and as the graduates learn to take a more active and sympathetic part in the life of the college.

It is often said that the only easy way into Bryn Mawr College is through the graduate department, since any graduate of a recognized college is admitted without examinations. In this way, some come from smaller colleges and take only undergraduate work, supplementing previous courses. This is not true of most of the graduates, who come rather with a desire for time and opportunity to carry on advanced work in special lines. Such students may be assured of the heartiest support and sympathy which the college can give. To this end, the college offers eleven resident fellowships of the value of \$525; and five, often more, resident scholarships of \$300 each. The fellowships are awarded upon application in each department "to the candidate that has studied longest or whose work affords the best promise of future success." The scholarships are awarded "to the candidate next in merit to the successful candidate for the fellowship." In addition there are three European fellowships, one of which is given to a worthy member of the senior class, the remaining to students after one and two or more years of graduate study at Bryn Mawr College.

The Graduate Club is generally well supported and a good deal of life and interest emanates from its center. It has very pretty rooms in Denbigh, tastefully furnished through the kindness of Miss Mary Garrett, in which afternoon tea is served during the fall and winter by the different members. I have often wished some custom more sociable and enlivening than tea-drinking could be adopted for such an occasion. The club arranges for a few evening lectures, a few informal talks, and receptions. Outside the club, the social functions for the graduates are few. The two which they anticipate each year with pleasure are the evenings when Miss Thomas receives them in "the Deanery," and the afternoon when they, with the faculty, are entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Garrett. The chosen afternoon comes in early spring, when the shrubs have just burst into bloom and when the long hedge of japonica about Mr. Garrett's lawn is aflame. It is, indeed, a privilege for an outsider to be thus cordially welcomed into this quiet, beautiful Quaker home, and to receive such charming kindness from each member of the family, from the little girls running to meet the guest in the hall, to the great-grandmother with her quaint dignity and sweetness. The more fortunate Fellows are splendidly entertained at dinner by Miss Thomas.

I can not close even this brief account without endeavoring to make some acknowledgment of the personal encouragement which comes to all students of Bryn Mawr College through President Thomas. The helpfulness which springs from contact with a powerful woman, who believes in other women, that they can and will do something of some avail, and who carefully guards their rights and privileges, and who sympathetically urges them on, is something to be felt rather than expressed. Miss Thomas will ever be gratefully associated with the far-reaching influence of Bryn Mawr College.

"Thou gracious Inspiration, our guiding star,  
Mistress and mother, all hail Bryn Mawr.  
Goddess of wisdom, thy torch divine  
Doth beacon thy votaries to thy shrine,  
And we, thy daughters, would thy vestals be,  
Thy torch to consecrate eternally."

ANNAH PUTNAM HAZEN '95.

ROXBURY HOUSE, 1 Dayton Avenue, Roxbury, Mass.

*My dear Editor* :—Your note has been received, and I hasten to reply to its courteous request for some facts regarding this Settlement, the history of which has scarcely been long and varied enough to warrant extending the story to the two thousand words that you offer.

Roxbury House, which has recently been styled by the Boston Globe "one of the most interesting settlement houses in all Boston," is situated in that part of the city known as Roxbury, within a fifteen minutes' car ride of Back Bay station or the Public Library, and in the immediate vicinity of the business center of this section. The trolley is one block away, furnishing easy communication with all parts of the city and adjoining towns, yet not annoying the residents by its continual racket. In fact, while all around us lies a congested district, we enjoy a very quiet corner, at the intersection of Mall Street and Dayton Avenue, with more air and light than if we were packed

in the middle of a city block. Some have difficulty in finding the spot, though no one can understand why. Getting off of a Washington Street car at Eustis Street, walk down Eustis Street to Mall, and Mall to Dayton. You can tell Eustis Street by the old cemetery on its corner. I always begin to feel at home when I see those tombstones.

Although this is a continuation of the social settlement, known as the Ben Adhem House, it is under entirely different management, being maintained by an association incorporated under the name of the Roxbury House Association. This change was effected last summer, and the new management commenced its vigorous measures soon after, by starting a six weeks' summer school, where the usual industrial arts were taught by salaried and volunteer workers.

The first of September, a trained nurse and two residents, apart from the head-resident, came here to live and to carry out as far as possible the purpose of the Association which is,—quoting from its printed circular,—“to elevate the character of those in the neighborhood of the House by classes, lectures, entertainments, and social gatherings, thus offering to the children opportunities for pleasure and profit, which will draw them from the street, where most of them spend their afternoons and evenings.”

Following out this idea we have chosen those forms of education which we think—to quote again—“will perform the highest service, such as kindergarten, sloyd, sewing, cooking, drawing, literature, and singing classes. A branch of the Stamps Savings Society has been opened, the library is vigorously maintained, and mothers' meetings, neighborhood gatherings, a citizens' club, as well as clubs for children of all ages are regularly conducted. There is also a nurse connected with the House, who visits the families to relieve the sick who may need her care, and to teach them how to care for each other in sickness, and to observe rules of cleanliness and ventilation.”

Among the children that come here, there are at least nine nationalities represented, with as great a variety of religious creeds, while among the workers the Jew and the Gentile clasp hand, and in the Association, composed of representative people of Roxbury, is to be found both the Catholic and the Protestant. Could Smith College itself desire a broader platform?

Of course Roxbury House is still a baby, a baby only a few months old, and that in itself makes it interesting, because of its possibilities, its probabilities, and its cries for help. The conviction, however, grows upon me that it has come to stay—to stay because it fills a need, and I have the hope that in the future it may number as residents, as it does now among its outside helpers, many of the Smith girls.

Cordially yours,

SARAH PERRY BROWNING '85.

Head Resident.

The Association of Collegiate Alumnae is desirous of encouraging the pursuit of advanced courses of study among women graduates of colleges. It

therefore proposes to devote five hundred dollars every year toward paying the expenses of some young woman who wishes to carry on her studies in a foreign country. Applications for this fellowship will be received by any member of the committee having it in charge. The candidates must be graduates of colleges belonging to the association, and applications for the year 1901-1902 must be handed in before March 1, 1901. The fellowship will be awarded only to candidates who give promise of distinction in the subjects to which they devote themselves. It will be the aim of the committee to appoint the candidate who is best fitted for the position through original gifts, previous training, energy, power of endurance, and health. To this end they will receive applications in writing from eligible candidates, who will present, as clearly as possible, their claims to the fellowship. A competitive examination will not be held, but the bestowal of the fellowship will be based upon evidence of the candidate's ability, and of her prospect of success in her chosen line of study. Such evidence will naturally consist of (a) her college diploma; (b) testimonials as to superior ability and high character from her professors and other qualified judges; (c) satisfactory evidence of thoroughly good health; (d) a statement of the work in which she proposes to engage subsequently; (e) *last, and of chief importance*, examples of her scientific or literary work in the form of papers or articles, or accounts of scientific investigations which she has carried out. The fellowship will not usually be granted to those who are intending to take up the practice of any of the three learned professions, though such are not formally excluded from the competition; it will rather be bestowed upon those who are looking forward to positions as professors and teachers and to literary and scientific vocations. Preference will be given, other things being equal, to graduates of not more than five years' standing. The fellowship will in general be held for one year; but in an unusually promising case the term may be extended at the discretion of the committee.

BESSIE BRADWELL HELMER,  
1428 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

ANNIE CROSBY EMERY,  
Pembroke Hall, Providence, R. I.

RUTH PUTNAM,  
27 W. 23d Street, New York, N. Y.

On New Year's Day Miss Sarah P. Browning gave a lunch at Roxbury House to several of her class ('85). Those present were: Mrs. W. D. Hutchins of Arlington, Mrs. J. B. Marlin of Malden, Mrs. J. V. Turner of Hyannis, Professor Mary W. Calkins of Wellesley, and Miss Mabel Fletcher of Newton.



A book has been placed in the Reading Room in which all alumnae visiting the college are asked to sign their names. The list of visitors for January is as follows :

'88.	Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke,	.	.	January 28
'90.	Janet W. Roberts,	.	.	" 17
	Lois Angie Leonard,	.	.	" 29
1900.	Julia B. Paton,	.	.	" 5
	Mary E. Wiley,	.	.	" 8
	Carol Weston,	.	.	" 17
	Elizabeth Fay Whitney,	.	.	" 31
	Helen Ruth Stout,	.	.	" 31

Contributions to this department are desired by the second of the month in order to appear in that month's issue, and should be sent to Ruth L. Gaines, Morris House.

'80. Josephine A. Clark, Assistant Librarian for the past seven years in the Library of the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., was appointed January 1, Chief Librarian of the Department, succeeding Mr. W. P. Cutter, resigned.

'81. Miss Laura D. Gill, who has been the representative of the Cuban Orphan Society in Cuba since the close of the Spanish war, has been chosen Dean of Barnard College.

'88. Emma Bates is absent from her home in Holyoke, for a trip of several months to Mexico and California.

Evelyn Gilmore has been cataloguing the library at Bradford Academy. Mrs. A. W. Hitchcock's new address is 8 Institute Road, Worcester, Massachusetts.

'92. Eliza W. M. Bridges was admitted in September to the Massachusetts Bar, and is now practising in Boston.

Marion Drew is spending the winter in Aiken, S. C.

Elizabeth C. Fisher has returned from her art studies in Paris and is now in Dedham, Massachusetts.

Harriet E. Jacobs is teaching in Fiskville, Texas.

Etta A. Seaver sailed for Europe in January. She will spend several months abroad.

Helen L. Wolcott is teaching in the High School in Hartford, Conn.

'93. Mary E. Harwood is teaching Latin in Miss Armstrong's School, Cincinnati, Ohio.

'94. Edith J. Swett is principal of the Lancaster High School.

'96. Elizabeth R. Cutter is spending the winter in Florence.

Mabel Durand has announced her engagement to Mr. Frank Woodworth Pine of Detroit.

Claire F. Hammond was married December 27, to Mr. Herbert W. Rand, Instructor in the Biological Department at Harvard. Address, 36 Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

'96. Mrs. W. R. Copeland (Anne Young) has moved from Pittsburg to 1904 Green Street, Philadelphia.

'97. Grace Greenwood was married January 1, to Mr. Cleveland E. Watrous, Sheffield Scientific '95.

Margaret Miller, a former member of the class, has announced her engagement to Mr. Elisha Hilliard Cooper.

Harriet Morris is spending the winter with her family in San Diego, California.

Josephine D. Sewall has announced her engagement to Mr. Kendal Emerson, Amherst '97.

Grace Whiting is in Florence, studying singing.

'98. A group of Smith alumnæ in New York has formed a basket-ball team which plays every Saturday morning at the Lenox Lyceum on Madison Avenue against a team of Bryn Mawr alumnæ. The Smith alumnæ are : Ethel Craighead '98 (Captain), Georgia Coyle '98, Ethel James '98, Charlotte Sherrill '98, Janet Roberts '99, Jaffrey Smith 1900, Carolyn Wurster 1900, and others.

Cara V. Burch has returned from Europe, and is living in Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

Alice Jackson is in charge of a Working Girls' Club in Greenfield, Massachusetts.

Maude Jackson is teaching in Englewood, New Jersey.

Margaret Kennard and Mary Kennard '99 are in Berlin after a trip to Russia.

Mabel Knowlton is studying the Spanish language at Mrs. Gulick's school in Spain.

Carol Morrow is teaching in South Orange, New Jersey.

Alice K. Twining is teaching in New Haven.

Blanche Wadleigh is teaching in the Hannah More Academy, Reisterstown, Maryland.

Lucia Mae Wheeler was married January 1, to Dr. Joseph A. Hall of Cincinnati, Ohio. Address, 628 Crown Street, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati.

'99. Mrs. J. F. Allen's (Ruth Homer's) address is now 4588 Laclede Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

Margherita Isola has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Gilman Hyde of Philadelphia.

Elizabeth Squire is traveling in Egypt and the Holy Land.

1900. Mabel Burroughs is assisting Miss Bromback in the English Department of Oberlin Academy, Oberlin, Ohio.

Gertrude Perkins is teaching Greek and mathematics in the High School at Lebanon, New Hampshire.

Mabel Perkins is doing postgraduate work in botany and zoölogy at Smith.

Marion A. Perkins is teaching science in the High School at Huntington, New York.

1900. Elizabeth Revell has announced her engagement to Mr. George McCallum of Northampton.

Bessie Rogers is the head of the Lower Middle School of the Balliol School (formerly Miss Piatt's) at Utica, New York.

Sarah Sanderson is teaching Latin, French, and English at the State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Kingston, Rhode Island.

Edith Sheldon has taken up College Settlement work in Philadelphia.

Florence Shepardson has accepted a position as teacher in the High School at Williamsburg, Massachusetts.

Cora Sweeney is an assistant in Greek and Latin in the High School at West Springfield, Massachusetts.

Lucy C. Thayer has taken a school for the winter in Monroe, Massachusetts.

Elizabeth Wood was married in January to Mr. John Edward Hayes.

Louise Wright, a former member of the class, has announced her engagement to Mr. Malcolm McAvoy of Cincinnati.

#### BIRTHS

'90. Mrs. Edgar Warren Swift (Helen Folsom) a daughter, Virginia Louise, born January 20.

'92. Mrs. William Foster Rice (Florence May) a son, William Foster, Jr., born November 30.

Mrs. W. S. Buffum (Wilhelmina Walbridge) a son, Charles Walbridge, born in December.

'97. Mrs. J. R. Stevenson (Florence Day) a son, William Edwards, born October 25.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

One of the greatest needs of the college life is the individual standard of scholarship. Through the leveling influence of class room and dormitory companionship there has been fostered an opinion that "as good as the rest" is sufficient, and that if certain students neglect to some degree their college work, such an attitude may be adopted by others. Almost any day one can hear remarks wafted through the hall such as, "They never studied for this course last year"; or, "If you are not going to do that reference reading, I won't."

It would seem that such students were not really students at all but rather time-servers apprenticed for four years to instructors for masters whom it was necessary to conciliate. Except for the satisfaction of a well prepared recitation, the instructor is neither benefited nor injured by individual work. It is the student herself who must bear the consequences. Even if she is not particularly fond of work, since she is placed in an institution where it is necessary, she could render it much more enjoyable if performed thoroughly and cheerfully. For no matter how disagreeable the task, there is always a pleasure in work thoroughly accomplished. Then, too, if a student fails to realize the benefit to herself of placing high ideals independent of other people, she must, at least, acknowledge that she as well as others, forms an independent factor in raising or lowering the general standard. Since one student gauges her degree of thoroughness by some one else, so that one, in turn, may measure her work by the former. Again, while those who have been conscientious fall from their pedestals, dragging with them weaker characters who had employed them as a standard, others who turn over a new leaf with a determination to do good, independent work exert on their part equal influence.

The habit of depending on the majority for a standard is one that will cling throughout life, weakening the character and permitting a nature that might be steered by its own rudder to be buffeted by all the winds of heaven. Almost invariably when individual standards are established, they are higher and more serious than those of a community; but if each person would have definite ideals, in time the whole tone of the community could be heightened. It requires courage to leave a room full of idling friends in order to read more carefully some article recommended but not required, or to learn thoroughly a lesson which in college language might be "bluffed," yet the habit once acquired becomes easy and the results repay fourfold.

FLORENCE EVELYN SMITH 1902.

At a joint meeting of the junior and senior classes on December eleventh, a motion was made and carried that a junior-senior debate be held on February twenty-second for the benefit of the Students' Building.

The Debate ing. Accordingly all juniors and seniors interested in the subject and willing to take part were urged to give their names to a committee consisting of Miss E. T. Emerson 1901, Miss A. C. Childs 1901, Miss Freeman 1902, and Miss Otis 1902. Of these, there were sixteen from each class. A notice was then posted to the effect that there would be two trial debates previous to the one on Washington's Birthday, for the purpose of selecting the final teams.

The subject for the first trial debate was then announced to be as follows: "Should Federal Protection be extended to Negro Suffrage"? Debaters were recommended to prepare themselves on both sides of the question, giving special attention to refutation as a form of argument. A committee of the faculty, consisting of Miss Jordan, Miss Peck, Mr. Dennis, and Professor Wood, furnished information as to where references could be found and what in general are the principles on which debates should be conducted. The debate was then appointed for January twelfth.

The competitors from each class were divided alphabetically into two sections, and lots were drawn for the specific team positions, twenty-four hours previous to the time set for the debate, or rather the debates, for the sections were to debate simultaneously in different rooms of College Hall. Three members of the faculty served as judges in each room, and the audience was made up of friends invited by those taking part and of the members of the class in Civil Government. The list of the judges, the moderators, and the teams of the four sections is as follows:—

#### SENIORS.

##### *First Section.*

Judges: Miss Cheever, Miss Cutler, Professor Stoddard.

Moderator: Miss Barrett 1901.

##### Affirmative Side.

Miss Foley,	1st speaker.
Miss Fellows,	2nd "
Miss Byles,	3rd "
Miss Howard,	4th "

##### Negative Side.

Miss Burbank,	1st speaker.
Miss Bolster,	2nd "
Miss A. C. Childs,	3rd "
Miss deLong,	4th "

##### *Second Section.*

Judges: Miss Cook, Miss Jordan, Mr. Emerick.

Moderator: Miss Sprague 1901.

##### Affirmative Side.

Miss E. S. Wilson,	1st speaker.
Miss McGrew,	2nd "
Miss Hunter,	3rd "
Miss Stuart,	4th "

##### Negative Side.

Miss Johnson,	1st speaker.
Miss Peters,	2nd "
Miss Rumbold,	3rd "
Miss Winants,	4th "

## JUNIORS.

*First Section.*

Judges : Miss Hanscom, Miss Norcross, Professor Tyler.

Moderator : Miss Freeman 1902.

Affirmative Side.		Negative Side.	
Miss Cox,	1st speaker.	Miss Knapp,	1st speaker.
Miss Keyes,	2nd "	Miss Canedy,	2nd "
Miss R. H. French,	3rd "	Miss Egbert,	3rd "
Miss I. P. Chase,	4th "	Miss Bonfoey,	4th "

*Second Section.*

Judges : Miss Peck, Miss Young, Mr. Dennis.

Moderator : Miss Mabury 1902.

Affirmative Side.		Negative Side.	
Miss Walbridge,	1st speaker.	Miss Macniel,	1st speaker.
Miss Moore,	2nd "	Miss Minor,	2nd "
Miss Tubby,	3rd "	Miss Van Noorden,	3rd "
Miss Souther,	4th "	Miss Montgomery,	4th "

Each debater spoke twice, eight minutes the first time and two the second. As the decision of the judges was made with a view merely to choosing four students from each section for the second trial debate, the winning side in each room was not given. However, in one section this was done by taking a popular vote, which resulted in favor of the affirmative side.

When the debates were over and after the judges had consulted together, Mr. Dennis read the names of those chosen for the second debate. This list was as follows,—Seniors : Miss Burbank, Miss A. C. Childs, Miss deLong, Miss Howard, Miss Hunter, Miss McGrew, Miss Stuart, Miss Winants ; Juniors : Miss I. P. Chase, Miss Canedy, Miss R. H. French, Miss Egbert, Miss Minor, Miss Moore, Miss Tubby, Miss Walbridge.

The subject for the second trial debate, which is to be held on February ninth, is, "Can the Existence of the Chronic Mugwump be Justified"?

MARY SEELYE HUNTER 1901.

For many reasons it is to be regretted that college life is such a typical expression of the American spirit of feverish hurry and eternal rush. It is a pity that the college day should always seem too

The Value of Time short for the college duties, and that the college mind should have so little time to steady itself and adjust its restless energies ; but amid these temporary difficulties, college training teaches us one of its most permanent and important lessons,—the value of time. As soon as one realizes what a great amount of work must be accomplished in four short years, the value of time begins to increase. The student finds it necessary to map out the days hour by hour, with a certain proportion of work and recreation ; and while in actual practice the propor-

tion often becomes surprisingly distorted and the days do not materialize as she has planned, there is a growing realization of the extravagance of wasted hours and of the satisfaction in well ordered days. The atmosphere is that of condensed time, and the student inevitably acquires the habit of concentrating her work within certain limits of time and appreciating her recreation with the keenest essence of enjoyment, priding herself on her ability to wring the contents out of every moment.

Thus the value of her own time is a lesson soon learned by every student; but there is a corresponding quality more rarely found and quite as important,—an appreciation of the time of others. In our zeal to make the most of our own time we crowd the days so full that we encroach upon the time of others, making the loss of others our own gain. The energetic girl who saves the first ten minutes of the recitation hour in which to review the week's work flatters herself that she is wisely improving her time, failing to realize that when she rushes into the recitation room five minutes late, the disturbance of hanging doors, squeaking chairs, and rustling note books may subtract several valuable minutes from the time which really belongs to the instructor and to the other members of the class. The same girl will fume and fret because, when she has saved a certain fifteen minutes out of a busy day for a committee meeting, the rest of the committee fail to appear at the appointed time, but come strolling in at intervals until her whole evening is wasted; but she herself will feel perfectly justified in being chronically late to lectures, late to church, late to "gym," and late to meals.

The aimless, idling type of girl is seldom seen in the college world; we are more familiar with the other extreme—the breathless maiden who is always running madly across the campus from recitation to recitation with her golf cape flying and a general appearance of trying to get the better of time. The secret of the balance between the two extremes is simply promptness. Let the fleeting moment be realized to its utmost capacity, let the wasted hours be reduced to a minimum, yet the demand for promptness in meeting all appointments is nothing more than a just consideration for the rights of others. The habit of promptness should be considered as important a part of mental discipline as the habit of concentration, and its acquisition requires after all very little effort. Unfortunately the punctual college girl is the exception rather than the rule; but perhaps it is because of this very rarity that we appreciate her so much when we do succeed in finding her. It is with a distinct sense of surprise and relief that we see her going promptly to keep her appointments in her deliberate and collected manner; she claims less from her friends than her flurried sister who always needs some one to collect her note books, rubbers, and fountain pen while she hunts for her hat and cries despairingly, "Oh wait for me!" The punctual girl is a treasure at any price; whatever her faults, her friends rejoice in her because she can always be depended upon; and the respect and gratitude she wins by her consideration of others' time is surely ample reward for her pains in acquiring the habit of promptness as a necessary element in a true realization of the value of time.

Extract from a letter of Dr. Meyers, dated Amoy, China, Oct. 18th, 1900 :

I have been waiting till this week to write to you, hoping to have something interesting to tell you about the beginning of my medical work. For

at last I have begun, though it is a very small be-

S. C. A. C. W. Notes ginning indeed, just one dispensary day a week.

I had been able to get a little preparation in medical vocabulary by going over to Tek-chin-Kha with Dr. Otte, to some of his big dispensary clinics. And as usual when it came to the actual clinic, it was not half as bad as my fears. In the first place, there were only twenty patients altogether and more than half of them were children. And then things went about as smoothly as if I had been at home. Of course there were the customs of the hospital to learn, but I shall not have to bother about those again.

And just as I was fairly started, some of the officers from the Dutch man-of-war in the harbor came to visit the hospital, and Dr. Otte went to show them around. My heart was in my throat when he left me all alone with the women students and the patients. Fortunately when the patients didn't understand me or I them the students would elaborate until we understood each other. One woman I couldn't understand though, and so I told her to wait until Dr. Otte came back, and afterwards I heard that she said I considered her case so serious that I consulted Dr. Otte about her, and she was much elated over this.

On the whole it was extremely nice to be doing a little work of my own, and I know the interest will grow. However, this is all the regular work I'm going to do until my first examination (i. e. in the language) is over. I did think I was through with examinations, but they still pursue me. This one is not so formidable, only I don't want it to fall below the 97 per cent of the last examination.

Extract of Dr. Meyer's letter written on a river boat, Dec. 14, 1900 :

I have just been having a most protracted and entertaining conversation with the boatman during the half hour while I have been waiting for my burdens to arrive. Kim-sing is a most interesting individual, a deacon in one of our churches and very earnest in Christian work. The first topic was my gold watch chain and Phi Beta Kappa key and my rings, whether they were gold and how much they cost. Then we switched off on to my family and I ended up with telling him how I happened to come to China. He inquired whether my family had discussed the matter and decided to send me, and whether I was pleased to come. Isn't that an un-American view of the case? I told him that I decided to come and told my people and they said all right, go ahead. And I suppose he thought that was a very queer way to arrange the matter. I told him too of the large girls' college whose students were sending me out, and I just wish you could have heard him say, "Put-che thia Tiong-Roklâng"—they must love the Chinese very much. And I was glad to say I thought they did.

The *Monthly* came this week and was welcome as always. I search every list of names for those that are familiar and I am rather appalled to find them growing so few. I wish some of the under classmen (or girls) would write me so that I can keep the personal touch that is so very nice. You see,



I know none of the girls personally after 1902, and I want to get acquainted by letter and photograph. Address: Dr. Angie Meyers, Amoy, China.

At the missionary meeting, February 3, interesting reports were read from all branches of the work of the society. At the close of the regular meeting the members were asked to stay to transact some matters of business. The resignation of the president, Miss Alice Duryee 1901, was read and accepted. Miss Sarah DeForest 1901 was unanimously elected to fill the chair for the remainder of the year.

While almost every girl in Smith College has contributed either money or articles for the Needlework Guild this past year, probably only a few of them realize what the organization really is and what a great work it does throughout the United States. The object of the guild is to furnish new, plain, suitable garments to meet the great need of our hospitals, Homes, and other charities. The annual contribution of two or more new articles of wearing apparel or household linen or a donation of money constitutes membership. There are now three hundred and more branches, representing thirty-seven states of the Union, which shows the remarkable progress the guild has made in thirteen years since it started with one small organization in one city. The yearly collection at that time was a little less than four hundred articles, while this year over four hundred thousand garments were received and distributed to the various organized charities throughout the country.

The report of the Smith College Branch for the year 1900-1901 is most encouraging, and shows a marked progress and increase of interest in the work. Over nine hundred garments and thirty-four dollars in money were received by the guild and sent to the college settlements in Boston and New York, which returned letters of gratitude and thanks to be extended to all the members who have so generously shown their interest in this cause of alleviating the suffering of the needy.

AGNES HASTINGS GILCHRIST 1901.

During the Christmas vacation Miss Scott read a paper before the Modern Languages Association at the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia, on *Il Cortigiano*. She suggested that Shakspeare knew *Il Cortigiano*, either in the original Italian, or in the English translation, and that he found in it Benedick and Beatrice, in *il Signor Gaspare Pallavicino* and *la Signora Emilia Pia*.

In spite of frequent assurance to the contrary, some students still seem to labor under the delusion that all communications and invitations for members of the faculty must necessarily be put on the faculty bulletin board. While the student bulletin board is available to almost every student, some members of the faculty are inaccessible through the medium of the faculty bulletin board; consequently papers and themes left on this board not only take up too much space, but often fail of their destination, and invitations sent in this way are discourteously delayed. Papers should be left in the offices of the department for which they are intended; invitations for Presi-

dent Seelye and for Mrs. Seelye, for the science professors, and for the matrons of the campus houses should be mailed or delivered to them, and the faculty bulletin board should be reserved by the students for such invitations as are sure to reach the faculty, and for those communications from the faculty which are only too sure to reach the students.

The Oriental Club has developed from an experiment of a few members of the senior class of '96 who met at Professor Wood's house. The desire to look more generally into the history and literature of the East than was possible to do in the class room prompted this plan. It was designed to test the question whether there was need of other work, supplementary to class room work, and to take up a more general survey than would be appropriate for the class room. At first the archaeology, but later the history and literature of the Orient, read and translated, have been the main lines of work. Some especial subjects of this year have been Japanese literature in connection with which a Japanese drama was given by six of the club members; also Indian literature, selections from which were read.

The club does not aim at elaborate organization, nor does it do anything aside from Oriental work for which it was founded. It consists of a group of students gathered together solely for a particular work, and only very gradually has it begun to take on a more definite form of organization as its needs arose. It was originally a senior club, but within the last two years juniors have been made eligible to membership.

IRENE LATHROP SMITH 1901.

Another property box has been built by the Council in the basement of the gymnasium for the Senior Dramatics costumes. It was found that the dresses and suits left over each year became torn and dilapidated when left in the one over-crowded property box; and also as these costumes are not supposed to be used for the college dramatics, they proved a trying temptation when lying in the one box with the other things. The new box consists of a series of shelves and a closet with hooks and poles, and is very convenient. The rules of the general property box are as follows:

1. None but campus houses are allowed to borrow costumes.
2. Property may not be kept out longer than three days, Sunday excepted.
3. The key must be returned to the custodian the same day it is borrowed, and the person borrowing it is requested, before taking a key, to register its number, the date, and her name upon the slip over which the keys hang in the custodian's room.
4. Any one who borrows costumes is requested to return them to the particular drawer or closet they were taken from, in order to facilitate matters for the custodian and future borrowers.

Each year the custodianship is awarded to a junior, the custodian for the current year being Gertrude O. Tubby, Tenney House.

Along with Colloquium, Biological, and other scientific clubs, it is but natural that there should be some kind of an organization to represent one of the fundamental sciences, physics, and to meet the demands of those who

desire to follow recent investigations. The Physics Club has therefore been founded, having as its object the review of the development of physics and the reading and study of the current works on the subject. The club meets every second and fourth Monday of the month, and at the last meeting elected the following officers for the year: Agnes Childs 1901, President; Mary S. Hunter 1901, Vice-President; Louisa B. Kimball 1901, Secretary and Treasurer; also as members of the Executive Committee, Susan Seaver 1901 and Alice Kimball 1901.

LOUISA BLEECKER KIMBALL 1901.

On Monday evening, February 4, at an open meeting of the Philosophical Society, Professor George T. Ladd of Yale gave an interesting lecture on "The Conception of the Good in Ethics." He spoke of the universal claim of ethics upon all adult human life. The expression "the Good" is used in many ways, he said. The noble, the practical, the sweet are all good. States of selves and what has reference to states of selves alone are good or bad. A science of ethics begins when it sees a man's actions are directed towards, or terminate in, a form of good, and unifies these. The Hedonists and Eudæmonists hold that a deed is good as it promotes happiness and that the statement that happiness is a good is self-evident, requiring and admitting of no proof. The truth is, Professor Ladd said, that men seek other things than happiness. Neither the savage nor the man of highest culture considers it as the ultimate good, but only the man of the middle class yields to the arguments of the Hedonist. Man is a complex being with many interests; some live for pleasure, some for art, and some for righteousness. Upon the solution of the problem of the ultimate good depends the answer to the question whether life is worth living. There are three kinds of good: the Eudæmonistic, the aesthetic, and the ethical. The common element in these three Professor Ladd called satisfaction. Man has longings for all and the ideal good is the satisfaction of these longings. This ideal of ultimate good is a subject of development changing from time to time with the development of the race.

After the lecture the members of the faculty and of the Society had an opportunity to meet Professor Ladd at the Tyler House.

GRACE RAREY PETERS 1901.

At an open meeting of the Greek Club held in Lilly Hall on Tuesday evening, January 15, Miss Boyd gave an entertaining lecture on "New Chapters in Cretan History." After giving a brief history of the island, Miss Boyd described the archæological excavations which she herself conducted in Crete, having obtained the Agnes Hoppin Memorial Scholarship from the American School of Archæology at Athens for the purpose; various stereopticon views of scenes in Crete, of the people, and of the archæological treasures were also shown.

In obtaining books from the college library it is surprising to find what a large number of them are disfigured by pen and pencil marks. It seems incredible that the students should so abuse the privileges of the Reference

Library as thus to maltreat college property. Pencil marks along the margin and heavy underscorings not only ruin the appearance of a book, but in emphasizing the wrong points such marks often prove a hindrance to the next reader. The students who are allowed to take out reference books surely have no excuse for not treating them with the greatest care, and returning them promptly and in good condition.

On Sunday evening, January 13, at a meeting of the Missionary Society, the Reverend W. Courtenay Fenn, who has recently returned from China, gave a very interesting talk on the Siege of Peking. Mr. Fenn, who was among the colony of legations, missionaries, and native Christians shut up in the city during the siege, gave a vivid description of their experiences during that dangerous time, and illustrated his account with stereopticon views.

On Wednesday evening, January 16, Miss Byrd lectured before the Education Society on "The People's Astronomy." The lecture was held in one of the rooms of the High School building and was open to the public.

At an open-closed meeting of the Oriental Club on February 5, Professor Wood gave an interesting talk with stereopticon on the "Architecture of India," a very attractive branch of the general subject of India, which the club is now studying.

#### SOCIETY ELECTIONS

##### PHI KAPPA PSI SOCIETY

President, Janet Somerville Sheldon 1901  
 Vice-President, Ruth Hawthorne French 1902  
 Secretary, Edith Grace Platt 1902  
 Treasurer, Margaret Hamilton Wagenhals 1902  
 Editor, Grace Viele 1901  
 Chairman of Executive Committee, Jean Shaw Wilson 1901

##### BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

President, Mary Franklin Barrett 1901  
 Vice-President, Mary Balberine Fisher 1901  
 Secretary, Marjary Lawrence Gilson 1902  
 Treasurer, Louise Priest Putnam 1902  
 Chairman of Executive Committee, Shirley May Hunt 1901

##### GREEK CLUB

Chairman of Executive Committee, Maude Miner 1901  
 Secretary and Treasurer, Rachel Berenson 1902

## ALPHA SOCIETY

President, Marie Stuart 1901  
Vice-President, Mary Gove Smith 1902  
Recording Secretary, Carol Helfenstein Childs 1902  
Corresponding Secretary, Gertrude Roxana Beecher 1902  
Treasurer, Fanny Hastings 1902  
Editor, Clara Myers Knowlton 1901  
Chairman of Executive Committee, Helen West Kitchell 1901

## CALENDAR

- Feb. 15, Société Française.  
16, Alpha—Phi Kappa Psi Joint Play.  
18, Philosophical Society.  
19, Lecture by Mr. Louis Dyer.  
20, Morris House Dramatics.  
21, Biological Society.  
22, Washington's Birthday Exercises.  
22, Junior-Senior Debate.  
25, Physics Club.  
26, Colloquium.  
27, Lecture by Mr. Charles Young.
- March 1, Société Française.  
2, Lecture by M. Gaston Deschamps.  
4, Philosophical Society.  
6, Southwick and Delta Sigma House Dance.  
7, Biological Society.  
9, Lecture for the Students' Building.  
11, Physics Club,  
12, Colloquium.  
13, Glee Club Concert.

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The  
Smith College  
Monthly

March - 1901.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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**ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY**

Thy country brought thee forth, O Washington,  
In midst of chaos, darkness, war. The light  
That slowly dawned did but reveal thy greatness,  
Nor could find thy equal. As upon  
The wall whereon the masters of the past  
Had traced with mystic touch the likenesses  
Of those whom Florence held in grateful memory,  
There shows amid the lines that time has dimmed  
One noble profile, Dante's, clear and strong,  
So, on the wall that patriot hands upreared  
Around our young republic at her birth,  
For her protection, and that thereupon  
The faces of her great might be described,  
Thy clear-cut profile, O great Washington,  
Stands out against a background formed of those  
Whose traceries are indistinct and blurred.  
Her noblest son thou wert, O Washington,  
Her greatest citizen. None other shared  
The love she bore thee—measureless. And now  
Full six score years her feet have trod the path  
Wherein thou didst with loving wisdom set them,—  
Full six score years, whose ever changing fates  
Have brought no lessening of thy country's love,  
Which is to-day as measureless, as strong,  
As yesterday—a century ago.



Yet not because, when dangers dimmed her skies,  
And clouds that gathered over seas drew low,  
'Twas thou didst draw thy sword and fight for her,  
The while thou sufferedst all things for her sake ;—  
Ten thousand others suffered at thy side,  
And fought, and died, and are forgotten now.  
'Tis not for battles fought she loves thee, nor  
Because, in time of peace, thou mad'st wise laws  
While guiding her along her toilsome path ;—  
For other hands than thine have led her on,  
And other minds than thine her laws conceived,  
Yea, greater laws than ever thou didst frame.  
'Tis not as soldier or as statesman that  
She honors thee. Thy epitaph be not  
That thou wert ever first in peace and war,  
But rather this : Thou lov'dst much and wert strong.  
Thy love it was, longsuffering and kind,  
Bereft of vanity or hope of gain,  
That battling 'gainst such odds as never were,  
O'ercame resistance, loosed thy country's bonds,  
And set her free. Thy strength it was  
That saved her from herself, when greatly torn  
By jealousies and doubts ; thy strength that made  
From thirteen petty states one glorious whole.

Full six score years have passed, whose lingering touch  
Has left the wall a bulwark vast, and drawn  
New faces numberless. Amid them all  
Thy clear-cut profile, O great Washington,  
Stands out against a background greater now  
Than once, but yet still dim and indistinct.  
O God, whose mighty hand the nations holds,  
Grant us to-day to love our country more,  
To love self less, to walk in spirit ever more  
And more with him who loved much and was strong.

SYBIL LAVINIA COX.

### A SONG TO SMITH

Hail to thee, Mother ! Our grateful love rises  
To answer the love and the care we have known ;  
Proudly we hold from the past in our keeping  
A name and an honor as dear as our own.

Patiently, kindly, thou clearedst our dull vision,  
Till wakened our sight to the glory of earth.  
Something we grasp of life's measureless wonder,  
Something we feel of its infinite worth.

Clear in that glory shall rise the world vision  
Of kinship and service, as self falls away.  
Gladly we enter the dust of the courses  
Whose prize shall be neither the gold nor the bay.

Ever thy touch shall be felt on our shoulder,  
While hearts that the years can not alter shall raise  
Prayer that God send thee a future full-handed,  
And crown with His blessing long length of rich days.  
AGNES HUNT.

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA\*

One might think that the possibilities of the genuine chivalrous romance of the Middle Ages had been long since exhausted in poem and story. Amid the prosaic, rapid mechanism of modern times, one does not look to find the man of genius, with all the complexity of cosmopolitan life from which to draw, turn back to the well-worn age of chivalry for his material. We imagine we have outgrown the tale of knights and armor, and courts and ladies. But if given to us in spirit and in truth, these things will always appeal to the romantic sense which is now so much obscured in this workaday world. After all, brave deeds and courtly language can never be unworthy of our attention, even though they be dressed in well-worn plots. One who, wearied with a round of commonplace duties, takes up "Paolo and Francesca" for the first time, reads it through at a bound, breathlessly absorbed from the title page to the end, and spell-bound with interest. In the first rush of commendation, he thinks only of the total effect—what beauty, what poetry, what a perception of character, what new breath and fire in ancient form! Indeed, what sublime mastery in the whole conception! Another reading, in the quieter and surer light of unimpassioned criticism, shows that the results are unusually analyzable.

\**Paolo and Francesca*, A Tragedy in Four Acts, by Stephen Phillips.

First, a word concerning the plot itself. The material is old, borrowed from Dante or Boccaccio or both. The bare outline, the actual story of Paolo and Francesca, was ready-made to the author's hand. That he saw its possibilities bespeaks immediately the master mind. But this is premature. All the traditional accessories of the drama are here, the underplottings and the contrasts that are found in every tragedy that can be properly so called. The druggist's shop and the potions are the traditional resort for ill-fated heroes and heroines. The little underplot of the druggist's daughter and her life, of Nita and her Bernardo (Nita's haste to get to him causes her unwittingly to urge her lady to her doom), of Paolo's roistering friends, of the soldiers and the peasant girls outside Rimini,—all are vitally connected with the main plot, but are used in such a way as to relieve the stress or increase the suspense of the situation, in the time-honored fashion.

A new element, or at least an element not so old as the others, is the introduction of Lucrezia as the motor force. This is of great significance. As if to remove some of the blame from the shoulders of the principals, Lucrezia is made the instigator of all Giovanni's action, and for her part she is partially excused by the clever use of personal motive other than the worn-out one of revenge. The long speech during her first scene explains it all. She is bitter—bitter because her life's most passionate dream, that of tender care for little children, is unfulfilled. To me this Lucrezia is a most pathetic character. That which she most dearly prizes and which belongs to her by birth-right, has never been hers, and she is embittered. This, coupled with some natural jealousy that she should be superseded in the affections of her kinsman, causes her willingness to inflict pain; and she puts the first bitter drop in Giovanni's cup, which, spreading, soon permeates the whole. She is redeemed in our estimation by her subsequent repentance and tenderness over Francesca when, in the time of trouble, the younger woman touches her "where her life is quivering most," by appealing as a little child to her protection. This again urges Lucrezia to action, but her impulse now is to restrain Giovanni, not to impel him on. This balancing of good and evil in Lucrezia for the precipitation of action is a powerful factor in the play, ingenious in its conception and effective in execution.

The supreme art in this drama lies, however, not in the plot or any workings of the plot, but in its management. In the method of this work lies its power. Here we come upon Mr. Stephen Phillips's genius in all its force. Throughout the whole,—in plan, characters, poetry, everything,—there shines a colossal simplicity. It is one of the finest illustrations in modern literature of the high art of simplicity. This quality acts as an interpreter. We appreciate the cleverness of the method by means of it. It eliminates impediment in the way of perfect understanding of "how it is done." It gives us an appreciation of the brilliant, dashing alternation of long, lingering sweeps with bold, suggestive strokes, that characterizes the impressionist picture before us; as in the swift transition from lingering dialogue like that in the last scene between Paolo and Francesca, where Paolo in long, poetic rhapsodies fills the atmosphere with the thought of love to eternity, to the next scene where Lucrezia enters hurriedly and interrogates the frightened Nita with sharp, energetic questions that convey her suspense and excitement. These rapidly executed contrasts, of which the play is full, are telling in the extreme, lending to the whole a zest that could be achieved in no other way. The scene in the druggist's shop is so instinct with life and passion that it is hard to realize that one but reads it in a book and does not see it enacted before his eyes.

With most writers, the dangers of this bold method might outweigh its value; for there is the possibility of making changes of action so sudden that they become bald and bare and might even verge on the ridiculous. Again, such swift dealing with men's deepest passions might prove uncouth and extreme. But we find here nothing uncouth and nothing bald or bare. What then is the explanation of this phenomenon? Mr. Phillips has furnished himself with an excellent provision against these faults. At every important turning-point, the change, though strong and bold, is not unpleasantly sudden, for we have every time been warned somewhere before of the approaching event. This principle of preparation for all of the most important action effectually counteracts a possibility of tendency toward abruptness. The first of these touches of premonition is in Giovanni's speech of welcome to Francesca:

"This child  
Shall lead me gently down the slant of life.  
Here then I sheathe my sword ; and fierce must be  
That quarrel where again I use the steel."

That this happy termination of affairs is to be impossible we already foresee. Again there is a slight touch of premonitory warning when, speaking of Lucrezia, Giovanni says :

"She has often cooled a rashness  
Which I inherit."

He inherits his rashness ! A still more marked foreshadowing of trouble comes a little later when he says :

"Though I sheathe my sword, I am not tamed.  
What I have snared, in that I set my teeth  
And lose with agony."

Later Francesca's innocent longing for "sorrows of her own" is pathetic in its foreboding ; and Giovanni, as if unwittingly scenting trouble in the air, says fiercely of his love for Paolo :

"Any that came between us I would kill."

Another exquisite touch is at the point where Francesca first feels something strange in Paolo's conduct. Her delicate organization is sensible to the approach of sorrow.

"And yet, Nita, and yet—can any tell  
How sorrow first doth come? Is there a step,  
A light step, or a dreamy drip of oars?  
Is there a stirring of leaves, or ruffle of wings?  
For it seems to me that, softly, without hand,  
Surely she touches me."

Soon after, as if to add force to her feeling of sorrow, these words of Giovanni are unintentionally significant in their irony of the real state of affairs :

"What little grief perplexes you, my child?"

The choice of the word "perplex" in this connection is masterly. We can not explain it, we can only feel its keen appreciation of life. Another gentle foreshadowing of what is to come is in Francesca's choice of metaphor when she is alone with Nita in the garden. Soon Paolo is to enter and the vision of Angela be fulfilled. In her troubled, nervous restlessness, she says to her maid :

"Now  
Day in a breathless passion kisses night  
And neither speaks."

Francesca seems to be oftenest singled out as the messenger of these suggestions, perhaps because her delicate, untrained

sensibilities are more quickly in touch with the unseen than those of the rougher, sophisticated men and women about her. She senses the element of a watcher, during her second converse with Paolo. It is only we that know of Giovanni's presence, but Francesca says :

" One watches quietly.

*P.* Who?

*F.* I know not : perhaps the quiet face  
Of God : the eternal Listener is near."

These touches are so poetic, so beautiful, and withal so suggestive, that it seems desecration to detach them and impute them to cold, prosaic Method. We feel them and understand them. They will not bear too close analysis if we would retain their poetic beauty. But they all represent that element of preparation which lends so much to the rounded art of the whole.

The transcendently clear, simple method already spoken of would be impossible without the use of characters suited to such treatment. One of the chief sources of harmony in this drama is the appropriateness of the treatment to the characters. In accordance with the bold, simple manner of execution of the plot, we find character studies equally simple and boldly conceived. In not one of the persons in the play is there any intricacy or psychological complexity of disposition. They are all single-minded human beings, actuated by common motives and moved by simple passions. Not that they are not strong and ably differentiated, or that each does not stand out in high relief against the other. All this is skilfully effected ; but their predominant characteristic is their simple, unmixed natures, wholly in harmony with the plot and its mode of operation.

Of these characters, Giovanni is the most important. He is characterized by a passionate devotion to Paolo and by a rigid sense of duty. In those times these two elements combined to make a noble man. We respect the latter and, though it leads him to commit outrages, admire the former. That he should turn at the time when domestic troubles were at their worst, when he had every reason to think that his brother had killed himself, but was not yet certain—in this suspense that he should turn and answer the summons from Pesaro for assistance in quelling an outbreak, demands our greatest commendation. And his love for his unworthy brother is pathetic. He does not think of him as even a remote possibility for the dangerous one "not far to seek," of whom Angela warns him, until Lu-

crezia poisons his mind by suggesting Paolo's name. Even then it is some little time before he realizes whom she means; even at last he is loath to suspect his brother. Indeed, the blow causes him to reel and swoon. Nor is his faith in Paolo shattered until he returns home from the wars the last time and finds him there. He believed that his brother would slay himself, and even thought that the armed ghost rode beside him in battle. But that this faith is shaken to its foundation in his soul on his finding Paolo returned, is evinced in the thoroughly hard and cold fashion in which he speaks to Francesca of his brother and commends her to him. Indeed, I have questioned the naturalness of the whole scene in which he pretends to take leave of her, his fell purpose all the while biting at his heart, while he speaks quietly and pleasantly of Paolo's loyalty to him. It seems to me that a man who had undergone the violent emotions he had just been through, would be unable to control himself so as to appear perfectly affectionate and spontaneous concerning the object of his hatred and in the presence of the woman who had caused it. If it be possible, however, it but shows Giovanni's stern mold the more.

Paolo's nature compares unfavorably with the older brother's. At first he is apparently strong as Giovanni. He certainly intends to die when he leaves his friend Luigi and returns to Rimini, whither his love is drawing him. But disappointed are the expectations that we were given when he early assured Giovanni of his affection:

"And he, this wooer,  
If he should wrong Francesca any way,  
My dagger to his heart were swift as yours."

Francesca is the simple, innocent convent maid, the unfortunate center of all the distress, becoming more sophisticated as the emergency requires. Lucrezia, the motor power behind Giovanni, has been already discussed. In her the yearning for children and the consequent bitterness, and the jealousy of Francesca, afterwards changed to passionate affection and repentance as Francesca throws herself upon her,—all are simple emotions.

. The same and even greater boldness and unity distinguish the minor characters. Each stands out by himself as a separate entity, no matter how small his rôle. Nita, the light-hearted, ignorant, silly servant maid, Tessa, the flippant, re-

strained daughter of the drug-seller, Pulci her father, who trembles for his illicit business at sight of the tyrant, Luigi the sympathetic and Corrado the boisterous companion of Paolo,—all are fresh and virile. Nor must Angela be forgotten. The blind old nurse so tenderly attached to Giovanni is an important factor in the situation. Her supernatural vision gives Giovanni his first suspicion of evil.

Besides the characters themselves, the mode of their delineation is worth noting. These people are all drawn with a few rapid strokes at the outset of their appearance, and thereafter develop themselves. Not a single speech but contributes to the personality of the speaker. It is here that some of the strongest effects of Mr. Phillips's method are obtained. Within the first few pages of the play all the people so far introduced have more than reached us with their personality, they have planted in us an interest in their doings and in the mighty happenings that they are bound to mold among themselves. Much is told with a little. A few words, a phrase or two, and the whole person is before us. This is perhaps most noticeable among the minor characters where there is no opportunity for further disclosure. There is but one spot where this is possibly carried to extreme. That is where the poet tries to have Francesca characterize herself. It is doubtful whether she would publish her own simplicity in so open a fashion as the first words she utters in the play would mark :

“ I  
Am innocent yet of this great life ;  
My only care to attend the holy bell,  
To sing and to embroider curiously :  
And as through glass I view the windy world.”

It were more natural to leave the announcement of her reticence to Costanza's words soon following :

“ Be tender with her, even as God hath been.  
She hath but wondered up at the white clouds,  
Hath heard but gentle words and cloister sounds.”

This principle of delineation by the exclamations and remarks of others in the play is very marked. More is told by Lucrezia's words as Giovanni says :

“ When hath the prey  
Writhed from our mastiff-fangs?  
*Luc.* Giovanni, loose  
Francesca's hands—the tears are in her eyes,”



than by anything Francesca herself has hitherto said. And when Giovanni returns from the wars and asks for the Lady Lucrezia :

“ What sudden thing has happened?  
Nothing? You then that huddle all together  
Like cattle against thunder—what hath chanced?”

the whole general character of the servants is conveyed to us by means of one sharp simile.

The consideration of these points leads me to speak of dramatic effect without which the bold, striking method many times remarked would be bare and uncouth. The action is heightened and enriched by more dramatic devices than can be counted. The play is full of them and they lend unparalleled charm and richness,—not only dramatic situations, but dramatic touches of all kinds, fine effects that seem to make the warp and woof of the entire tragedy. To cite all these subtleties would be impossible. The whole play would need to be quoted. But some of the most striking instances follow. Paolo, having bought the death potion from Pulci and being in haste to meet his fate, says authoritatively, “Unbar the door!” adding, “How the night rushes in!” In another place the tense strain of expectation where the two dead are soon to be brought in on a bier is conveyed by blind Angela’s cogent words as she enters the trembling hall :

“ Will no one take my hand? Two lately dead  
Rushed past me in the air. O! Are there not  
Many within this room all standing still?  
What are they all expecting?”

One of the most powerful passages in the play is during the lovers’ last stolen interview, when suddenly Francesca starts and says (slowly): “I felt a wind pass over me.” At this point a solitary cold wind strikes greater terror to her heart than the thought of death, which she has just solicited of Paolo; and the effect is wonderful. Another supreme touch is earlier in the story, consisting of Francesca’s innocent, dangerous toying with the fastenings of Paolo’s armor, when her very presence, much more her touch, was agony to him. Again, volumes of the misery and strain of grief that Giovanni has undergone are told us in his few half-crazed words to Nita on issuing from the death chamber :

“ You have a curl awry  
And falling o’er your eyebrow—bind it up.”

A last master stroke lies in his broken speech over the bier :

"She takes away my strength.

I did not know the dead could have such hair."

These are but few of the many striking effects which make this drama. It is heavy-laden with them. Whole passages of intense dramatic value abound. The temptation to cite more of them is difficult to resist. Indeed, before leaving this subject, I can not forbear mention of the clever way in which the story of Launcelot and Guinevere is made to stand for that of Paolo and Francesca themselves, and of their reading of it. Each is made to interpret the part into which each can put his personal experience, and so the use of Tennyson renders doubly beautiful a difficult passage. The question whether this arrangement is natural, is not pertinent. The whole is but a boldly conceived, artistic drama, and its very form precludes the requirement of ordinary occurrence. Dramatic effect is of more importance, and naturalness can be sacrificed to it.

Before concluding an all too inadequate survey of this wonderful work, I must call attention to the peculiar force and value of Mr. Phillips's stage directions. His purpose is visible even in these. Each is carefully selected from a host of possible ones, with a view to making each of distinct weight. As a result, their very sparsity gives them strength. I find but one stage direction in the drama which I should call ill-advised. That one is rather too explicit at a crucial point to excite the reader's imagination, and the effect is weaker than if it had been omitted. I refer to the passage where Francesca is struggling with the temptation to allow Paolo to come to her.

"Nita. He does entreat he may come in to you

A moment. Shall I answer?

F. *walking to and fro and putting her hand to her heart.* Let him come."

But other than this, all the stage directions are of great weight. At the proper moment, such phrases as these tell us much: "A noise of falling chains is heard," "Enter out of the sunlight Paolo," and so forth, besides an occasional "seizing his arm," "turning slowly," "looking steadfastly at her." Moreover, the use of the single word "Pause" is peculiarly forcible. That one between the disappearance of the lovers and the reappearance of the half-crazed brother Giovanni is especially significant.

My admiration for this splendid poem increases in direct ratio to my familiarity with it. I marvel more and more at its lofty tone maintained without a break, its extremely straightforward clearness, its lack of one iota of excess, and the poetic beauty of its blank verse. It is simple to grasp, although many of its finest effects are so subtle that we can only feel their strength and beauty; and this simplicity, nothing short of gigantic in its conception, is the poem's greatest, most admirable characteristic. It is but seldom that such a grand conception is combined with an adequate and at the same time simple expression. In this is its greatness and its permanency. Here lies the quality that causes critics to call Mr. Phillips's work Shakespearean.

MARJORY GANE.

#### GOUNOD'S "AVE MARIA"

Here is a song that human heart hath wrought,  
That master mind in pain hath strongly thought;  
From darkening pathways trod,  
It rises, calling out for light, for love;  
From faith in doubt, to the great vault above  
It seeks the Mother-heart of God.

ELSA BEECHER LONGYEAR.

#### THE SHEIK'S SOLUTION

The noise and bustle incident to the night encampment of the caravan was dying away. A rod or more from the tents, sinewy camel drivers were berating the tired beasts with tongue and staff before settling them for the night. Weirdly, against the moonlight, the great, ungainly shapes sank and rose and sank again, while their distorted shadows stretched in leaps across the sand.

In front of one of the smaller tents stood Gerald Grant, bidding his mother and cousin good night.

"There is nothing I can get for you?" he asked. "Well, good night, then."

Mrs. Grant stooped to enter the tent. Ethel Avery was following her after a careless, "Good night, Jerry. Call me for the sunrise," but Gerald put out his hand for a more formal leave-taking. He held her hand for a minute, scanning her face as if in search of something, then dropped it with a quiet, "Good night, Ethel. See that you have plenty of bedding. These nights are often chilly in spite of the hot days."

In the little time Gerald had stood there talking with his mother and cousin, an all-pervading quiet had replaced the confusion of the noisy settling. Thirty feet or more from the women's tent, lithe, silent Bedouins were building the night fire. The sheik was watching them at a comfortable distance from the heat. In response to a wave of the sheik's hand, Gerald lounged beside him. This was not the first time Gerald had made the journey from Bassorah to Jerusalem under the guidance of the Sheik Hajj aj Ebn Yousef. Gerald was attracted anew at each meeting by the shrewdness and almost cosmopolitan sageness of the older man, with its foundation of a thoroughly oriental nature.

This time, instead of being alone, or one of a party of men, as heretofore, Gerald was traveling slowly home from Southern India in the company of his mother and her niece. Gerald knew very well why his mother had joined him with Ethel. He had never seriously questioned whether he would fall in with his mother's plans or not. There was time enough for all that in the future, and then—Ethel had such queer ideas. His brows knit as Ethel's latest queer idea came into his mind.

"What worries my friend?" asked the deep voice of the sheik, in his own tongue, which Gerald spoke after a fashion. "Is it the maiden? She is fair, surely. Dost thou love her?"

"It would make no difference if I did," Gerald blurted out. "I could not tell her of it." The sheik looked puzzled. Gerald stopped a minute, trying to put his meaning clearly in the unfamiliar language. "She believes no man should ask a woman to marry him until she has given him a sign that he is the chosen one. She would almost put in practice that custom which the maidens of the Ganges have when they go out with their water jars and sprinkle the heads of the men they would have woo them. It's a pretty custom, truly, but not exactly possible in our country."

"And she has given thee no sign?" asked the old man.

"Strange! I thought she loved thee, and I wondered if her love might be returned. Sometimes I have thought thou lovest her, and then again thou seemest too impatient or too indifferent. Indifference and impatience are far from being love's shadows, my son."

"Impatient? yes," exclaimed Gerald. "Impatient because I am too American to like her method, but hardly indifferent. Though, perhaps, I am a little loath to settle down, to give up my pleasant journeys with you, my friend."

Silence fell between these two, who, so unlike and so seldom thrown together, had yet become good friends,—a silence not voiceless, because these two understood each other. From a circle of Bedouins around the fire came the sound of a monotonous chant, "The Death of Abdullah," recited by an old man in a drowsy singsong to the sleepy group. On the outskirts of the circle out on the moon-lit sand, Bedouin boys, less tired than their elders, played games with their almond-wood wands, tumbling and tripping each other up with the crooks. Now and then an unusually hard fall elicited a shrill cry, quickly smothered. For all was done quietly, subdued by the moonlight and the silence of the desert, as well as by regard for those who might be sleeping.

Into Gerald's drowsy brain drifted the close of the monotonous recitation, "And so saith Duraid, the son of As-Sinniab of Insharn." As the last tones died sleepily away, the deep, quiet voice of the sheik asked of the singer, "Give us now the 'Address to the Beloved.'" The Bedouins settled themselves more comfortably into the hollows of the sand. Here and there one rose and stretched his tired muscles, wrapped himself in his blanket, and lay down again before the fire. The sheik sat back in the darkness, turned slightly towards Gerald, who lay with his handsome, sun-burned face lighted by the flames. The old man waited patiently until the night quiet again prevailed, and then began:

"Of thee did I dream while spears between us were quivering,  
And sooth, of our blood full deep had drunken the tawny shafts.  
I know not—by Heaven I swear, and here is the word I say!  
This pang, is it love-sickness, or wrought by a spell from thee?  
If it be a spell, then grant me the grace of thy love-longing;  
If other the sickness be, then none is the guilt of thine!"

Through Gerald's heart surged anew the old question—Did he really love her so much that nothing else mattered?

Again the sheik touched his mood lightly.

"And how wouldst thou feel, my son, should the maiden make choice of other than thee?"

"But she couldn't, she mustn't!" exclaimed Gerald, jumping to his feet. The sheik smiled quietly. In a flash Gerald saw his real position.

"My friend," said Gerald, "you have thrown a new light on the situation. I'll wait for no signs. To-morrow, — well, to-morrow we'll see. By the way," he added, "to-morrow I shall be twenty-eight years old. Well, good night, my friend."

"To-morrow, ah, to-morrow!" murmured the sheik, as Gerald went away. "How much his to-morrow holds!"

Already the camel drivers were astir when Gerald started across to Ethel's tent, to call her for the sunrise. The sand which he remembered as vivid red in the firelight's glow, spreading out to the mysterious silver sea of the moon-lit desert, now was commonplace and cold in the faint pink dawn. Ethel hurried to meet him, exclaiming,

"Oh, here you are! I've been waiting for you for some time. Yes, the sky is beautiful, but I haven't any time for that now. Aunt Hattie's and my jewel-box has been broken open and I do not know how many things are gone. The gift I had for you to-day is stolen, I know, because that is what I opened the box to find. It's a little oriental charm I picked up at Bassorah. This must have happened yesterday, for yesterday morning, just before we started, I took the charm out of my purse, showed it to auntie, and then put it away for safe keeping. Auntie is in a terrible state of mind. I left her counting over her belongings for the fourth time, trying to remember whether she had her diamond and pearl pin with her or whether she left it at home."

"Did any one see you open your jewel-box?" asked Gerald.

"Several people might have seen the charm, but I do not think any one saw where I put it, for I went back into the tent to put it away in the box."

"Of course it's some of these thieving Arabs. They are a pretty good lot on the whole; but, like all communities, I suppose they number some rascals among them. I'll speak to the sheik about this."

Ethel watched Gerald walk across to tell the sheik of the broken lock and the missing jewel. The sheik came over with

Gerald to where Ethel was standing. Gerald asked Ethel for the box, and then, in response to a request from the sheik, asked for a description of the charm. Ethel hesitated a moment, then gave it rather reluctantly. The sheik watched her blushing face with a peculiar expression. Gerald looked from one to the other in silent amazement. There was apparently between these two the mutual understanding of some point which he, the interpreter, had missed.

"I'll get the box," Ethel broke in rather hastily.

"Who do you think could have taken it?" Gerald asked the sheik.

The sheik sighed. "I know not. My people are ever but children, yet they are not bad. Thou wilt find nothing of any money value stolen, I think."

And so it proved. Nothing was gone but the oriental charm, which, to Gerald's bewilderment, seemed to have little value.

"What is the sheik going to do?" asked Ethel curiously, as she and Gerald watched the assembling of the tribe at the sheik's bidding.

"Work on their superstitious natures, I suppose," replied Gerald. "That white ass the sheik always rides is regarded as sacred by the whole tribe. It's one of the famous white asses of Nejd, and the sheik always cares for it with his own hands. I believe the sheik is going to retire into the desert, and by the help of prayers to Allah and the wonderful powers of the ass, he'll come back with a knowledge of the thief."

"What a foolish performance!" exclaimed Ethel. "Do you believe any of this stuff?"

"I believe in the sheik," replied Gerald. "That is the main point."

A sullen silence pervaded the camp during the sheik's three hours' absence in the desert. Fierce black eyes glanced askance at these foreigners who had got one of the tribe into trouble and cast suspicion over the whole number. Impatience had succeeded sullenness long before the sheik returned. Gerald grew worried.

"Thank goodness, there he comes!" exclaimed Gerald. "I began to be afraid that he and his ass had ridden away never to return."

Ungraciously, at the command of the sheik, the Bedouins gathered in a wide circle around the sheik and his ass. In

response to a low-toned request from the sheik, Gerald led his mother and cousin into the circle. "We've merely got to go through the formality of doing as the rest do," Gerald explained.

Of the long, impressive speech of the sheik, which followed, Gerald explained to his companions as much as he could understand. "He's working on their belief in the supernatural and putting in a lot of religious precept and instruction." The Bedouins shifted uneasily in their seats and glanced furtively at each other. The deep, even voice of the sheik went on. "Now," explained Gerald, "he has just told them that each one, to save his reputation, must go up and touch the ass's tail. As the ass is a sacred ass, he'll know when the thief touches him, and probably he'll bray or kick. Sort of trial by fire, you see."

The sheik closed his speech and motioned to the old men to try it first. Then silently and sullenly, one by one, the rest came up and touched the ass's tail. The interest grew intense when only a small group remained and as yet the ass had given no sign. A low murmur of surprise went around the circle when the last man had gone up and the ass stood there placidly, having scarcely altered his position.

"What utter nonsense all this is!" exclaimed Ethel, impatiently. "I don't believe in your old sheik at all."

"Stay still a minute longer," begged Gerald. "See, he's not through yet."

The sheik was passing slowly around the circle, stopping before each person, bowing to the ground, and muttering cabalistic words. He made the entire circuit, then turned and went back to one of the younger men. He drew himself to his full height, and, pointing at the Bedouin with his stick, said in clear tones,

"This is the thief."

The man glanced helplessly around the circle, then fell in a huddled heap at the sheik's feet, talking rapidly and incoherently. In an instant the excitement had spread to the whole circle. Amazement and superstitious fear had seized every one. The sheik waved them all back, saying, "Let only the strangers remain." The sheik questioned the man long and earnestly; then, dismissing him, he approached Ethel and Gerald. Silently the sheik handed Ethel her charm, which the Bedouin had

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given up. In response to the eager questioning of both faces, he smiled quietly.

"Thou wouldst like to know how it came about? We will sit here and I will talk slowly, and thou wilt tell the maiden as I tell it to thee. My people are superstitious and sometimes do wrong, but—praise be to Allah—they are not common thieves, as this proves. My white ass—the poor beast grows old now, even as I am old, but always has he been greatly revered and dreaded by my people. To-day he and I went into the desert, I to think and pray to Allah, he to bear me company. In the desert grows a very pungent herb, the golden *matricaria*. Its odor is penetrating and not unpleasant. When I had found this plant, I rubbed it well over the tail of my ass. When, later, I went slowly around the circle of Bedouins, I found only one man whose hands had not that odor about them. That man could only be he who had feared to touch the beast lest the sacred animal object to being handled by the morally unclean. Why did he take no other jewels when he took the charm? He is not a common thief, I tell you, and the charm has a peculiar character which made it valuable in his eyes. Ah, the maiden has gone! Well, perhaps it is as well. The charm which she unwisely showed thy mother in the sight of several of my people, is one well known among us, but hard to obtain. It brings to the giver the love of him who receives it, like your sorcerer's love-philter. The wretched man who stole it has a wife he dearly loves who has ceased to love him, and—what! the youth gone, too! Ah,—well, I am but an old man."

From the distance came the sound of Gerald's happy voice, calling eagerly, "Ethel! Ethel!"

MARIE STUART.

### LA BEALE ISOUD

Thy name is Tristram : yet 'tis true that thou  
Art not so sad as I, loving too well.  
'Tis thine to act, to live, fulfil the vow  
Whose keeping's more than life. The mystic spell  
Of Honor's spirit self doth on thee lie,  
And guides thy striving. — Ah! 'tis good to strive,  
To feel the shock of arms, and all defy,  
Fighting that Honor may on earth survive.

My heart is sad, Sir Tristram. I am thine,  
But thou art Honor's, and thy mistress dwells  
In many lands. Yet she has fled from mine,  
Where from Mark's throne I see the Northern fells.  
Dear love, thy path is southward. Where Honor will,  
Go, Tristram, sadly. Isoud is sadder still.

RUTH BARBARA CANEDY.

### THE EMANCIPATION OF PATTY SLOAN

"Patty Sloan, come here this minute!" a sharp matronly voice rang out above the clattering of a mowing-machine in the field next the house.

Patty jumped with a scared expression, and fled into the house without a word. Her companion, a good-looking, broad-shouldered lad with some four or five and twenty years to his credit, stood looking after her with a thoughtful expression in his keen brown eyes.

"The old woman will pitch into her now," he thought, and his mouth grew a little set in expression, "and she won't dare ask about going to-morrow. I wish she was a little mite more spunky."

He sighed and swang off down the dusty road, his head bent as if in deep meditation.

Within the house, Patty stood before her mother with down-cast eyes, twisting a corner of her apron nervously around her finger till her mother snapped,

"Drop that apron an' look me in the face! Don't act as if you wasn't more'n ten an' foolish at that! Didn't I tell you I didn't want no more foolishness with these loafin' boys that orter be out pitchin' hay this minute, same's their fathers done before 'em? If their fathers ain't got anythin' for 'em to do better 'n loaf around, they needn't think they're comin' here to kill time; I've somethin' better for *you* to do! Now take these peas 'n' go shell 'em inside an hour, 'n' don't let me ketch sight o' Dave Roberts again unless you want me to give him a piece o' my mind! Do you hear?"

"Yes'm," said Patty, in a subdued tone.

"Well, why don't you say so, then? Go 'long 'bout your work now,—I haven't got no time to waste talkin'."

Patty took the basket and pan to the kitchen door-step, whence the steady rattle of peas against the pan somewhat propitiated her energetic mother. Mrs. Sloan bustled about the heated kitchen, rattling pots and kettles, splashing water noisily, clattering pie plates, and advertising generally her lack of indolence. Patty glanced at her quickly now and then, but each time looked back again in silence to the low ridge of hills bordering the horizon.

"Wonder if I got the other side of those hills I could still hear mother cooking?" she thought rebelliously. The daring of even imagining such a thing shocked her into glancing apprehensively over her shoulder at her mother, who proved to be testing the interior of a prospective rhubarb pie.

"Anyway, I do think I might go to-morrow!" she continued, and there was a little spark in either blue eye which did not tally with her reception of Mrs. Sloan's rebuke. "I haven't got any new gown to wear, but Dave says my pink one is pretty enough 'n' to spare."

The pink in Patty's cheek deepened as her thoughts ran on, and she looked so pretty and innocent that her mother unconsciously modified the tone of her previous address as she asked,

"Ain't they most ready? Your father'll be in in less 'n an hour 'n' I want to put you to work on some 'o this stuff. Takes more to feed one man th'n 'twould to feed a dozen women!"

"Yes, that's so," assented Patty, eagerly. "I wonder why, too. Father don't seem to ask for much."

"Your father's no different from any other man," answered the mother, firmly. "When things go all right he don't say a word, but let anythin' go wrong or not be done, 'n' he sees quick enough, I notice!"

Patty subsided, and went to work to lay planks of pastry across a sea-green morass of rhubarb.

Dinner came and went with a rush, accompanied by a steady flow of conversation on the part of Mrs. Sloan and a receptive silence on the part of her husband and her daughter, and still nothing was said about the morrow. Patty spent a hot afternoon in the garden, stripping the currant bushes of their clusters and revolving plans for a siege with her mother. She did not quite know how to go at it, and finally evolved a scheme which was, of course, the most unfortunate possible.

"If I work hard enough to-day she ought to be willing for me to go to-morrow," Patty decided; and the result was that she presented herself in the kitchen an hour sooner than she was expected, with a face the color of her currants and shining with perspiration.

"Land o' Goshen!" exclaimed her mother. "Why didn't you have sense enough to stop before you got as hot as all that? You'll be down sick on my hands 'n' I'd like to know what you think I'd do then!"

"But, mother," Patty protested, "I'm not as hot as this, not really! Shall I begin to strip 'em?"

"Not by a long shot!" was the stern rejoinder. "Go get yourself a fan, 'n' see if you can manage to stay out o' yer sick-bed a little while yet."

"But, mother,—"

She faltered and stopped as her mother turned upon her in blank amazement at the first evidence she had ever seen of obedience other than instant and unconditional.

"Please, mother," she went on in breathless haste, "I'd rather strip the currants now and wash 'em after supper so they'll be all ready to jell to-morrow, and don't you think you could spare me to-morrow?"

"What do you mean?" demanded her mother.

"There's going to be a—a—picnic to-morrow, and they want me to go, and I've never been to one, and —"

She stopped and looked appealingly at her mother, who was frowning ominously.

"Now you can jest stop all such foolishness to start with!" came forth in uncompromising tones. "I ain't a slave-driver, an' if I thought it best you should go I shouldn't make you sit up all night to earn it, simpleton! But as for havin' you go out with a raft o' crazy young uns to sit around on the ground 'n' ruinate yer clothes, 'n' git a sunstroke 'n' be no good for the rest o' the summer—not much! You kin have jest as much fun 'n' more sittin' around in that grape arbor with a decent dinner to come to, an'"—her tone softened a little—"an' perhaps your father'll take you to town with him next time he goes, if he ain't too busy."

Patty's baby-blue eyes were full of tears, but there was a new expression around her mouth, making her look oddly like her mother. She said nothing more, but went to work with her currants,—a proceeding ignored by her mother.

Supper over, she strayed down to the gate between the lilac bushes and, leaning on the top, swang idly to and fro as she watched the moon rise big and golden across the newly mown field. The crickets sung, and now and then a bird called sleepily to his mate, and the harvest richness of peace, almost oppressive in its calm, hung over the earth. Insensibly Patty drank in the scene and felt comforted and irresponsible. Suddenly a figure loomed up further down the road.

"Shall I send him off?" Patty meditated. "Mother said he mustn't hang around and he ought to be pitching hay, and she'd give him a piece of her mind. Well, he probably won't stay long and there isn't anybody pitching hay to-night, so I guess, — 'lo, Dave!" she said gently. "Did you get the colt shod?"

"Fine's a fiddle!" Dave answered eagerly. "Can you go after all?"

"No," said Patty, mournfully; "and what's more, she won't ever let me, so far as I see. She said I'd spoil my clothes and not have a good dinner, and it was all foolishness, and—and—oh, Dave, I'm getting kind o' sick of it!" she went on. "It isn't as if mother was mean to me or anything, but she won't let me do any thinking on my own account, and I'm nineteen, too!"

"I know it's kind o' tough," Dave murmured, sympathetically patting the hand nearest him. "But why don't you spunk up and say something? You hadn't ought to let her boss you round so. Tell her you're *going* to the picnic—she can't stop you if you do, you know."

"Oh, I'd never dare in all the world!" whispered Patty, horror-struck. "You don't know mother! Why, she'd say things and look at me in a way—my, it makes me shake to think of it!"

"Looks never broke any bones yet, and all you need is more backbone to make her come right 'round and stop nagging you. There,"—as Patty drew away in alarm—"don't get cross with me, because I don't blame you. Only I hate to see you feel bad, and I wish you'd let me go tell her—ask her—no, tell your father I want to look after you at that picnic and afterwards too!" he ended rapidly. "Will you let me? I'd take awful good care of you, Patty, just as good as I can possibly. Can I?"

Patty's answer had much difficulty in penetrating a barrier

of white lilac which did its best to cut the words off from the world, but Dave was hardy enough to remove the barrier, and the defense was abandoned.

"Can I?" he repeated.

"Y—yes, Dave!" she answered, with a meekness of quite a new type and which partook of decision. "But not now, Dave, or she'll—"

"What'll she do?"

"Well, maybe she won't do anything to you,—but *please* don't!" she pleaded hard. "Wait a little while, only a little!"

"All right, dear! But how are you going to manage about to-morrow?"

"I suppose I'd better not go. You go and have a good time and I won't care so very much. Anyhow, she won't let me go."

Dave thought a while. "Well, I'll stop here about eight in the morning and see you a minute before I go. Will you be here?"

"Yes, for a minute. But mother'll wonder where I am if I don't go in now. Good night."

"Good night? That's not the way to say good night! See here, now!"

"Dave Roberts! Oh, I hate you! No, no, no, I don't! Only you mustn't!"

"Well, all right this time. Good night!"

"I don't care so much now as I did, about that picnic!" said Patty, as she smoothed her pillow out that night. "And I don't suppose it would have done any harm if I *had* let him. Well—" and she went peacefully to sleep.

Thursday dawned bright, cool, and breezy, and it seemed as if new life and vigor came in through the window as Patty threw open the blinds.

"I wish I could go!" she murmured, shaking out her blue gingham skirt preparatory to slipping into it. "No, I guess I'll put on my pink,—this is kind of limp; besides, I got currants on it, I think. I hate to see a girl look mussy!" she argued with conviction.

Nothing was said about picnics when Patty appeared, and the breakfast dishes were wiped and put away long since before Patty ventured to say, "The picnic people will be glad it's like this instead of pouring."

"M-m-m!" vouchsafed Mrs. Sloan abstractedly, weighing currants and sugar alternately and dexterously transferring them to the big kettle. "Gimme that cup, will you? How many'd I say then, five or six, when you mixed me up?"

"Six," said Patty resignedly, and settled herself to listen for the wheels. She was casting about in her mind for a pretext on which to leave the kitchen, when her mother spoke suddenly.

"Go find your father, Patty, 'n' tell him he's got to go to town 'n' get me five pounds of granulated sugar, — *granulated*, mind — 'n' he might as well take you 'long, 'cause I can't use you yet awhile. Hurry up, 'cause I'll be through with this before you're back. Here, take your sunbonnet!" she called after Patty's rapidly retreating figure.

"Father," said Patty, appearing in the barn-door, "mother wants five pounds of granulated sugar down to Lyman's, and she says I'm to go, as long —"

The sound of wheels broke in upon her messages, and with a conscious "Oh!" she turned abruptly and fled to the lilac gate.

"Don't you look fine!" said Dave gaily, as she appeared. "You'd better come with me, don't you think?"

"Don't I wish I could! 'Stead of that I've got to go to town and get sugar with father, — a day like this, too!"

"Here, you go tell your father I'll take you to town and do it quicker than he can, too, because he'll have to stop and hitch up. Or shall I go?"

"No, I'm not afraid but what father will let me; and mother's weighing currants."

Her faith in her powers of persuasion was well founded, judging by the short time which elapsed before she took her place with Dave, smiling all over.

"This is something like, isn't it?" said Dave, as they sped along the hard, even road, bordered by fields of waving grain or symmetrical, button-like cabbages, with here and there a glimpse of brook and always the background of blue hills around which little puffy white clouds drifted.

"Let's go round by way of the forks," Dave suggested. "That'll bring us out behind Lyman's and won't take much longer."

Patty assented, shifting responsibilities with the remark, "You know the roads better than I do, I guess."

"Now Patty, when can I tell 'em?" he resumed, as they turned off the main road and went in pursuit of the brook.

"Don't let's tell 'em yet, Dave, because if we do, mother most likely will spoil everything."

"But I don't like this business of prowling 'round and catching glimpses of you on the sly, instead of coming out in the open and having some sort of claim on you. I couldn't say a word now, no matter what she went and did to you, and I know she isn't over good to you, even if she doesn't actually hurt you. And you don't care enough for me, I don't believe, to do what I want you to,—stand up and talk back."

"Oh, yes, indeed I do, Dave, only it's when I'm with her. When I'm with you I'm not so afraid, but she does scare me. Why, even father never says anything, no matter what she says!"

"Well, if I asked you to do something for me and you knew she wouldn't like it, would you?"

"Why, what do you mean?—Oh, see that cunning calf in there, Dave!"

"Would you do it?" Dave persisted.

"Why,—" Patty hesitated and was lost.

"Then you don't love me," said Dave, firmly, if mournfully.

"Oh, yes, I *do*! I would, Dave,—if it wasn't much. Well,"—as Dave drew himself up and looked hurt—"anything, then,—only you won't ask me, will you?"

"There's Lyman's, see?" said Dave. "Five pounds, you want?"

As he came out of the store, a white-haired old farmer rattled up in a dilapidated buckboard, flung the reins up on the horse's knobby back, and prepared to descend.

"Hello!" he said, as he caught sight of Patty. "Seems to me I heard your name mentioned a leetle while ago, comin' by your house. Ben't 'lopin', be ye?"

He smiled genially and stood patting the colt's nose.

"I guess Mrs. Sloan was in a hurry for her sugar," Dave replied, with a glance at Patty's rosy countenance. "You don't happen to be going back right away, do you?"

"Yep, soon's I kin git a bag o' meal an' some raisins. Kin I do anythin' fer ye?"

"Yes," said Dave, with calm decision. "You might take this sugar out to Mrs. Sloan and save her waiting any longer. We



have one or two more errands to do before we go back, and it would help Mrs. Sloan out considerable."

Patty's eyes were like saucers, but in view of Dave's determined expression she did not venture to remonstrate then and there.

"Wh—where—are we going?" she stammered, as they turned down a road diametrically opposed to the one leading home.

"We're going to the picnic," he said.

Patty looked about to cry with dismay and bewilderment, and Dave slipped his arm around her with a comforting—

"There, I didn't mean to scare you, but you said you'd do something for me and show you loved me, and this is what you must do: stop looking scared, have a good time all day, and trust me to take the consequences. Will you? Now try real hard!"

"It don't seem to take much trying," Patty confessed honestly. "But I'm kind of scared of what mother'll say. Besides," she added practically, "I haven't any lunch."

"That's all right, I'll take care of that. Just look at the size of my lunch basket and see if you think I could eat all that!"

Patty was not remarkably quick at drawing conclusions, as a rule, but when a market basket appeared, jammed full of apparently every viand procurable, even she became a prey to suspicion and exclaimed,

"Dave Roberts! I verily believe you had this all planned beforehand!"

"Would you mind holding the reins a minute?" remarked her imperturbable companion. "I think we might put down the top of the buggy; it don't seem to be hot."

And Patty adjusted herself to circumstances and proceeded to enjoy herself thoroughly.

Still, not even Dave's confidence could quiet all Patty's qualms as they neared the farm about eight that night; and it is to be feared that their drive homeward in the moonlight lacked some of the romantic enjoyment that circumstances seemed to warrant. When the house came in sight, Patty moved a little closer to Dave and sat very still.

"You let me do the talking," directed Dave, "and remember 'twasn't your fault, anyway."

Everything appeared to be orderly and calm as they drove up to the gate, but Patty had the same feeling she always had

before a thunder-storm. The young people got out of the buggy, tied the colt to the gate-post, and walked silently up to the house.

"Patience, is that you?" issued from the interior of the house.

"Yes, Mrs. Sloan," Dave had to answer for her.

"You may send the young man home and come in at once!" were the orders from the still invisible back room.

Dave opened the door and, preceded by Patty, walked straight to the back room. Mr. and Mrs. Sloan sat on either side of a small, round table. Mr. Sloan had been reading the paper, but it lay on the floor now; while Mrs. Sloan's hands were folded grimly over her knitting.

"I never thought to see the day," she began icily, ignoring Dave pointedly, "when any child o' mine would deliberately disobey what I told her, 'n' what's more, sneak off to do it."

"Hold on, Mrs. Sloan, you haven't any right to say that!" broke in Dave. "Patty went to a picnic with me, that's all, and I made her do it, so you can't blame her!"

"She's old enough to know what she's doin', 'n' I told her she shouldn't go to that picnic, 'n' she oughtn't t' have done it. How you took it on yourself to interfere is more'n I understand."

"Well, I'll tell you!" said Dave. "You treat her like a baby and keep her tied down at home as if she wasn't old enough to be trusted out of the back yard. There was no reason why she shouldn't go to that picnic, because you had no need of her at home you said, and it was perfectly right as long as Deacon Stone and his wife went; and so I took it on myself to take her. You say she's old enough to know what she's doing, and she is, and I have her consent for what I'm going to say. Mr. Sloan,"—turning to that individual, who sat watching proceedings with an air of quiet enjoyment—"if you have no objections to me personally, I'd like to marry Patty some time in September!"

"Land o' Goshen!" said Mrs. Sloan, feebly.

ETHEL WITHINGTON CHASE.

## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### VERSES

Why are they dead, the violets he gave me?  
Why should they die?  
His love that came when nothing else could save me  
Is deathless as the eternal sapphire sky.

Ah, why  
Should love a token give  
That hath no while to live,  
Is withered by a breath and blasted by a sigh?

Why are they dead, the violets he gave me?  
Why should *they* die?  
Sweet Death, who only hast the power to save me,  
Why dost thou hide thy face and pass me by?

Ah, why  
To them thy treasure give  
Who are but glad to live,  
And are not left alone with life's great pain, as I?  
Why are they dead, the violets he gave me?  
Why should they die?

ELLEN GRAY BARBOUR.

It is a sad thing to see how growing up reduces one's importance. In my tender youth I was a poet. Inspirations thrust themselves upon me on all

**The Death of an Aspiration** sides, and I was able to improvise volumes to put into the mouth of my favorite doll,—a blond gentleman with a beeswax attached mustache,—apropos of the waterfall represented by the woven wire springs at the back of the attic. This ditty began—

“As I lie here by Nature's door,  
And listen to the water roar.”

I can not remember the end, if it ever ended, but I used to hit the springs to make the water roar, and think the whole production marvelously fine. My friend Peggie assisted, and so

perfect was our team work that we could compose alternate verses without compromising the sense.

I can remember one play we were particularly fond of. It had no especial name, but consisted in arraying ourselves in night gowns, which, by the way, had a peculiarly solid appearance over our smock frocks, and dangling two much soiled liberty scarfs belonging to the property box of the nursery. Then we would float up and down the room. Now floating is a cross between a cake walk and Delsarte exercises, and is considered very graceful by the performers. The floating figures take the part of different months or seasons, and spout flowery or snow-bedecked verses according to the time of year they represent. This game, however, had a tragic end one rainy day, when I, taking the part of Winter, had been lulled to sleep by Spring, alias Peggie, and when that young lady broke my slumbers by pouring some execrable cologne—a Christmas present from the waitress—over my stockings. Two thin black legs beat the air frantically for an instant, and then Winter arose, tore the cologne bottle from the hands of the luckless Spring, and flung it out of the window. Then Spring closed in and took her seat violently upon Winter's stomach, until the combatants were separated. Peggie stamped down stairs, high tragedy in every step, and solemnly vowed she would never speak to me again.

Games, however, I did not look upon as regular poetical exercise; they were merely recreation. The serious manifestations of genius were kept in a small leather-bound note book, and no one, not even Peggie, knew of their existence. These gems bore a marked resemblance to the poems at the back of St. Nicholas. There was one about the rain invented on the way to school in a March shower. This was the first of the collection, and was copied with great care in a shaky handwriting where all the small letters were the size of capitals.

"Listen, do you hear the rain drops  
As they spatter on the walk?  
Listen, for you know it is their kind of talk.  
Telling pretty stories to their comrades on the way,  
They are merry every single rainy day;  
Days that try your patience and make others sad,  
Why should we be sorry when the rain is glad?  
For rainy days to them, you know,  
Are just the same as we below  
Call holidays."

The next one, Dame Nature, began the wistaria vine series, for after this they arranged themselves in the order of my favorite cubby holes.

"You all of you know of Dame Nature who makes  
The flowers' best dresses, their bonnets, and capes.  
She's a dressmaker, though she has lots more to do,  
She sees to the world and to me and to you."

(This line distressed me greatly, owing to the impoliteness of the order.)

"She looks at the weather,  
And calls out the rain,  
And chooses the grasses which border the lane.  
She calls in the seasons and out the new year,  
And she knows when it's time for each fruit to appear."

This ditty never had an ending, owing to interruption, and my muse never permitted piecing,—she insisted upon a finished production at a sitting. The only other one of the collection that I can remember was entitled, "A Wish." That was of the window sill series. This particular window sill belonged to a dormer window in the attic, and looked out upon miles of house roofs broken only by church steeples and tree-tops, with the river beyond them. I used to think of the river as a great belt buckled by the bridge, which looked almost silver in the sunshine. I have no idea why this place should have suggested productions of this order.

"If I had a fairy godmother  
And had three wishes given me,  
I wouldn't ask for a silver gown  
Or a coach and horses three.  
But I'd ask to be the shepherdess  
Of the the little white clouds in the sky,  
And with my lambs I'd play all day,  
All day when the sun was high.  
And when the sun put his nightcap on  
And laid him down to rest,  
I and my lambs would settle down  
On a smooth green mountain crest."

This left me in such an uplifted state, that I stayed until I was late to dinner, watching it grow dark over the city, and seeing the lights pop out one by one in the tall buildings on the New York side, until it looked like a great sparkling crown.

I imagined myself a grown up lady, writing things that were

printed in real books, and being spoken about, even by people who did not know me, by my front name instead of "Miss." I was so busy dreaming about the time to come that I never heard the footsteps on the garret stairs, nor realized that the precious red note book had fallen on the floor. At the sudden appearance of a light in the doorway I woke up with a start and turned around. My brother had been in search of me, and as he came across the room with the candle in his hand, the light fell on the note book. He picked it up and looked at the first page. "Well, Kidlet!" was his only remark, but there was an ocean of pent up mirth in his tone and in his eyes. His expression sent a little shiver down my back bone. He was trying not to show that he was laughing at me.

"Give that to me!" I said, the tears starting in my eyes. He handed it over gravely and we went down to dinner. From that moment I ceased to be a poet. My productions had been laughed at—a process far more disheartening than hissing. I had a prosaic world to face,—the lights downstairs and those laughing eyes on the other side of the dinner table.

CANDACE THURBER.

#### SUNSET LAND

Her blue-veined fingers falter at their tasking of to-day;  
Where once he loved, the chestnut curls are waves of gentle gray;  
The love-dimmed circlet on her hand, frail witness is to bear  
The truth that many summers past her sweetheart laid it there.  
Within the fastness of her heart, in memory shrined bright,  
Still live 'mid rose and lavender the days of young delight.  
She turns the hoop of purest gold, her amulet so true;  
With such a wealth of memories, who would regret the rue?  
Sweet passion's songs, long, dreamy hours with tints of dawn ablaze,  
Long, happy years, but few false steps.—The Indian summer haze  
Has wrapped the dross in mistiness and purpled all the good,  
And gently dreams away with her the sunset of its mood.

MARIE LOUISE SEXTON.

#### FROM MY WINDOW

A row of naked elms,  
Veiled in a mist of green,  
The flash of running water,  
Bright through their branches seen;

A hillside dimpled with hollows,  
Where the last pale snowbanks lie,  
And crowned with a grove of pine-trees,  
Somber against the sky;

Above, in the light blue heavens,  
Lazy clouds, silver white,  
A flood of brilliant sunshine,  
Drenching the earth with light,—

Framed by the boughs of a maple,  
Where a pair of robins sing,  
With their hearts as full of gladness  
As the air is full of spring.

MARGARET HAMILTON WAGENHALS.

Time was dragging slowly for the patient in Number 33. The house physician had made his last round for the day, the head-nurse had looked at the record and with a smile and an encouraging, "Very little temperature to-day, Miss Mabie, you're doing famously," had gone on her way again. Even her own nurse had gone out to her supper, and Ruth Mabie felt decidedly lonely.

It was a warm June evening. From her narrow white bed she could see through her fifth story window the twilight settling down over the tall, smoke-begrimed buildings of the city below her. The heat seemed to have half stifled even the noises, but down below, how far away it seemed! an electric car was pursuing its clanging, metallic way. From the steeple of the Catholic church near by came the monotonous, jerky ringing to evening mass. It had a peculiar, hollow sound. She had heard something like it before—yes, it was the bell on the cathedral at Strasburg. It was about a year ago that she had been in Europe, that memorable, soul-expanding trip of the summer after sophomore year in college. And to think of spending this vacation in this way—all because of that audacious appendix which her descendants ten thousand years hence would be born without. Why, *why* hadn't she lived in 2900 instead of in 1900? She forgot for a moment and tried to turn herself; then quickly remembered, and with a sigh of pain and weariness tried to think how good every one had been to her,

as her eyes rested on some exquisite pink rose-buds which a newly arisen breeze was swaying on their long stems.

She was on the other side of the city from where she lived. The few visitors she had been allowed had gone two hours before; no one else would come to-night. Hospital life was exceedingly stupid and uninteresting. Why did people always talk about hospital romances? To be sure one of her college friends had a cousin who fell in love with one of the internes once when she was in the hospital, but there was certainly no one here to whom Ruth had been violently attracted. She had seen only two of the internes. One had taken her history the afternoon she came to the hospital. She remembered saying, on her mother's entering the room, "Dr. Blumgreen, my mother;" And almost in a breath with his acknowledgment of the introduction, turning to her he had said, "Mother and father living?" He certainly was too inexcusably stupid. The other had just returned from his vacation; he was always clearing his throat and referring with the most experienced air to "a little operation I performed while I was away." No, she certainly could not be bored with him, and the house physician was too old; besides, fancy tolerating any one who always leaves behind him the odor of ether or chloroform—no, decidedly there was to be nothing interesting in that direction.

Through the open window the noise of the children screaming at hide and seek came floating up from the street. Down the corridor she could hear old Tom's cracked voice singing a wailing hymn tune. He had felt it his duty, they said, to come to sing to the patients every Saturday, since they had discharged him from the free ward, three years ago. Across the hall some one was moaning; she could hear a bell ringing from a neighboring room for a nurse, and pacing up and down the corridor was a man whose daughter was to be operated on tomorrow. There was one thing for her to be thankful for; that was over.

The door was ajar a little; was it some one knocking? She listened, it came again. "Come in," called Ruth a little wearily—probably some one of those tiresome doctors again. The door opened wider and in bustled a small, elderly lady of about sixty-five.

"How *do* ye do?" And without waiting for a reply she continued in a high-keyed, rather cracked voice, "I've been



wantin' to come in to see ye ever since I heerd about ye, but they told me as how I couldn't come in till the week was up. It's up to-day, ain't it? Ye see I've been talkin' to your nurse and I sez to Willie, 'I'm a-goin' over an' see that young lady acrost the hall.' Thank ye, I will set down jest a spell. Now jest ye lie still an' don't talk," with which last obviously unnecessary injunction, she continued amiably, rocking contentedly in the chair near the bed, "I told Willie I was comin' over to see ye, I told him, sez I, 'I've a mind to pull the screen back and let ye holler acrost, 'twould be real sociable like an' ye're both sort of lonely.'" She chuckled affably at the idea and as the other party to the procedure looked rather blankly at her she said, "Willie's my gran'son, ye know, mighty fine boy nigh on to twenty-one, goin' to graduate from college next June ef he's well enough. Ain't them pretty roses now?—why Willie's got some jest like 'em, looks though they might hev been picked off the same bush; I'll have to tell Willie about 'em. Did you dread the operation?" "Grandma" proceeded to ask. Ruth, glad of a chance to speak, said she had tried not to think of it.

"That's jest what Willie said exactly," responded her sympathetic listener. "He sez he wasn't goin' to think of it eny mor'n he could help—his mother though she took on so"—a detailed description was interrupted by the entrance of Miss Mabie's nurse with a diminutive tray and a still more diminutive supper. "Don't give her much, do ye? Ain't ye terribly hungry?"

"That's jest what Willie sez; he sez seems like he'd die ef he didn't get nothing to eat. Well now, do ye get ginger ale? I wonder why Willie can't have some. Well, good night, I'll come to see ye again to-morrer, I'll tell Willie 'bout comin' in to see ye, good night, sweet dreams to ye," and Grandma, not encouraged by the nurse to remain longer, went back to Willie. As the door closed the nurse and Ruth exchanged amused glances, but further questioning was stopped for a time by a thermometer being placed gently under Ruth's tongue.

Ruth's dreams that night were filled with visions of unknown Willies whom she kept meeting under the most unaccountable circumstances. The next day she heard Grandma's voice several times across the hall and looked for her to appear with every knock at the door, but not until evening did she enter, as bright and beaming as ever with "How are ye to-

night? Miss——there I've forgot yer name. Perhaps ef I called ye by yer front name I could remember it better."

"Oh well now, ain't Ruth a nice name! I had a sister once named Ruth, but she died when I was young, I don't remember her. I was tellin' Willie," she resumed, "what a nice time I had in here last night and what a nice young lady ye was,—I'm so fond of young girls, ye know—I hope ye don't mind my comin' in. I think Willie's kind of jealous of me."

The next evening she came bustling in with "Willie thinks Ruth's an awfully pretty name, and I sez, sez I, 'Well, she's a pretty girl too,' and he sez, 'Well, Grandma, so ye've said a dozen times, an' I think ye're real tantalizin'.' It's been awful hot to-day, ain't it? Oh, I'm so sorry for those poor people down in the wards. I was down there fannin' a poor woman that can't get well, an' I declare it jest made the tears come to see her sufferin' so and no one as could do anythin' for her. Why you ain't got but one sheet over yer, hev ye? I don't see what Willie's got to hev so much for. I must go an' see to the poor lad. Good night, my child."

In the meantime Willie remained ever a mystery. To be sure Grandma had confided to her the slightest variation of degrees in Willie's hopes and fears, opinions and sentiments, and yet she had a curiosity to know the real Willie. Perhaps he was not to be held responsible for the eccentricities of his grandmother and in spite of the oddities of her manner, she had a good big heart. Perhaps—well anyway, in spite of herself it was rather interesting to know that Willie liked the name Ruth.

"Imagine my ever meeting him—suppose I should sometime by some chance—wouldn't it be queer? I should say—'How do you do, Wi——,' no, I should have to call him Mr. Heathman, that's his name, 'I have heard of you so often.'"

A few evenings after this Ruth had another call from Grandma. She was lying, twirling two or three sweet peas in her fingers.

"See, aren't they beautiful? I have never seen this variety before. Wasn't I fortunate, I had such an enormous bunch of them?"

"Well now, I ain't seen any fringed ones like these before; those pink and white ones there make me think of my old garden at home, and somehow, I think I like 'em better, seems

like they're more genuine." She was fondling two or three of them which she had taken from the vase by the bed. "I guess I'll keep these ef ye don't mind—ye've got almost more'n the law allows," she said, chuckling good-naturedly.

"Yes, do," Ruth said quickly, "do take some more. I never thought—I have so many and I'd love to have you have some."

"I guess I will," said Grandma with alacrity. "Ye know I live in the city now and don't get many flowers. 'Tain't like it used ter be. I used to hev the finest sweet pea bed for ten miles 'round when I lived in Barrington. Always planted 'em in March every spring, and by the fourth of July I'd hev bushels of 'em. My, don't they smell sweet! Well, good night, child, good night, I mustn't tire ye all out." So Grandma made her adieux for the evening with a goodly bunch of sweet peas.

Ten minutes later, as the nurse was getting the room ready for the night, there came a knock at the door and almost without waiting for a reply, in walked Grandma. She was fairly beaming.

"I thought I'd better come an' tell ye to-night. Willie wants me to thank ye just ever so much for those sweet peas; he'd had roses and pinks and most everything else but sweet peas and he sez how he thinks it was so sweet of you to send 'em to him. Good night, dear," and before Ruth had time to recover from the shock of surprise, Grandma had gone, and the nurse with a queer little smile on her face was saying, "Come, Miss Mabie, it is time for your powder, and then you must get to sleep and rest if you're going home by Tuesday—you've had a trying day."

The next day Grandma did not come. Ruth was determined to be very unbending, and even the day after when her impatience with the coolness of "that woman," had somewhat subsided, she was determined that the woman's age should excuse her no longer, and that this time she should be "squelched." When Grandma came the next day, Ruth was sitting up. The old lady was truly delighted.

"Settin' up! Well, I'm right glad to see ye gettin' along so finely. Willie was jest sayin' to-day he thought he should go crazy ef he couldn't set up soon." She seemed perfectly unconscious that she had, as Ruth expressed it, "queered herself," but continued,

"Ye know I'd feel right heart-broken for the poor lad ef

Mary wasn't comin' to-morrer, but it jest made him like a new boy when he heard to-day she was comin.' She's been in California, ye know—her mother was ill and she couldn't get on before, and here the poor girl has been nearly crazy worryin' over him, and—Oh, didn't I tell ye about Mary before?" she went on complacently. "Why bless ye, he an' Mary are goin' to be married some time. We think they're awful young, but boys and girls will fall in love, bless their hearts! an' I 'spose they won't be able to wait long—his father's got enough to keep 'em for awhile, and Willie, he's awful ambitious ye know, he won't live on his father long. She's a nice girl, Mary is. I am fond of young girls."

Ruth's astonished face during this disclosure would have been a study for any one else but an unobservant, Willie-admiring grandmother. This then was the end of her romance and then she began to smile as the humor of the situation fully came over her. Finally she could control herself no longer. Grandma stopped short a moment in her tale. "Why,—," she began. "Look," pointed Ruth, "excuse me, but look. Oh dear, he's gone, there was the funniest man out there."

"Hm!" chuckled Grandma, "I've seen some pretty queer specimens wanderin' round these halls since I've been in this hospital," and went on rocking.

"An' sure, dear child, ye're goin' home to-morrer. I'm right glad for ye, right glad, but we'll miss ye, child, we'll miss ye." She sighed. "I've grown right fond of ye. I was wishin' the other day you could see my son. I've got an unmarried son," she explained, "he's a mighty fine man, such a good business man—such fine principles, an' he's so good to his old mother. Ye're a nice girl, Ruth, a nice girl. Well I must say good-by, and sometime if ye ever see me down town or any place, I wish ye'd come up an' speak to me. I'm gettin' old, I don't see ez well ez I used ter and I'd love to hev ye. Well child, to-morrer ye go home and Willie will have Mary. Willie's a nice boy, a nice boy. I'm goin' to kiss ye good-by, ye don't mind, do ye?" and Ruth did not.

"I've had some beautiful American Beauties sent me to-day," she said. "I shan't want to take them away with me, and won't you—won't you give them to Mary?"

The next morning Ruth, weak, but radiant at the thought of really being at home again, that home she had never apprecia-

ted till now, was helped down the corridor to the elevator. By the window at the end of the hall, as near to the breeze as they could get, were several convalescents in wheeled chairs. They looked up and smiled wistfully as Ruth stepped into the elevator. Down, down they went, and up, up as though seized by some kind angel, vanished the horrors of iodiforme and ether. As they passed the waiting room, outside the door stood a suitcase with the initials M. R. S. on its side. She remembered having a vague consciousness that the M must stand for Mary.

Oh the thrill of that first freedom of the open air as she was helped into the carriage, and how she loved the boisterous racket of the electric cars and the friendly noise and jolt of the paving blocks, as the carriage drove slowly along! Why had it never seemed beautiful before? And yes, they were crying an "Extra Evening Post." She leaned back exhausted against the cushions, and let the dust blow into her face in a sort of sweet delirium. How strangely far away that little death-in-life seemed now!

And when you ask her about hospital romances, she smiles as though she could a tale unfold—if she would. "Anyway," she laughs, as she tells the tale, "I could have had one," and she thinks of the unmarried son of good principles.

HELEN LOUISE HARSHA.

#### MY VIGIL

Each night I pass a silent house,  
And watch in vain the door  
Through whose wide arch my love once came,  
Yet never cometh more.

Whether the white stars shine above  
The lonely, hallowed place,  
Or moonlight, fraught with witchery,  
Holds all in its embrace,

Whether black clouds look threatening down,  
To fill me with vague fears,  
Or rain falls fast o'er sleeping earth,  
As in my heart fall tears;

Ever the same long watch I keep,  
In silence and alone;  
Ever the same dear path I pace,  
In search of what is gone.

And so I pass the silent house,  
Watching in vain the door  
Through whose wide arch my love once came,  
Yet never cometh more.

EDITH TURNER NEWCOMB.

Grandfather was a Quaker. It was funny, because he had the usual number of eyes and hands and so forth, and seemed just like anybody else, only a great deal nicer Grandfather than the general run of them. There were moments when your mother took after your grandfather and times when on father's face you saw grandfather's smile, but grandfather was always grandfather and took continually after himself and always had his own smile.

There was a tall stove in grandfather's room; it was always going. The door was open, and you saw clear down into its glowing depths; the fluted iron-work in its heart was burning rosy red, a swaying red light breathed over the beautiful coals—and the corn-popper stood against the wall. Grandfather pottered about and did the queer, nameless things that all grown people find to do while you are popping corn, but you could always talk to him whenever anything came into your head that wanted to come out, and after a while he would come over and pop when you were tired, and his were always six or seven times bigger than your best ones.

When the world went wrong and brothers and sisters wouldn't let you play with them because you were cross and bothered, or you had been convicted of sin by your father or mother and knew they were "hating the sin but loving the sinner," or your ear ached, you might go to grandfather's door and he always said, "Come in." He never asked what was wrong or seemed to know anything was wrong, and you were sure that he neither knew about sin nor sinner, nor realized how cross you were nor how you bothered. Nor sin nor crossness nor bother were possible in grandfather's room, full as it was of stove and corn-popper and queer old carved chessmen and tall sets of drawers with laughing handles and most of all—of grandfather.

Down would come the queer, old chessmen: Knight and castle, bishop, king and queen, and the modest little pawn children, the great, glowing fairy world of red and black and chivalry. That was a game! A game that held in its magic squares December days when Christmas was in the air; long, warm January afternoons, the air outside thick with snow; cold yellow February sunsets over the tree-tops at the window; comfortable days in March when the stove glowed and the strong wind clutched at the windows and rattled them in the casements; days of April when the soft rain sang on the roof, and May when the great Out-Doors returns again for little folks not strong enough to play in the snow and cold.

When grandfather had to do queer grown-up things or couldn't play for some other reason, did he say, "Run away, dear, I'm busy now"? Grandfather! You surely never had one if that is all you know of them. What he said was, "Come here," and you went straight toward the light of those quiet blue eyes. While you leaned against his chair he explained that the castles and knights could not come off their shelf to-day. It didn't matter why; grandfather would never take advantage of you, his reasons held good whether explained or not. But the next thing to soften the blow was to follow him over to one of the tall chests of drawers and while he pulled the laughing handles to guess what was coming. It might be a peppermint, would it be, could it—ah, it *was* gum-drops! You looked your thanks, and, if you remembered, said them; then you went out and closed the door quickly behind you with a sweet sense of resignation of one willingly bearing a sorrow which gave your everyday life a dignity that not even the contempt and soon-earned scorn of your brothers and sisters could mar.

The days of gum-drops increased and the chess-days grew rarer. Something strange had come upon the household, a thing not to be asked about, only to be felt, to be forgotten at tea-time, but remembered on the way to bed.

At length a day when the house was dim and full of visitors who came silently. Some one took your hand said, "Come and see grandfather." Willingly, for you had not seen him for a long time, three days at least. But why don't they go up to his room where he always is, and what is that black, queer-shaped thing at the end of the room, standing on cross-bars?

He can not be here, why do they — Grandfather! but asleep.  
Ah, that is why they are all so still. We too must walk lightly  
and not disturb him.

JULIA POST MITCHELL.

OVER THE MESA.

Over the mesa, boundless, wide,  
Swept by the wind from the mountain height,  
Skimming swiftly in swallow-flight,  
In the gray of the dawning,—let me ride!

Over the mesa, when the tide  
Of burning light beats on the sand,  
And the blue sky arches on either hand,  
In the quivering noonday,—let me ride!

Over the mesa, glorified,  
When river and sky gleam molten gold,  
And purple mists the cliffs enfold,  
In the pomp of the sunset,—let me ride!

Over the mesa, none beside,  
While stars bend low the plain above  
In silent fellowship and love,  
At the hour of midnight,—let me ride!

RUTH LOUISE GAINES.

The golden rays of the setting sun streamed through the  
high, narrow windows of the monastery and glorified the cold  
walls of the little room. The

“The Last Shall Be First” mellow light touched the shin-  
ing crucifix outlined against  
the gray stone with reverent fingers, and rested with a caress  
that was like a heavenly benediction on the bent heads of the  
monks gathered around the abbot. It was in some respects a  
striking group, for the Monastery of St. John represented all  
that was highest and purest in spiritual and intellectual life.  
The men who gathered within these walls were famous students  
even in the dark days when learning was almost forgotten in  
the strife for mere existence, and their names would be honored  
long after the monastery itself had crumbled into ruins.



So the little band sitting quietly in the abbot's room, this late summer afternoon, typified the very spirit of the place. Even the purpose of their coming together had its own significance. The adjoining church, which all had so earnestly desired and which had meant so many years of waiting, was at last completed. Beautiful as art and loving toil could make it, it now needed only one more ornament; the chancel still waited for the painting that was to complete the whole. All the monks had been urged to attempt this sacred task, yet all agreed that Brother Francis alone was worthy to paint the picture of the Mother of Christ and her perfect babe. To-day the allotted time was at an end, and a breathless hush had fallen on the reverent group gathered to view the completed work. Each felt, as he gazed upon it, that his highest ideals were realized at last in the glowing canvas before him.

It was the abbot who finally broke the silence, his voice low and tense with emotion. "My friends and brothers in Christ," he began, "hardly is it necessary that I put into words what I see writ so clearly on the faces of all here present. Together have we worked and prayed and waited, and together do we rejoice in the harvest. Our brother there," and he turned toward the artist who sat a little apart from the rest, "has put into visible form that which we all bear stamped upon our hearts, the image of our Lord and of his holy Mother. Need I ask, then, if ye approve? Do ye not agree that this painting is worthy to be placed even above the high altar, that all who look thereon may feel their hearts uplifted?" He paused, and from the monks came a murmur of approval, "It is worthy."

In the stillness that followed a timid knock sounded at the door, and a moment later an old man entered the room. Putting down a large canvas that bent him nearly double, he straightened himself slowly and looked apologetically at his companions. Finally his glance rested upon the abbot, and he spoke hurriedly with almost pitiful appeal.

"Thou knowest I am not worthy! Yet the voice within me bade me work; I dared not refuse. 'Tis the Christ I know, I could paint no other"—and he was gone.

The two paintings remained side by side, in absolute contrast. In one, the divine mother stood serene and queenly, the baby in her arms stretching out its tiny hands as if to gather in the adoration of the world. The delicate blue of the Ma-

donna's robe melted into the deeper azure of the heavenly background, and here and there an angel face peeped forth, as if to catch a glimpse of the holy babe. The Virgin's face, beautiful in form and outline, was radiant with immortal glory, the majesty of divine motherhood. The other painting bore no trace of queenliness. It was only a humble peasant woman, bowed with care, her helpless baby cradled in her arms. Yet in her face was a hint of something beyond earthly suffering, a foretaste of the joy that might be revealed in the future when sorrow had passed away.

For a moment the monks looked at one another, horror and perplexity mingled in their expressions. Then one of them sprang to his feet, and his voice rang out full of denunciation.

"Let it be condemned!" he cried. "It can not be countenanced. He has not painted the Queen of Heaven, only the meaningless images of his own dazed, rustic brain. Let it be destroyed, I say!"

He sat down once more. The abbot made no sign either of approbation or of disapproval. But for once the monks disregarded his presence, and as one person, they echoed the speaker's words, "Let it be destroyed." There was another pause, and then Brother Francis arose and looked calmly over the angry group.

"With thy permission, Father," he began, turning to the abbot, "may I beg that we consider this affair quietly and without so great haste. For it is often easier to condemn than to decide justly. Had Brother Thomas been granted all the privileges that have fallen to our lot, no doubt his ideals would be far more lofty. He must then, of necessity, have had a grander conception of our holy Virgin. And yet, if to his simple heart the Christ appears a very humble babe and his mother a peasant woman, shall we destroy his work? Nay, brothers, he has labored for love of the church, and he also deserves to reap the happiness of reward. Will ye not grant him this, his due?"

As the young man spoke, the expressions of his hearers had changed, a dawning conception of a broader charity than their own had taken the place of their former disapproval. But at his last words their faces clouded once more. Then, at last, the abbot interposed.

"That which our brother has just spoken finds an echo in my

own heart, my friends," he said. "Of a truth do we need to guard against too hasty judgment. If my decision meets the approval of all, this is my counsel. Let the larger painting be placed as we at first planned, and let the other also possess a corner in the church. For any work, however crude and imperfect it may be, if only it be inspired by a pure spirit, must prove helpful in the world."

And so the queenly Madonna was placed above the high altar, and for years reverent pilgrims came there to worship, and its fame spread over many lands. If occasionally some curious visitor strayed to the side of the altar and noticed the smaller painting in its dim corner, he glanced at it, and straightway forgot. And so the months and years crept on. The old abbot was laid to rest at length, and Brother Francis filled his place. But the church still extended welcoming hands to all who cared to praise or pray.

Perhaps it was the cheerful light, so eloquent of comfort, that drew the attention of a poorly-clad woman, lingering by the door one bitter winter night, and prompted her to enter. She drew the ragged mantle from her shoulders and wrapped it about the tiny form of the baby in her arms. Her face, revealed in the brilliant light, had once been beautiful, but heavy lines of sin and care graven upon it had destroyed nearly every trace of former charm. She shivered as if in appreciation of her own misery, and shrank into a dark corner not far from the altar. Over the silent throng the majestic tones of the organ pealed forth, the music ringing out joyously at times and again dying away tenderly among the vaulted arches. The altar flamed with glowing tapers, and in that blaze of light the Madonna stood revealed. Beautiful as ever and undimmed by time, she seemed to smile down upon the crowd below with royal kindness. And once more the music burst forth in triumphant joy,—

"Gloria in excelsis Deo,  
Et in terra, pax."

But the glad song found no response in the heart of the woman crouching on the pavement. "Aye," she murmured to herself bitterly, "'tis better as I thought,—one moment, and then all over for us both," and she glanced down at the pale face of her sleeping baby. "Fool that I was to think of finding comfort here!" her thoughts ran on, as she raised her eyes for an

instant to the radiant Madonna. "Can she understand? Can she look down from heaven and know my life, and why I am what I am? Let the nobles and the rich go to her for comfort, she will listen to them. They, too, wear rich garments, their children are beautiful like her child!"

Half-blinded by her angry tears, she stumbled to her feet, and her hand, stretched out to steady herself, touched the edge of a canvas. As she turned partly in curiosity, her attention was attracted by something in the picture, and she sank again to her knees, and gazed and gazed with growing wonder. It was only a simple peasant girl like herself, but the painting was full of meaning to her. "Was she like that?" she thought with strange surprise. "Was she weary, and her son ever cold or hungry? Ah, if that be true, perhaps she does understand—she, too, has suffered—but there is no sin in her face—"

The music sank lower into plaintive strains, fainter and fainter, then rose again in one final burst of tumultuous gladness. And still the woman did not move. One by one the throng melted away, and yet she lingered. Only the lights on the altar gleamed through the gloom when she at length rose to her feet. She bent forward for a moment and touched the painting reverently with her lips, then gathered her baby closer and slipped into the night. Her hands were numb with cold, the little one lay heavily in her arms, and she shivered as the first cutting gusts of wind swept about her. But in her face shone a wonderful light, the glory of that peace "which passeth understanding."

HELEN ESTHER KELLEY.

## EDITORIAL

Our brothers in colleges for men are wont to despise us for our attitude toward the question of class etiquette. The charge yields infinite discussion, futile if with regard to practical problems speculation without experimentation be futile; for our convictions are strong, and there is small probability that we shall ever make trial of the system of class relations vaunted by our brothers as superior. "The sterner sex" is an expression as offensive as it is hackneyed. One must however admit some fitness in it when one reflects on this matter of class etiquette as viewed in men's and in women's colleges; when one contrasts the vigorous discipline that pursues the boy freshman from the day of his entrance upon college life with the gentle treatment accorded to his sister. Our brothers would tell us that the worth of the system must be judged by its product, and that their resultant sophomore is better in point of humility and general fitting behavior than ours. We should probably contest this latter point. Moreover we should maintain that after all not the resultant sophomore but the resultant senior is the true test of the system. Here however we must admit an almost insurmountable obstacle in comparison, for among our brothers it is the senior only who discourses on the system in such a manner as to do it full justice. Indeed after listening to such a discourse on such a system one is tempted to feel that in view of the pure pleasure accruing to seniors all other considerations should be thrown to the winds.

Our brothers maintain that class discipline is a valuable preparation for their struggle with life. It occurs to the onlooker that to it may be traced the sudden feeling of utter insignificance that is said to be so inevitable for the young alumnus, and so salutary. Sinful pride is strong in most of us. Our brothers violently suppress it in the freshman; but is it not wont to reappear three years later, more restrained, more

reserved, but mightier than before? Our policy, on the other hand, is to allow it a gentle and lingering death, a death however from which there is no rising. It is said that the newly-fledged alumna suffers far less than the newly-fledged alumnus from a sense of vanished importance. Is this because the alumna's undergraduate conceit is enduring and incurable? Or is it because in her case the college hierarchy has been more gently graduated and the senior less an autocrat and despot?

Aside from the spirit of our less exacting system of class etiquette and class discipline, there are incidentals that we hold to be desirable. There is the possibility of companionship between senior and freshman without the consciousness of condescension on the one hand or of restraint on the other. There is freedom from the necessity of punctilious regard on the part of the senior dignity. We all know that a position at the summit of any hierarchy entails its disadvantages. From these the girl senior is comparatively free. Her head lies comparatively easy.

Are we frivolous-minded, or devoid of sense of perspective? Is it that we fail to realize the enormity of certain sins against the college code? At a basket-ball game a few weeks ago such a breach of etiquette as the interruption of senior singing by a joyous, effervescent freshman chorus aroused hot indignation among the seniors, but called forth from them nothing more than admonitions in private to their freshmen friends that the latter for their own sake should inform themselves as to the unwritten laws of seemly conduct. If the incident had occurred in a college for men—but imagination falters aghast before the conception of the lengths to which outraged senior dignity would have gone. Do we err through a certain weak or indolent amiability? Are we defective in our sense of the fitness of things and their proper relations? In any event, we are far from wishing to question that our brothers' system is the best for them. Then may we not, in return for our moderation and fair-mindedness, be allowed to maintain, however mistakenly, that for us ours is better?

## **EDITOR'S TABLE**

It is a century and a half now, more or less, since George Washington first invaded Dan Cupid's tranquil domain in the month of February and the hearts of our countrymen; and the struggle for supremacy is still going on. This year, to judge from the serious tone of our college exchanges, brings a victory for the new-comer in our quarter of the field. Yet we must beware of auguring from this the seriousness of mind and lofty sternness of purpose of the college public. For, when all is said and done, what has Cupid and his solitary henchman, St. Valentine, to hope for against the Father of his Country backed by serried ranks of recollections of examination week?

The best of the distinctively occasional articles for the month is one on "The New Patriotism" in the Nassau Literary Magazine. This magazine contains also a poem, "The Undying God," that is remarkable for the beauty and originality of its expression of an old theme. The Yale Literary Magazine prints an unusually thoughtful essay on "The Greek Appreciation of Nature," and an interesting piece of criticism, "'Herod' and the Attic Tragedy." With the exception of "The Pride of the Hildreths" in the Columbia Literary Monthly, the good fiction of the month is to be found in the Vassar Miscellany, which issues an *alumnæ* number, with contributors from classes ranging from '68 to '97. Our enjoyment of their clever stories and learned articles and graceful verse, great as it may be, can not have the element of personal pride and interest that we feel in good work done by those who are our own fellow students, even though they be not under the tutelage of our own Alma Mater.

The Educational Review for February contains a discussion on school reform by Dr. De Garmo of Cornell, based upon a paper in the Atlantic Monthly for May 1900, in which Dr. Münsterberg registered the belief that in our treatment of educational problems in this country we are urging two pseudo-reforms, namely, the elective system and professional training for teachers, at the expense of the real reform of which we stand in need, namely, better teaching. The two movements thus stigmatized Dr. De Garmo vigorously defends, maintaining that although liable to abuse, they are very real and very

necessary reforms. But he agrees that the greatest need of the American school to-day is for better teaching.

The great educational achievement of the past fifty years is the development of the free high school supported by local taxation. This development has been possible only by the use of cheap labor. The employment of women teachers in the grades at very low salaries has enabled communities to hire more women and a few comparatively cheap men for the high school, and to spare money for equipment. But this development of schools by cheap labor involves a double wrong and calls for a double reform. "In the first place," to quote Dr. De Garmo, "though on the whole women are no worse off than they were in the past because of becoming cheap teachers, yet it is true that the community is lowering the tax-rate by the exploitation of women, for they give their labor, their lives, their hopes of home, for a pittance which barely pays their current living expenses, leaving little or nothing for culture, travel, support of others, or old age. They are, in short, condemned to poverty and celibacy. They are fast becoming a new sisterhood. . . . The counterpart to this condition is that the strong men are fast being diverted from teaching. Woman competition forces their salaries below the point where a self-respecting man can found and support a family. . . . Under the present system women sacrifice most of what makes their lives worth living for a bare pittance, while the schools suffer from want of that strong, virile spirit to be found only in the ablest men."

These evils are to be done away with only by the use of radical measures. Dr. De Garmo advocates a reorganization of the public school system which should give six years of elementary and six years of secondary training, the first to be paid for by local taxation, the second either wholly or in part by the government, since it has control of almost all the most productive sources of indirect taxation. In this way our system of education would be made more compact and symmetrical, individual communities could pay their grade teachers better and demand a higher standard of preparation, which would in turn react upon the teachers to render their lot less cheerless; and the state, obtaining revenue without the friction which accompanies direct taxation, could offer salaries that would secure for our high schools the best teachers, men and women alike.



## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

We considered ourselves very fortunate in being in Tokyo at the time when Danjuro and Kickogoro, with their excellent company, were playing at the Shintomiza theater; and doubly happy in having

A Day at the among our acquaintances a cultivated Japanese girl  
Japanese Theater who was so kind as to be to us guide, philosopher, and  
friend on the occasion of our first visit to the playhouse. When in Japan, the tourist would fain do as do the Japanese; but without a proper amount of instruction (ten years is considered none too long for a primary course), he not infrequently wanders far afield. We were, therefore, most willing to leave all arrangements to Mademoiselle Tokiva—as I will call her—and trust to her promptings to keep us in the paths of etiquette.

Our party of eight met at the Imperial Hotel at half past nine on the morning of the day appointed, and on learning that we would have a Japanese tiffin, or lunch, at the theater, voted unanimously to provide ourselves with several packages of good European sandwiches. We knew that we were to spend the day and, being somewhat unfamiliar with Japanese dainties, decided that it might be wise not to depend wholly upon the feast provided by the tea-house through which arrangements for the day's entertainment had been made. At ten o'clock we had taken *jinrikishas* and were ready for the ride through crowded, busy streets. This was not by any means the least interesting part of the program. We went directly to the one particular tea-house, among the many surrounding the theater, which had taken the commission to look out for our comfort. There we left our wraps and parasols and had a cup of tea; after which we crossed the street and, conducted by an attendant from the tea-house, entered the Shintomiza, a large two-storied, wooden building with broad, open verandas on both first and second floors.

In the entrance corridor were racks for the wooden shoes which the audience check and leave there before entering to take their places. The Japanese reverse the old-country custom of walking to meeting barefoot and putting on shoes just before turning the last corner. And also that of our theaters which forbids to the head the friendly protection of the hat, but leaves free choice in the matter of foot-wear.

The interior arrangement of a Japanese theater is, in some respects, similar to our own. On either side of the stage, which occupies one end, are the boxes. These are reserved for the musicians. The central portion of the stage is made to revolve so that one scene may be reset while another is in use, and then turned to the audience so that the action of the play may con-

time without loss of time. The sloping floor is divided into sections six feet square, separated by low railings the tops of which serve as bridges on which the spectators pass to their places. Each section is provided with cushions; for all sit on the floor. Two walks, about four feet broad and on a level with the stage, extend through the auditorium from the entrance doors in the rear to the stage in front. On these called *hana-michi*, or flower walks (from the old custom of strewing them with flowers), the actors, in making their entrances from the back of the hall, pass through the audience. They move with an exaggerated strut which to the European, observing it for the first time, seems thoroughly ludicrous, and too ridiculous to permit him to look upon any part of the performance as higher than a burlesque. There is one balcony which extends around three sides of the building and, like the floor, is divided into sections each accommodating four persons. The two side galleries are but six feet wide, the entrances to the boxes being from the upper verandas through sliding screens. The rear gallery is broader and has, back of the boxes, space "for standing-room only." Back of this, and above the entrance corridor on the lower floor, is a large room which is provided with a table and chairs. This was reserved for our use, on the day of our visit. Here, before the performance, Mademoiselle Tokiva read us an outline of the play. Here, later in the day, our tiffin was served to us.

At eleven o'clock we went to our boxes which were in the center of the left balcony. The curtain was drawn aside. The play had begun. The audience was still assembling. It was a pretty sight to watch the careful tenderness with which the grandparents (whole families of three generations came to enjoy the play together), were helped along the narrow bridges to their places. Once in, they seated themselves on their cushions; lighted their pipes or cigarettes at the *hibachi*, or braziers, with which each section is provided; took a sip of tea or *saké* and settled themselves for a day's entertainment. There were elaborate programs of the play in Japanese, and also very clear and satisfactory outlines in English. With these and the explanations which Mademoiselle Tokiva gave us, we were able to follow the evolution of the plot and subplots and, in a measure, appreciate the sentiments of the heroes and heroines.

The modern drama with dialogues is said to have originated out of the farces which served as interludes in the *No* performance, originally a sacred dance of the Shinto religion. In this first form the story was told by the chorus. The actors merely went through movements and assumed attitudes which illustrated the recital. The drama of Danjuro is a representation of every-day life; as much so, certainly, as Irving's "*Robespierre*." The drama is said to have practically no literary value. It is, in most cases, compiled by the company which produces it, and is changed to suit the demands of varying conditions. One of the greatest historical plays, therefore, leaves with the European spectator, a memory of several thrilling episodes threaded on a slender plot.

The characteristic of Japanese acting which probably first impresses every European visitor is the stage voice. It is high in pitch and exceedingly shrill, with wails which—though it be irreverent—I must confess reminded me of the midnight serenades given to Maria by her feline adorers. Every

action seems to be so greatly exaggerated, and all the situations are so long drawn out, that one despairs of being able to appreciate the much praised merits of the acting and turns his attention to the stage setting and costuming. Great care is given to detail in both respects and admirable effects are produced.

Three scenes I remember with especial vividness. The first in which an old farmer, having discovered that his son has acted as guide to the enemy's clan, vows to kill him and thus defend his honor. The center of the stage is occupied by just such a house as one might see on a ride into the country. There are the rough screens, the veranda, the thatched roof. At one end there is a cherry-tree in full bloom. Farming implements are scattered about. The old man, overcome by the grief which his son has brought upon him, seizes a hatchet and cuts off a branch of the tree, proclaiming that by such violence he must take the life of his child. The action is accompanied by appropriate music and brings tears to the eyes of many in the audience who have been watching with breathless interest.

The management of perspective in the following scene is certainly unique. Two knights on horseback are to engage in a combat. The great curtain is drawn aside disclosing a scene on the shore of the ocean. A painted curtain at the back represents a bold headland against which the surf is dashing. Low painted screens, placed at intervals corresponding with the openings into the wings, are painted to represent water. A great commotion is heard at the back of the hall, and the knights enter on the *hana-michi*. The one in black on the left is Danjuro. His opponent on the right is in white. They are dressed in magnificent armor, and mounted on steeds richly caparisoned but somewhat wobbly about the back and very peculiar in respect to the legs. In fact, each horse is made by two coolies who walk one in front of the other, both with bodies bent forward from the hips, the second one forming by his back and shoulders a seat for the rider. The style of ancient Japanese equestrian armor favors the illusion. The knights ride boldly, fearlessly. The horses prance and toss their heads. The audience is tense with excitement. At the shore the horses hesitate, but finally plunge in and struggle through the surf, crossing and recrossing the stage. Smaller horses and riders are substituted in the wings for the originals, and thus the effect of distance is produced.

The curtain is drawn, and when one next sees the stage he finds the two combatants dismounted and about to engage in the final struggle. They have taken off their *kabutos*, or helmets. The older of the two knights feels compassion for the youth and beauty of his young opponent and would spare his life. But, not being allowed to exercise the "quality of mercy," he with one blow strikes off the head of him whom he afterwards discovers to have been his own son. Danjuro plays the part of the elder knight and is truly superb in his interpretation. After the blow has been dealt and the head severed from the body, the great actor takes it between his hands and, gazing at it long and earnestly, laments with great power. The success of such a representation depends upon the promptness of the mutes. These are small men dressed in black with black covering for heads and faces. They supply stage furniture when it is needed, have a care for the scenery and drag off dead bodies—and

other objectionable articles. In brief, they are the clouds which render invisible all things which should not be seen. When the young knight was struck down his body was instantly covered with a black cloth. The head, which apparently fell from his shoulders, was but an image passed through a trap-door in the floor.

The foreigner on his first visit to the Japanese theater sees such machinery very plainly and compares it, most unfavorably, with the management of effects in his own country. But if he goes again and again to see the same play he finds that he gradually forgets such details and that the real power of the acting takes increasing hold on his imagination.

It was interesting to watch the audience as it was moved by the great actors—for Danjuro's company is composed of stars. It wept in sympathy; shuddered in horror; shouted its approval. There was little opportunity for smiles in that very bloody tragedy! The spectators paid visits between the acts, walked on the verandas, and enjoyed the refreshments which were brought in by attendants from the tea-houses. Children ran about on the *hana-michi*. They even ventured on to the stage and peeped beneath the great curtain to watch the carpenters at their work. While we were at tiffin the horses appeared at the door and were asked to come in. They seemed much interested in our appearance and were delighted to display the glories of their equestrian heads and tails.

The great historic play of the day was ended about five o'clock. Two short comedies followed and the curtain was drawn, for the last time, between eight and nine in the evening.

We decided to leave the auditorium at the end of the first play and complete the experiences of the day by visiting some of the actors in their dressing-rooms. If a comparison in this particular be made with many European theaters it will, I think, be most complimentary to the Japanese, for their dressing-rooms are marvels of cleanliness, order, and refined taste. The floors are covered with matting. The screens are of soft shades of gray. In the *tokonoma*, or small raised recess, there is always some beautiful object, a picture, perhaps, or a bronze vase holding one flower.

Onoye Yesaburo, the man who played one of the leading woman's parts—for there are no women in Danjuro's company—was very gracious. He showed us how to touch up the lips and eyes, displayed his costumes with a great deal of pride, and wrote his autograph for us. Kickogoro was too busy to talk to us, but kindly gave us permission to sit and watch his disposal of red and white paint as he made ready for his next scene. It was a great surprise to learn that Danjuro put a fixed price upon such a visit, counting the favor worth two dinners at the Imperial Hotel. The great actor received us standing. We also stood and felt very awkward until Mademoiselle Tokiva came to the rescue and translated our compliments. Gradually Danjuro unbent and finally wrote his autograph for each of us. Later, when we returned to the hotel, we found a package of two dozen Japanese towels stamped with Danjuro's crest. These he had sent as souvenirs of the occasion. It was a rare treat to see the costumes, many of which were very valuable historically as well as intrinsically. The brocades, the lacquers, and bronzes were of exquisite workmanship, the despair of collectors.

We would have been glad to spend hours in that quiet room, talking with the man who has done so much for the dramatic art in Japan ; but Danjuro's next part was coming on, and the hour was growing late, so we reluctantly said good-bye to our first day in a Japanese theater. It was a day long to be remembered, for it brought an introduction to a new phase of Japanese life and art.

GERTRUDE E. SIMONDS '95.

New Zealand has sometimes been called "The Country without Strikes," but the people themselves prefer to call it "The Laboring Man's Paradise."

The reason for this is obvious, for it is the land

Some Social Conditions where the laboring man rules supreme.  
in New Zealand

The chief executive, the Premier, who has himself risen from the ranks, received and continues to hold his office by the vote of the laboring class. Naturally, he uses all of his influence for the passage of laws in their behalf. Their wages, number of hours, rates for over-time, holidays, and all other questions of this kind are governed by law. The average laborer works from eight until five o'clock, and receives about two dollars and forty cents a day. Any work done before or after that time is called over-time, and receives accordingly double pay. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are observed throughout the year as half holidays. Every person who employs labor must observe one of the two afternoons. Those who do not abide strictly by the law are heavily fined. The outcome of this has been to make New Zealand a country of pleasure-loving people.

Saturday afternoon has become the popular time for every kind of athletics and out-of-door amusements. During the winter months lacrosse, cricket, and foot-ball are played constantly. There is always one large game of foot-ball to which admission is charged. At this one the local teams meet others from the different cities of the colony, and much loyal enthusiasm is displayed by the audience. Boating, yachting, golf, tennis, croquet, and horse races absorb the attention of the people during the summer months. Auckland is the yachting center of the colony, but every town and city in New Zealand has its own race-course. This is by far the most popular sport, and is attended by all classes. The women bet upon the horses as eagerly as the men. This is controlled by the government, and thousands of pounds go through the totalisator, the government betting machine, every year. By means of this the betting is carried on as fairly as possible. Many people consider this the curse of the country. This may or may not be true, but it is a fact that thousands of pounds which should be used for better purposes are lost every year in the government machine. New Zealand may be called "The Laboring Man's Paradise," but a country whose government controls such a questionable business as this can hardly hope to stand for the things which are highest and best.

ALICE EARLE FOWLER 1900.

Previous articles in the *Monthly* have pointed out wherein a pursuit of the knowledge of housekeeping and home-making is in the direct line of the college graduate. Such hints led me to inquire further into the work along this line for which the Boston Housekeeping School of Housekeeping has been established. A closer acquaintance with this school during this, its third season, has fully proved to my mind the efficiency and need of such an institution.

The aim of the promoters of the school when the idea was first brought to bear upon the minds of progressive housewives, was essentially to solve some of the mysteries of the servant question, with the hope of making house work a respected trade. It was distinctly seen, however, that this problem can only be solved through a proper understanding in the minds of employers of the principles of the home and the proper social relations of the two classes. Together with this is the necessary understanding of the sociological aspects of the home in relation to all living. The aim thus becoming broader and higher, the main effort of the school is now seen to be toward the promotion of this idea. In this pursuit such practical courses are offered as will serve to bring out the essential elements of the home and promote its proper management. Such courses may be enumerated as: home sociology and home economics; house sanitation and public hygiene; the science of bacteriology; cooking and the chemistry of food-stuffs; dietaries; marketing, household buying, and expenditure; together with kindred courses in personal hygiene.

Courses in home sociology and economics aim to place the dominant relation of the home in society in the prominent position it should hold in the minds of citizens. A study of the various branches under house sanitation proves clearly how essential to public hygiene and health is a scientific knowledge of cleanliness and care in the individual householder. Bacteriology in relation to the housewife points out not only the disagreeable elements of dust and dirt, but also how these tiny plant organisms should be treated to produce beneficial results. Practical lessons in cooking have as their basis the study of the chemical combinations of food materials. Mrs. Ellen H. Richards in her practical problems in "Dietaries" brings out the nutritive and economic values of foods. We learn the right proportions of the chemical constituents of food to be combined for healthful results. She asks us to decide what to give little boys who will not take meat or eggs. All these courses are conducted in such a way as to serve as hints and suggestions for further work. Practice in all branches is by no means the least part of the work.

The school now having learned and profited by experience has for the first time this winter divided its work into two terms making an entire course of thirty-two weeks, which is longer than formerly. Correspondingly the school has grown in numbers from two, its first year, through fifty-four, last year, to seventy-one registrations for the present year. By the variety of cities and colleges represented in the registration, the interest appears to be far from local. Besides students from all the women's colleges in the East, there have been representatives from the Baltimore Women's College, the

University of Michigan, and the Ohio Wesleyan. The charming home of the school on St. Botolph Street is an object lesson in itself to those few privileged to reside there during the course. Its competent managers prove the possibilities of a beautiful home conducted upon scientific and hygienic principles.

This School of Housekeeping, which can not fail in its object to produce more efficient home-makers, is in the minds of its directors simply a step along the line. The thought predominant in their minds is the influence of the home in public life. This then is the first step to attach public interest to this phase of study so important in the present conditions of society. A success well nigh assured serves as a hope for later development in the way desired,—that of a more professional "School of Home and Social Economics."

The present courses of the School of Housekeeping are of so high a scientific tone as to prove clearly the high rank of domestic science. To the college graduate the field is open for much needed and interesting research along these lines.

M. LOUISE BALLOU '99.

#### CANDIDATES FOR ALUMNÆ TRUSTEE

The following are the candidates for alumnae trustee, in the place of Miss Charlotte C. Gulliver, A. B., whose term has expired :—

Mrs. Mary Gorham Bush, A. B., '79, Springfield, Mass., Registrar of Smith College, '91-'95; proposed by the Boston Association.

Mrs. Helen Rand Thayer, A. B., '84, Portsmouth, New Hampshire, connected with the work of organizing College Settlements; proposed by the Western Massachusetts Association, the Worcester Club, and the Syracuse Club.

Mrs. Helen Shute Moulton, A. B., '87, New Haven, Connecticut, Instructor in German at Smith College, '88-'93; studied subsequently at Bryn Mawr College and Göttingen University, '94-'96; proposed by the New York Association and the Western Massachusetts Association.

Ballots should be sent before April 15, to Miss Eleanor H. Nichols, Haddon Hall, Berkley Street, Boston.

Miss Grace A. Hubbard '87, gave an informal talk, March 2, on "Some Aspects of Training at Smith College,"

New York Alumnae Association at the house of Mrs. William H. Baldwin Jr. (R. S. Bowles '87). Tea was afterwards served. About sixty persons were present.

Mrs. Waldo Richards of Boston gave her dramatic reading of *Monsieur Beaucaire* before the Worcester Smith

Worcester Smith College Club College Club, January 11, for the benefit of the Students' Aid Society. Considering the heavy expenses and exceedingly bad weather of that evening, the entertainment may be called a financial success, since fifty dollars was cleared.

A book has been placed in the Reading Room in which all alumnæ visiting the college are asked to sign their names. The list of visitors for February and March is as follows :

'88.	Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke,	.	.	February 21-23
'85.	Anne Capen,	.	.	" 25
'86.	Mary Stebbens Atwater.	.	.	" 25
'96.	Elizabeth Fisher Read,	.	.	" 20
	Ellen Duckworth Trull,	.	.	" 20
'97.	Margaret Elmer Coe,	.	.	" 16
	Ora W. Parent,	.	.	" 22
'98.	Cora M. Martin,	.	.	" 22
	Christine C. Wright,	.	.	" 22
	Marion Pugh Read,	.	.	" 20
'99.	Louise Ballou,	.	.	" 20-23
	Mary C. Childs,	.	.	" 8
	Mary E. Goodnow,	.	.	March 2-11
	Ethel D. Hastings,	.	.	February 22
	Florence Ketchum,	.	.	" 21-25
	Helen E. Makepeace,	.	.	" 22
	Harriet G. Martin,	.	.	" 22
	Sarah N. Whitman,	.	.	" 25
1900.	Minnie W. Foster,	.	.	" 20-23
	Bertha W. Groesbeck,	.	.	" 6
	Anne Perry Hincks,	.	.	" 26
	Virginia W. Mellen,	.	.	" 26
	Margaret Morris,	.	.	" 22
	A. J. Smith,	.	.	" 21-25
	Cora E. Sweeney,	.	.	" 22

Contributions to this department are desired by the second of the month in order to appear in that month's issue, and should be sent to Ruth L. Gaines, Morris House.

'86. Another novel, "A Pillar of Salt," by Mrs. Gerald Stanley Lee (Jennette B. Perry), has just been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

'88. Marion Dwight has had leave of absence from school for a year on account of health.

Mary B. Rayner has been visiting in the East.

'91. Rose Garland is studying law at the New York University Law School.

'92. Harriet A. Boyd sails for Crete March 16, to conduct excavations for the American Exploration Society.

'94. Mary Clark has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Putnam.

'97. Mary Rockwell has announced her engagement to Mr. Edward Cole of Chicago.

Mary Bartlett Smith is teaching geometry, trigonometry, and English in the Johnson High School, North Andover, Massachusetts.



- '98. Josephine D. Daskam had a poem, "The Sons of Sleep," in the February number of Scribner's.  
 Catherine Farwell has announced her engagement to Reverend Edward R. Hyde of Turner's Falls, Massachusetts.  
 Mary McWilliams has been spending a few weeks with President McKinley at the White House.  
 Vera Scott is teaching for the present at Tressler's Orphan Home in Pennsylvania.
- '99. Helen K. Demond has announced her engagement to Mr. Albert Robinson, Superintendent of Schools in Warren, Massachusetts.  
 Ethel Gilman, Louise Ballou, Charlotte Stillings, and Sybil Shaw 1900, are taking courses at the Boston School of Housekeeping.  
 Kate L. Lincoln is to teach science in the Wakefield High School next year.  
 Alice McClintock is spending the winter at home in Denver, Colorado.  
 Edith Putney is teaching in Dallas, Texas.  
 Ellen C. Putney is teaching in Winchendon, Massachusetts.  
 Mary E. Tillinghast was married last July to Mr. Frederick H. Paine. She is living in Brooklyn.  
 Sarah N. Whitman expects to go to Oxford, England, for study in the summer courses offered there. If there are others going at the same time, she would be glad to hear of it. Address, Simsbury, Conn.
1900. Cora E. Delabarre has announced her engagement to Dr. Hunter of Greenfield.  
 Madeleine Z. Doty is studying law at the New York University Law School.  
 Fanny Scott is traveling with her family in Mexico.  
 Evelyn W. Smith is now teaching botany in Mt. Holyoke College.

## BIRTHS

- '95. Mrs. F. O. Fish (Frances F. Curtis) a son, Maxwell, born January 16.  
 '98. Mrs. A. J. Nock (Agnes E. Grumbine) a son, Samuel Albert, born February 17.

## **ABOUT COLLEGE**

Semi-Annual Report of the Proceedings of the Council from September, 1900, to February, 1901 :

The first meeting of the year was held October 16, Miss Lord, who had been elected President of the Council in June, presiding. The other officers for the year were then elected as follows: treasurer,

**Council Report** Clara Bradford 1908; secretary, Eloise Mabury 1902.

During the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the college the Council was called upon to take charge of the students' meeting, to take the initiative in deciding upon a gift for President Seelye, and to present it, and in various ways to help render the occasion successful.

The Council has had two meetings with the Conference Committee, at which it was decided that the usual program should be carried out on Wash-ton's Birthday and that the second Sunday in February should be retained as the date for the Day of Prayer for Colleges. As a result of a meeting of the Council with the House Committee, it was decided that the request of the Students' Building Committee for a second Glee Club concert to be given the night preceding the regular concert be refused. Substitutes for this concert were granted, and a donation party, a joint senior-junior debate, and a joint Alpha-Phi Kappa Psi play were approved of. The House Committee further decided that no entertainments and no decorations should be allowed hereafter at the dances given in the gymnasium.

It has seemed expedient to the Council that hereafter the junior president shall conduct the first freshman class meeting until the freshman president has been elected; and this addition will be made to the Book of Reference. In accordance with a request of the Council, a telephone has been put up in the old gymnasium for the use of the students both on and off the campus. It is hoped that President Seelye's request that the bulletin board in Seelye Hall be used only for notices directly concerning that building, will be duly heeded. In response to the feeling expressed by the students that there should be another college song beside "Fair Smith," the Council has chosen one kindly written for the purpose by Miss Agnes Hunt '97, which the Council hopes will meet the approval of the college.

The Council wishes to express its thanks to the students for their dignified deportment at the college election of the national President held in November, and for their cordial coöperation in the efforts of the Council to maintain order in chapel and in the college generally, especially in President Seelye's absence.

ELOISE MABURY 1902, Secretary.

On Saturday evening, February 16, the Alpha and Phi Kappa Psi societies presented "The Adventure of the Lady Ursula." College dramatics are always welcomed with enthusiasm, and when it was announced that a play was to be given by the two literary societies for the benefit of the Students' Building fund, the customary eagerness was greatly increased and the production of Anthony Hope's sprightly drama impatiently awaited.

To say that the play was successful is all too little, for it is the universal opinion that it was one of the best ever given in college. The simple scenery, the brilliant costumes, the clever acting of the leading characters, and the finish of the minor parts combined to make the performance a polished whole. Even the servants showed their careful training, and Mary Lewis as Mills was inimitable. But it was preëminently the sustained air of realism which made one forget that the dashing officers and swashbuckling cavaliers were really only girls.

Ethel Freeman, as Sir George Sylvester, captivated the audience as well as the Lady Ursula. Every expression and attitude was appropriate, and the interpretation of the part left little room for improvement. Sir George's rather melancholy air belonging to the cynical bachelor, was finely mingled with the steadfastness and nobility of the strong man that he showed himself to be.

Eda Bruné, as Lady Ursula, reckless, wilful, repenting and then rushing into new dangers, yet showing the woman through her attractive, manly disguise, gave life and sparkle to the whole play. The rashness tempered with regret, showing the really fond, loving nature of the Lady Ursula, was admirably brought out.

Ellen Emerson, the pompous, irritable club man, a stickler for etiquette who feels grossly insulted if it is not observed, was very amusing, and the gay company of the officers of the Foot Guards in their gorgeous uniforms gave a touch of color to the otherwise somber setting of the third act,—scenery in conformity with the period in which the play took place.

Sarah Schaff, as the Reverend Mr. Blimboe, was a delightful mixture of platitudes and a natural and worldly interest in the Lady Ursula. The originality of Miss Schaff's acting made her part one of the best features of the play. Selma Altheimer, as the Earl of Hassenden, carried the audience through her experiences by the force of her sympathetic voice, which necessitated the interest all felt for the gallant lover who is placed in a most perilous position by the pranks of his sister, the Lady Ursula. Anxiety and fear for her betrothed, Lord Hassenden, was cleverly interwoven with a piquancy which made May Barta, as Dorothy Fenton, a charming foil for the impetuous heroine. Miss Barta showed the training of her very proper aunt, the part played by Hannah Johnson, where decorum was delightfully neglected whenever she thought she might hear a bit of gossip, her whole attitude then being one of "listening and not approving."

On the whole the experiment of the joint play proved to be a great success, and much credit is due to the cast and the managing committees for the play.

CAST.

The Earl of Hassenden,.....	Selma E. Altheimer
Sir George Sylvester,.....	Ethel H. Freeman
The Rev. Mr. Blimboe,.....	Sarah S. Schaff
Mr. Dent, .....	Ellen T. Emerson
Mr. Castleton, ....	Edith DeB. Laskey
Sir Robert Clifford, ....	Margery M. Ferriss
Mr. Ward, .....	Clara M. Knowlton
Mr. Devereux, ....	Helen Witmer
Quilton, Servant to Lord Hassenden, .....	Anne L. Sanborn
Mills, Servant to Sir George Sylvester,.....	Mary B. Lewis
Servant at Lord Hassenden's town lodging,.....	Janet S. Sheldon
Miss Dorothy Fenton, betrothed to Lord Hassenden,	
	May W. Barta
Mrs. Fenton, her aunt,.....	Hannah G. Johnson
The Lady Ursula Barrington, Lord Hassenden's Sister,	
	Eda von L. Bruné

It is not very often that the four classes in college have an opportunity to combine in one general celebration, but on the twenty-second of February the whole student body is the recognized unit,

Washington's Birthday and the loyal enthusiasm aroused by the day transcends all bounds of class distinction and survives in the mind of every student long after the noise and dust of the rally in the gymnasium have passed away. The first exercises of the day were held in Assembly Hall, where an address on "The Conquest of Commerce" was given by General Curtis Guild of Boston, and the Junior Ode, written by Sybil Lavinia Cox 1902, was read by Miss Peck. After the exercises, there was the usual rush for the gymnasium, where a few gallant members of each class had succeeded in accomplishing wonderful feats in the art of impromptu decorating; each corner of the gymnasium bloomed with yellow, red, green, or purple, and in its midst rose the precarious but imposing platform from which each song leader led her class through its varied repertoire. The customary council "stunt" was this year omitted, and instead the classes joined in singing a song, of which the words were written by Agnes Hunt '97 and the music by Ethel W. Chase 1902. "Fair Smith" was unusually well sung even unto the third verse, and from the mingled sounds which accompanied the usual tramp around the gym, it is probable that no absent class or present celebrity escaped a proper tribute of song. In the afternoon the seniors beat the juniors in basket-ball, and the sophomores beat the freshmen; the captains and coaches were chosen before the games.

The Senior-Junior Debate was held on the evening of February twenty-second, in the Alumnae Gymnasium, the question being, "Should Federal Protection be extended to Negro Suffrage?" Judge Bassett,

The Debate Mr. Root of the High School, and Mr. T. M. Connor, all of Northampton, kindly served as judges, and Laura W. Lord of the senior class acted as moderator. The affirmative side of the question was upheld by the juniors, the seniors defending the negative. The debating teams were composed of the successful competitors in the second trial debate and were arranged as follows:—

## AFFIRMATIVE.

Miss I. P. Chase,  
Miss Moore,  
Miss Tubby,  
Miss Canedy,

## NEGATIVE.

Miss Burbank,  
Miss Stuart,  
Miss deLong,  
Miss A. C. Childs.

Sides and positions were not assigned to the contestants until the morning of the day before the debate, as it was desired that the debating should be, as far as possible, extemporaneous.

Each debater was allowed seven minutes for her first speech, and three minutes for rebuttal. Mr. Root, in announcing the judges' decision, said that they had met with the difficulties usually connected with their position. On one point, however, they were all agreed, namely, with regard to the prize of fifty dollars for the best junior debater, which was unanimously awarded to Gertrude Tubby. On the other two points their decisions were as follows:—the gold medal, offered to the best debater, junior or senior, was won by Marie Stuart 1901, and the honors of the debate went to the seniors. Since this debate was given for the benefit of the Students' Building, an admission of twenty-five cents was charged, and about one hundred and fifty dollars was cleared.

The debate throughout was very creditable to the contestants, especially when the small amount of time allowed for team work is considered. The interest shown by the college at large proves that the inter-class debate supplies an element which the college has heretofore lacked, and which faculty and students alike are disposed to welcome, hoping that it may become a permanent institution.

## URSULA MINOR 1902.

The enthusiasm of a college audience is surely the truest criticism of a college play. From the moment when the curtain was raised upon the first tableau of the Morris House dramatics until it

**Morris House Dramatics** fell after the last words of the heroine, the hush of the audience and the spontaneous bursts of applause showed how truly the efforts of the actors and the splendid management of the committees were appreciated.

The play itself was a classic, a translation of Eugène Scribe's "*La Bataille de Dames*." Although the plot was one with which we are well acquainted in these days of colonial novels, still there was to be found a new element in the strictly French setting. The story is that of a young French officer against whom a warrant of arrest had been issued. Disguised as a servant he finds refuge in a cousin's chateau, where he falls in love with a young girl who is visiting there. After many complications he is finally pardoned, and though loved by his cousin, the Countess d'Autreval, receives the hand of the woman he loves.

Mary Barrett 1901 was the young hero, M. Henri de Flavigneul. She portrayed ably the warm-hearted, impulsive youth, and in manner and gesture made real to us the keen, alert French soldier of the period. As a foil to the animation of Henri was the dignity of the mistress of the chateau. The gracious but clever *grande dame* was well interpreted. This part was taken

by Rosamond Lent 1901. Mary Bohannon 1902 showed remarkable ability in the management of her part, the Baron de Montrichard, a capable officer, but somewhat of a fop and having a weakness for the fair sex. In voice, as well as in gesture and appearance, Miss Bohannon gave her rôle a perfect rendering.

M. Gustave de Grignon, the would-be brave lover of the Countess, stands out as a good piece of acting. Lucia Dewey 1902, who played this part, gave real touches of humor and added greatly to the general effect. Helena Kriegsmann 1901, as the young girl, Mlle. Leonie de Villegontier, was the *ingénue*, a part which is always charming when well acted.

The introduction of the minuet in the second act gave a beautiful touch, as it intensified the atmosphere of French life during the early part of the last century which permeated the play from beginning to end. The costumes and stage settings as a whole were good and combined with the acting formed a harmony which is not often seen in amateur plays and which is worthy of the enthusiasm it received.

## CAST

The Countess d'Autreval.....	Rosamond Lent
Mlle. Leonie de Villegontier, her niece....	Helena Kriegsmann
M. Henri de Flavigneul.....	Mary F. Barrett
The Baron de Montrichard.....	Mary McD. Bohannon
M. Gustave de Grignon.....	Lucia C. Dewey
Quartermaster.....	Shirley M. Hunt
Brigadier .....	Helen V. D. Morgan
Gens d'Armes.....	{ Helen Clark
	{ Antoinette Putnam-Cramer
Servant.....	Mary Jennings

Dancers: Esther Greene, Florence Ross, Jessie Carter, Marion Evans, Florence Agard, Bertha Holden, Grace Zink, Mary Aull.

On Wednesday afternoon, February 20, Professor Wood's classes in Comparative Religions had the pleasure of listening to a lecture given by Dr. Harlan P. Beach, on "Confucianism in China." Mr. Beach said that everything in China was dominated by Confucianism. Education consists in committing to memory and in some slight degree understanding the classics which Confucius arranged and to which he gave his approval. The Chinese value education very highly. A scholar is a gentleman from the first day he goes to school and belongs to the "sect of the learned." The first thing a boy does in acquiring an education is to spend three years in memorizing the sacred books, being ignorant all the while of their meaning. Composition is valued highly, and modern scholars are continually trying to imitate old masters.

The system of examinations is very important in China. The examinations are public and any one may enter. Only a certain number of degrees can be given each year, and of the men who are successful in passing the examination, from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to 2 per cent only can receive one of the nine degrees

which insure the possessor honor in his community and an official position proportionate to the grade of his degree. The badge of a degree is a button, which is worn on the top of the cap.

Confucianism not only influences the education of the people and their social and political life, but its expression in ancestor worship is felt in every part of the Empire. One of the greatest obstacles which Christianity has to meet in China is this worship of spirits.

Dr. Beach closed his very interesting talk by saying that every mine that is dug in China is a missionary, for it proves that dragons do not live under the ground, and every railroad helps break down superstition, which is the enemy of progress in China.

MARY HUNT BRIMSON 1901.

The Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed on Sunday, February 10. The vesper service began at a quarter to five, and Professor Tyler, Professor Wood, and Dr. Perry spoke. At the students' meeting, Miss Sage and Miss Hale, presidents of the Wellesley and Radcliffe associations, spoke. In the evening Dr. Blodgett gave an informal organ recital in Assembly Hall.

On Saturday evening, March 9, a stereopticon lecture on "The Personal Washington," was given by Mr. W. W. Ellsworth, for the benefit of the Students' Building.

On Sunday, February 24, the Reverend F. E. Clark of Boston, founder of the Christian Endeavor movement, spoke at vespers.

On Saturday afternoon, March 2, M. Gaston Deschamps gave a lecture in Assembly Hall on "La vie de province d'après les romans de Theuriet, Bozin, Loti, et Pouvillon."

#### Department Society Meetings :

Biological Society—March 21, April 18.  
Colloquium—March 26.  
Philosophical Society—March 18, April 15.  
Physics Club—March 25.  
Oriental Club—March 19, April 16.  
Clef Club—March 19.  
Société Française—March 15, April 12.  
Mathematical Club—March 19.

### CALENDAR

March 16, Phi Kappa Psi Society.  
20, Lawrence House Dramatics.  
23, Alpha Society.  
27, Easter Vacation begins.  
April 11, Spring Term begins.

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**THE SOCIAL SETTLEMENT AS A PRACTICAL  
EXPRESSION OF SOCIOLOGICAL NEEDS**

If we follow man's psychological evolution, we see that at each stage he has developed a science which was the expression of that stage, an attempt to solve the problems that arose in his path towards a higher plane of life. "Mathematics, precisely because it deals deductively with logical abstractions from nature, is the earliest developed. . . So when the mediæval world passed over into the modern epoch, the awakening of the human intellect to the real world led it first to the accurate, logical distinctions of mathematics, in their applications to astronomy and physics. . . As the interest in the heavens depended upon their supposed influence over human destiny, so the study of the stars centered upon their relation to our earth, and physical geography and geology are born. Through geology the possibilities of a scientific study of the history of life are realized, and biology is born." At this point, after it is established that man is only a single manifestation of the great stream of organic life and that he is joined to all other forms both present and past through the laws of descent, the scientific spirit is carried over with one splendid impulse to the

study of humanity, and the humanistic sciences come into existence. Since this movement was first manifested in the field of institutional history, it naturally resulted that the regenerating force was very soon felt by the science of political economy. "Furthermore, the field of social history has seen the development of a new science,—sociology, which, rapidly differentiated from the more special political sciences, has assumed the place of the larger study of society."

This last science, the science of sociology, is distinctly a product of the nineteenth century. It is our attempt to solve the problems that confront us. It responds to a need which has arisen, among other things, out of our modern life and our democratic form of government,—the need of a thorough understanding of the social forces at work among us. Our government is in a certain sense a vast human experiment. History has demonstrated to us the weaknesses of despotisms and of oligarchies. We have seen the causes of the decline of the republics of Athens and of Rome. And at the present day it lies with us to make a democratic form of government a permanent possibility and a success. We, profiting by the examples of the past, have avoided most of its mistakes. But those early mistakes are not all that we have to guard against, for new conditions have since arisen. Success in guarding against those mistakes might be called a negative cause of our future prosperity, but there is a positive side which is at present imperative.

The future success of a purely democratic government such as ours will depend, I believe, largely upon our acquiring a broad understanding of the needs of the country,—an understanding such that each class will not only respect the rights of other classes, but will appreciate their problems from a broader point of view; for understanding each other and sympathizing with each other's difficulties will afford the best mutual help in obtaining the truest solution. This understanding can not be attained while the man of culture and the trained thinker shuts himself up in his study in a luxurious home on upper Fifth Avenue, and the laborer does not leave the Bowery. They can not truly know each other and can not truly know each other's needs. And not knowing, they will not work in harmony or for mutual benefit either at the polls or away from them. This understanding can come only from personal contact. And for

this purpose a common meeting ground for the day laborer and the thinker is necessary.

But besides this understanding of the country's need, the country demands of every individual citizen that he attain his highest possibilities, morally, mentally, and physically. For the moral standards of the majority of citizens will set the moral tone of the government. It was said of Athens at the time of her greatest prosperity that every citizen was fitted to govern her. Can we say that every American citizen is fit to govern even his own city? Athens was governed by a Pericles. Our cities are governed by a Tweed or a Croker. By means of individual development we must raise the standard of the nation as a whole. At present the members of the so-called "upper classes" are given the opportunities to attain their highest possibilities; and it is imperative that similar opportunities, though of a different nature, be given to the "other half."

Three of the problems, then, that arise in our path are: How shall we obtain a knowledge of the social forces working among us? how shall we find a common meeting ground for worker and thinker? how shall every citizen be given the opportunity of attaining his highest possibilities? It is to fulfil these practical sociological needs that the modern social settlement has been evolved.

The social settlement furnishes an opportunity for the student to observe, study, and learn to know the conditions of life in other classes than the one in which he himself was reared. At the same time he is frequently able to test by actual experiment the value of the theories thus formed. So a broad and true understanding of the large social forces may be attained, and the path of least resistance taken, when a tendency is discovered which is believed to be in the direction of advance. The settlement likewise is a common meeting ground for men and women from very different spheres of life, but all interested in one another, and all, consciously or unconsciously, interested in the same problems of life. As yet, since the realization of the need of social fellowship is still in its infancy, the "settlement worker" is not a true inhabitant of the neighborhood, but an outsider coming in to "work" for its benefit. This somewhat unnatural position is, I believe, only a transitional stage, a paving of the way toward a more natural condi-

tion of affairs,—a condition in which the broad man of sociological interests will not be an outsider living in a building which is to a certain extent an institution, but will make his home in the neighborhood, leading his own life normally and naturally, yet because of his social and political interests especially anxious to become in his district a power for and a leader toward what he believes to be right. Then the settlement building will be the place not only where the people come in contact with the influences brought to them from without, which will undoubtedly always be beneficial; but where they will gather because of common interests and receive from within influences equally beneficial. Furthermore, the settlement is of great service in helping the people of its district, young and old, to help themselves develop their nobler sides, spiritually, æsthetically, morally, mentally, physically, and socially. There are a tremendous number of facts that I might cite in support of this statement, but I must content myself with a very few.

A couple of years ago the Rivington Street Settlement started what might be called a circulating picture gallery. A tolerably large collection was made of good photographs of the world's best paintings, mostly old masters. These could be obtained in the same way that books are to be had at a circulating library, and might be taken home and hung on the wall. At the expiration of the week the picture must be returned in order to keep it in circulation, but another could be taken out in its place. The people responded with remarkable zeal to this chance, within their means, of beautifying their homes. For they too feel the need of beauty in their surroundings and do all they can to get it. This circulating gallery, then, is one of the many ways in which the settlement has helped the people to satisfy their æsthetic craving. Let us now see how, among other things, it has helped them to satisfy their craving for a higher social life.

In the report of the College Settlements Association is the following: "Every club of young men on the East Side, to maintain its standing among other clubs and to have a good time as well, must give a large ball. Until the University Settlement opened its hall, there was not one in the neighborhood to which there was not a bar attached; that is, immediately adjoining, if not in the dancing room itself. It is the custom of

the proprietors to reduce the rent according to the amount of liquor sold. If the bar is very profitable, a club can often secure the hall free a second time. We have always been unwilling to take the responsibility of or countenance an entertainment in a hall where so much liquor would probably be sold with the usual results." When the University Settlement hall was not available, the difficulty arose anew. And "the way it was solved in one case shows how the settlement might make its influence felt in a larger circle than that of its immediate following. One club of young men succeeded in inducing the proprietor of one of the halls to close his bar for one evening, that is, to sell 'soft drinks' only. . . . We hope that this one evening may prove the entering wedge in the destruction of a system which is the source of much evil. . . . His social life is, to be sure, only one phase of man's activities, but it is an important one. It has the power to make him superior to days of toil and drudgery, if it brings him inspiration and pleasure at their close. While we must wait patiently for many forces to make the conditions of the working day less hard, we can see to it that the leisure hours are so filled as to broaden the mental and spiritual horizon of the toiler."

And so when we consider that the first college settlement was opened in 1889, and that to-day, only twelve years later, there are, besides this settlement in New York, one in Philadelphia and one in Boston, a University Settlement and three or four smaller ones in New York, and innumerable settlements all through the country, we can not help but feel that their influence and their significance are growing in intensity from day to day. This influence, I have endeavored to show, will be to "broaden the mental and spiritual horizon of the toiler"; to provide a common meeting ground for the man of thought and culture and the manual laborer; and to furnish the opportunity of obtaining a more comprehensive knowledge of the social tendencies of the age, in order that by the aid of this knowledge sociology may furnish a true solution of some of the most pressing problems that have arisen in man's path toward a more perfect life and civilization.

AMY ESTHER STEIN.

## THE MEMORY OF AN HOUR

Methought I wandered with my own true love  
Into a garden that was all aflower  
With sweet delights ; and grace was given us  
To bide within that place a single hour.

And what beyond that sweet, short hour might lie  
In store for us, we knew not ; only this—  
That, for the while we trod those garden ways,  
Rapture was ours and deep we drank of bliss.

Little we recked the moments as they ran,  
Nor marked I where a shadow dimly crept  
Behind my love. Together hand in hand  
We wandered, and our souls within us slept.

So the hour passed, but on a sudden One  
Stood by us pointing to the outer gate,  
Whither I turned me, lingering, and sighed—  
Our treasure spent that was so rich of late.

And going forth, I stood upon a path  
Thorn-planted, rough, and steep, with many a stone.  
Ah me ! how cruel for my dear one's feet,  
Methought,—when turning, lo, I stood alone.

“ And wouldst thou tarry, sweet, nor leave the fair  
Fresh garden which for thee seems fit abode,  
Though I must forth from thence, parting from thee  
To tread alone this drear, thorn-tangled road ? ”

In bitterness I cried, and turned again  
To where my love delayed the gate within ;  
Only a shadow rested on the place  
Where something bright and well beloved had been.

Day follows day. Along that weary path  
Toiling, I cease not from my soul to bless  
The One whose hand held back my love from me  
And spared her this long journey's bitterness.

Ofttimes I dream that in a hallowed place  
She stays, there patiently to wait for me.  
Is it a ray of promise gilds the dream,  
Or the soft light of a dear memory ?—

The memory of a garden where of yore,  
Through shaded ways with sweet delights aflower,  
My love and I together hand in hand  
Had grace to roam for one most blessed hour.

ETHEL BARSTOW HOWARD.

## OLD DARNCOAT

The early cold snap had turned the country roads into grooved masses of sandstone on which the horses' feet rang sharply, as one or the other, tired of standing quiet, gave an impatient stamp. The three men in the long covered wagon drew the buffaloes closer around them, and the two on the front seat glanced once more along the road running at right angles to that on which they waited. At the corner where the roads met was a clump of tall elms, and further down the side road a screen of alders hid the wagon and horses from any one passing by on the main road.

"'Bout time he was showin' up," remarked the man who held the reins.

"Does he always come along at just such a time?" asked his companion, a slender, dark-haired young man in glasses, with the first traces of professional mannerism already apparent in his quick, observant glance, the look which, without attracting the attention of its object, scans every new-comer for the signs of bodily weakness of whatever nature.

"Him? Oh, he's most as reg'lar as a clock," returned the driver. "He'll have his breakfast to one house and go just so far and git his dinner at another. Allus the same house and allus the same meal, an' he never mixes 'em. So if you knows where he is on his round, you'll know just what time he'll be at any place along it."

"Then why didn't they send to some one of these places and take him, instead of sending us out here to freeze for half an hour waiting for him?"

"Well, Doc, they did try that so many times that he's got sorter skittish about it. Allus looks round everywhere 'fore he goes inter a place. You see, haulin' him in every winter fer nigh about twenty-five year, they've gone an' used up most of their stunts on him. So when his folks sent word to the 'Sylum that he'd been seen at Plainville night afore last, the Sup. decided to send us to catch him here at this cross-roads, which is only 'bout six mile from the 'Sylum, an' where he'll allus stop and mosey round a bit anyway."



"What does he do that for?" inquired the young doctor.

"Laws, Doc, hain't you heard 'bout Old Darncoat yet? I'd forgot you hadn't been there long enough to see him. Why, he's one of our reg'lar customers. Every winter his folks gits us to haul him in an' keep him till spring if he don't git out first, for he's cute as a cat 'bout gittin' out. But the reason he goes an' fools round the cross-roads is 'cause he's got a notion his wife's waitin' fer him there. You see, he comes o' good folks, does Old Darncoat, an' years ago he was 'bout as smart a young feller as they make 'em, jus' startin' in to be a mighty cute lawyer, I've hearn tell. Well, an' he went an' got married to a mighty fine gal, an' just the day of the weddin', right after they'd been tied up, in fact, he had to go off somewhere, 'bout somethin' that was awful pressin'. They was mighty fond of one another, him an' her, an' nat'rally they didn't like that 't all. But he said he'd come back just at sundown, an' she said she'd be at the clump of trees at the turn of the road to meet him. Well, that afternoon, just as she was comin' out of the house to go to him, she tripped an' fell down some stone steps an' struck her head 'gainst a stone or somethin', so 'at she died in 'bout half an hour. An' they sent some one to tell him, an' the blame' fool met him right at the turn of the road as he was comin' along so chipper and glad, calculatin' to meet her there; an' he up an' told him suddint like, an' Old Darncoat just jumped up an' fell down like dead. They picked him up an' carried him into the house, all dressed in his weddin' suit still; an' when he come to, he was just ragin' in brain fever, an' they thought for a long time that they'd soon be a-carryin' him out an' layin' him beside her. But he got well, at least his body did, an' all of a sudden one day when they weren't lookin' at him, he got up an' dressed himself in his weddin' clothes and walked off up the road, lookin' for her. An' he's been lookin' for her ever sence. He goes along, an' every clump of trees at a turn of the road he stops an' looks, and waits awhile for her; an' then, when she ain't there, he goes on ter the next place. His folks is mighty fine people, an' they've tried an' tried to git him shut up and took care of, but he won't stay nowhere. Allus gits away an' goes along again, lookin' for her. An' what's more, he won't change that weddin' coat of his for nothin' nor nobody. They gives him clothes every now an' then, an' he'll take everythin' but a coat. An' counts of that

he's been called Old Darncoat for so long that folks has most forgot his real name. He won't never take no money from his folks neither, but allus begs his way round. As I was a-sayin', he'll go to one house for his dinner an' another for his supper and another for his night's lodgin' an' breakfast, an' never mixes 'em, an' never 'll take anythin' more. He goes most a hundred miles up into Massachusetts, an' then turns round and goes down 'most across Connecticut, lookin' for her. He'd keep that up allus, but in winter his folks tries to have him shut up, so's he won't be found froze stiff somewhere, for he don't never wear no overcoat."

"Seems cruel, though, to trick him just this way," said the young doctor, slowly. He was thinking of a certain photograph on his desk, a photograph he looked at long and hard when the dreary monotony or more dreary excitement of his life seemed ready to turn him into a fit companion for the occupants of the cells under his charge.

"Maybe, Doc," replied the keeper, cutting at the tops of the alder bushes with his whip. "Maybe, but I know this,—it 'ud be a heap crueller to leave him out an' free to freeze to death in the cold snap what's comin', sure."

"I suppose so," assented the other, "but I wish the 'Sup.' had thought up some other way. I—"

"Ain't that him comin' down the road yonder?" broke in his companion, rising in his seat to see better. "Yes, that's him, sure. Now, sir, you'll have to go an' meet him, for he knows me an' 'ud run if he see me. You just keep him talkin' so's we can git behind an' grab him. The horses 'll stand all right. Got them handcuffs ready, Bill?" turning to the man on the back seat.

"All right," was the response.

The two men clambered out and stood beside the wagon, while the doctor, his distaste for the errand he was on increasing with every step, walked slowly forward and stood waiting under the clump of elms.

He had not stood there long when a man rounded a little clump of brushwood, cast an eager look toward the clump of trees, and walked rapidly toward it. It was a peculiar figure, a gentleman's, unmistakably, yet with a certain something about it, hardly recognizable at the first glance, that suggested the tramp. On a closer analysis it would be found that this

impression owed its existence to certain slight but unmistakable signs of a wandering, aimless life, in the attitude of the whole figure and in the lines of the face; no less than to the darned, patched, and faded coat of once blue broadcloth whose antique cut contrasted so strangely with the neatness of the rest of his attire. He wore a glossy, high silk hat, well-made trousers and waistcoat, and his shoes, although now dusty, had evidently been carefully cleaned that very morning. His gray hair, though longer than fashion dictated, was neatly combed.

As he neared the clump of trees and saw only the young doctor standing there alone, the eager look began to be disturbed by an anxious expression which flitted rapidly across his face as he glanced searchingly around the place. A moment more, and the anxious expression had crystallized into a look of disappointment so intense and painful that for a moment the spectator was too startled to speak or move. Recovering himself with an effort, the doctor stepped forward and gave the old man a cheerful good morning.

Old Darncoat looked at him for a moment without answering, while the last traces of his latest disappointment faded slowly from his face. Seeming then to become conscious of the salutation, he lifted his tall hat and returned the greeting with a gracious courtesy which would have adorned the finest drawing-room in the land.

"A fine morning, sir," continued the doctor, hastily seizing on the first commonplace topic which suggested itself.

"A fine morning, indeed," still with the same courtly air, "cold, but remarkably clear. But," his blue eyes beginning all at once to wander restlessly up the road, "I must bid you good day, sir. I am on my way to keep an appointment, I—"

The keeper had seized Old Darncoat from behind. There was a furious struggle while he fought for his freedom like the madman he was, and the united strength of all three was needed before he was at last securely bound and placed in the wagon, which turned and drove rapidly off down the side road toward the grounds of the State Asylum.

It was past midnight, and the full moon was shining clearly, when Old Darncoat awoke. For days past he had been sunk in a state of torpor such as sometimes overtook him, and his guards, grown careless, visited him less often. But now, as he

sat up in bed, this torpor had left him, the weight of his years had fallen from him, and for this night he was once more the brave, brilliant young lawyer, vigorous in all the pride of his early manhood, full of buoyant confidence in the future that lay before him. It was once more the day of days for him, henceforth every success he might win, every honor that fell to his lot, must be doubled and trebled, for the woman he loved was his to share them with him,—his beyond the power of heaven or earth to take her from him. He sat there on the side of the bed for a few moments, only dumbly conscious of his abounding vitality, his transcendent happiness, while his eyes roamed vaguely over the walls of his little room. Then of a sudden he sprang to his feet and looked wildly around him. Why was he there? This was no place that he knew.

Ah, he remembered something vaguely now,—enough to assure him that he had been tricked, trapped, brought here by force, against his will, in defiance of his rights as a free citizen. Why, he did not clearly remember, nor did he consider; the hot young blood had come rushing to his cheeks at the memory of the outrage, and he sprang toward the door, intent on calling for help, commanding, threatening, demanding to be released. His hand was already raised for a blow when a sudden thought made it drop again, without a sound.

Eleanor!

He turned, rushed to the little barred window, and looked out. How late was it? Long after sunset, of course, but how many hours had she been waiting there for him? He raised the sash; the air outside was biting cold, for the predicted "cold snap" had arrived with a vigor that no weather prophet would have ventured to foretell. It was a summer night to Old Darncoat. He felt that it was cold, but his diseased fancy put only the cold of a summer evening into the bitter air. Yet this was enough and more, for he felt it not through himself but through the woman who had been waiting those long hours, cold and lonely, at the turn of the road,—who was waiting now. Yes, he was sure of it.

"Till the world's end." She had laughed as she said it, but he knew she would keep the promise. And that he should have broken faith with her on the very day of the wedding! Oh, the scoundrels who had forced him to it! Later he would re-

turn, and his vengeance should be certain and sure ; but now—now, he must keep his tryst, come life or death.

The bars were strong, but they bent under his grasp. Oh, the joy of a young man's strength, the delight of being strong—for her.

"Eleanor, Eleanor !"

The bars bent further ; first one, then another, then a third was wrenched from its socket in the cement and fell out. His hands were torn and bleeding, but the way stood open.

"Eleanor, Eleanor !"

His clothing, lying in a heap on a chair by the bed, caught his eye. He hastily huddled it on, took his tall hat in his hand, dropped noiselessly out of the window, and was off.

It was bitter cold. The sharp wind cut through his scanty clothing, blew his long gray hair about his face, stiffened the blood on his hands, but he kept on.

"Eleanor, Eleanor !"

Heaven alone knows what indistinct memory of the last great shock he had experienced concentrated his attention on the clump of elms where the doctor had met him that morning three weeks before. There were other roadside corners, many with their clumps of tall trees, all along his way, but he looked neither to right nor left as he sped on toward that one spot.

"Eleanor, Eleanor !"

What was this strange languor that began to creep over him ? His feet were growing heavy as lead ; it needed all his strength to lift them. The trees and fences were beginning to swim and waver before his eyes, but he never stopped. Every moment exertion seemed more impossible to him, but the same one word, filling his mind afresh with every throb of his pulses, spurred him forward, and he still struggled on.

"Eleanor, Eleanor !"

At last the race was nearly over, he saw the clump of elms at the turn of the road. He drew nearer, and she stood there, waiting. The thrill of joy that shot through him roused even his waning energies, and he hurried toward her. Nearer, nearer still ! Now she saw him. She was bending toward him with arms outstretched. He saw how the wind slowly waved the folds of her white dress, stirred the loose curls on her forehead. Her face was turned toward him, and the look of love and yearning and joy upon it made it no longer a face, but a

transparent window through which he could look deep into her soul.

“Eleanor—*Eleanor!*”

He thought the universe must rock and reel at the cry of joy he uttered as he stretched out his arms to draw her to him. But the sleeping crows high up in the branches of the old elm never heeded the faint, drowsy murmur from the lips of the uncouth figure which stumbled so slowly forward and fell with arms outstretched at its foot.

Early the next morning, the covered wagon came down the side road once more, and before it went a party of men, well wrapped in heavy overcoats, anxiously beating the bushes along the way. The night before had been one of the coldest on record. Foremost among them was the young doctor, and it was he who first reached the turn of the road and saw the figure that lay so still under the old elm. He drew nearer and stooped for a minute over the quiet face, on which the light of a great joy still lingered, then he gently drew his handkerchief over it.

“I—I guess he’s found her,” he said.

NONA BURNETT MILLS.

### EDWIN BOOTH

From his deep eyes unto the world looked out  
The pain and woe of all the tragedy  
That lives in Shakespeare's many-peopled realm ;  
He bore their sorrows on his tender soul,—  
The sorrows of them all, but not the sins.  
He wrote in flames again upon the age  
The genius that in bygone years had lived ;  
And yet through years that gave to Art his life  
He lived and loved, not Actor, but a Man ;  
Nay, more : unselfish, courteous, true, and kind,  
He lived—a Gentleman.

ANNA THERESA KITCHEL.

## ***LIMITATIONS***

We seek Thee everywhere ; we strain our eyes  
And grope our little way toward Thee ; and then  
We weep because we can not understand ;  
Yet if we sought Thee not, we were not men.

And Thou—Thy wisdom folds us closely round,  
Thy love falls o'er the path our feet have trod,  
But unto us Thou showest not Thyself ;  
For if Thou couldst be known, Thou wert not God.  
EVA AUGUSTA PORTER.

## ***THE DECADENT POETRY OF THE PRESENT DAY***

It is a truism to say that the great age of creative power is over, but it is a fact that confronts every student of modern literature with an absolute finality that is appalling. It is hard for any one in the twentieth century to accept the word "decadent" as applied to any part of its civilization. It is particularly hard for an American, because he has so little past and necessarily centers all his life and hope in the present and the future. Yet, however distasteful the term may be to us, we can not deny the apparent justice of the statement that poetry is in its decadence : the more we study the facts of the case, the more inclined we are to agree with the verdict.

In the first place, there is too much verse. A large share of it has no excuse for being. It is written, not as the inevitable, almost involuntary, expression of strong feeling, but with a keen eye to the effect all the while. Much of it is intensely morbid. Melodious melancholy easily lends itself to the dreamiest measures, and in consequence we have the large amount of unhealthy, introspective verse, that weighs down our current literature and is a serious stumbling-block in the way of our mental progress. The morbid tendency is especially strong in the younger writers : college magazines display it constantly, but it is by no means confined to them. The habit of self-indulgence in this respect seems to increase, and an unoffending paper is receiving more and more of the burden of confidences which used to be inflicted on some longsuffering friend. If the fits of the blues which are vented on paper were never to be

heard of again, the change of confidant would be a decided advance; but, unfortunately, to write one's moods is only to give them a permanent form, and if that form happens to be pleasing in itself, it is carefully preserved with all its load of depression. The pessimistic note has crept into the nature poems, which form a noticeably large proportion of contemporary verse. Perhaps there is a closer connection between these two facts than would appear on the surface, for nature has always proved a most convenient reflector of men's moods. In these lines from a little poem called "Winter," by a modern English poet, we have a fair illustration:

"All night the sad world dreamed,  
The sad world wakes all day,  
And casts on the snow a ruddy glow  
From its heart that bleeds for aye."

There is the very quintessence of pessimism in this cynical appreciation of morbidness, by another latter-day poet:

"In the desert  
I saw a creature, naked, bestial,  
Who, squatting upon the ground,  
Held his heart in his hands,  
And ate of it.  
I said, 'Is it good, friend?'  
'It is bitter—bitter,' he answered;  
'But I like it  
Because it is bitter,  
And because it is my heart.'"

There is another fault almost as characteristic of present day poetry as this. It is the bald incompleteness, the so-called "suggestiveness," on which the modern school seems to pride itself especially. For all but the comparatively unimportant and youthful minority who have been taught to admire the vagueness and to appreciate its artistic merit, it has already spoiled the short story, and now it is invading the realm of poetry. Stephen Crane was entranced by its mysterious fascination, and gave himself up wholly to its sway; for example:

"I saw a man pursuing the horizon:  
Round and round they sped.  
I was disturbed at this:  
I accosted the man.  
'It is futile,' I said,  
'You can never'—  
'You lie,' he cried,  
And ran on."



This temptation to omit all the intermediate steps in the reasoning process, leaving the reader to jump from point to point as best he can, unaided, is one which appeals especially to the American mind. The English poets of the day are slower, more graceful, producing more finished results than our own, who are characterized by a more or less jerky, but always rapid, intellectual movement.

On both sides of the water, the greater minds are making a struggle to break loose from the trammels of convention, which bind them down to superficiality; but in doing this, they escape the safeguards as well. They try so hard to awake a real sensation that they shock with their brutality. Kipling does this over and over again. His "Barrack Room Ballads" are full of lines that make one cringe and shrink from them in disgust. Among American poets, Gouraud is bad, and Crane is worse. With all this abuse of verse, men are losing their reverence for it. Nonsense rhymes increase in popularity. Parodies on the noblest poetic masterpieces of the world are received with enthusiasm by persons of culture. Soon the term "funny poetry" will no longer sound incongruous. The standard of the subject matter considered worthy of metrical treatment is much lower than formerly, even in the days of Herrick and his poems on Julia's petticoat. The most frivolous, the most trivial, commonplace ideas are given expression in poetical form. The requirements for a poetical vocabulary are so lax that they have practically ceased to exist, and verses written in cockney, Bowery, or Hoosier dialect meet with a cordial and unprejudiced welcome. They are popular rather because of their dialect, than in spite of it. Besides this, there is a more unconscious degradation of poetry. The conception of earnest poets is of a more purely æsthetic nature than of old. The lover of poetry is a lover of the beautiful. He appreciates the sensuous charms of melody, of cadence, of rhythmic lilt, and the connotative power of the several sounds. He enjoys the subtlety, the delicacy, the ephemeral quality of poetry. It is to him an artistic pleasure, not a vital experience.

However, some contemporary verse has the germ of truth, which is the essential of true poetry. With all his pessimism and his brutality,—yes, and his suggestiveness, too, for he has all the modern faults,—John Davidson strikes the note sometimes. In his poem called "Thirty Bob a Week," there are

truths which are startling in their force and newness—in these lines, for instance :

“I mean that having children and a wife,  
With thirty bob on which to come and go,  
Isn't dancing to the tabor and the fife :  
When it doesn't make you drink, by Heaven, it makes you think,  
And notice curious items about life.”

And these :

“ ‘Thy will be done.’ You say it if you durst !  
They say it daily up and down the land  
As easy as you take a drink, it's true ;  
But the difficultest go to understand,  
And the difficultest job a man can do,  
Is to come it brave and meek with thirty bob a week,  
And feel that that's the proper thing for you.”

It is consoling to know that, after all, there are many exceptions to the general decadent condition of poetry to-day, and that there is still hope for the future. We have Kipling's “Recessional” in all its grandeur ; we have William Watson's answer to it, and the exquisite little poems of Edward Rowland Sill, like dewdrops in their perfection and purity ; and there is inspiration from a dozen more. Perhaps it is most encouraging of all to find that true poetry is present in the same men who have most conspicuously every contemporary failing, for we see then that the faults are not fatal ones after all, and that the spirit of poetry still lives in spite of them. No, poetry is not dead, but it needs a long, long rest. Let cultivation and polishing and refining of the form, the outer shell, be laid aside for a while. Poetry will be decadent, and will decline more and more, until men will leave it alone, will live so that their store of thought and feeling will have an opportunity to increase, and not be exhausted, as fast as it accumulates, by the constant drain of instant expression. Let expression wait, until there is too much to express !

GRACE WHITING MASON.

## **A HINDOO SONG**

The monsoon blows in the cocoanut trees,—

Blow, thou kindly monsoon.

My Love thou bring'st o'er the western seas,

Blow, thou friendly monsoon.

O hasten the speed of her wingèd ship!

That eager prow in the white spray dip,

As it carries a message of joy and life

To this tired heart of pain and strife.

Blow, thou pitying monsoon.

Where'er my Love shall touch the soil

Of this sad land of sin and toil,

Some little aching will be eased,

Some dim, vague longing be released.

So hasten, Love! Come to me straight!

Unloose me from this smothering Fate,

And open that deep heart of thine,

And shed on me its joy divine.

Blow, thou kindly monsoon!

SARAH LYDIA DEFORD.

## **WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK**

Lamson was lying lazily in the hammock on the broad, low veranda of the summer boarding-house, watching his rival out of his half-closed eyes. The rival, Professor Percival Lovejoy, was sitting in a small, straight-backed chair, and bent double over a pasteboard box, watching the manœuvres of an imprisoned beetle. The professor was small and thin. He had light, curly hair and a silky, pointed beard, and his mustaches curled into two delightful letter S's. A flaxen curl lay loose on his forehead.

Lamson had great contempt for the professor. It was humiliating to contend with such an apology for a man. He noticed the curl, and began to recite in slow, monotonous tones,

“There was a little girl, and she had a little curl,

Right down in the middle of her forehead;

And when she was good, she was very, very good,

And when she was bad, she was horrid.”

The professor moved uneasily in his chair and flushed deeply. He raised one of his hands and brushed the curl into place, then coughed apologetically. Lamson went on cruelly in the same slow, monotonous tone,

"There was a little prof., and he had a little cough,  
Which he used whenever he was flurried ;  
And when he was good, he was very, very good,  
And when he was bad, he was horrid."

"Dear me," the professor managed to say, "you are really quite a poet, Mr. Lamson, aren't you ?"

"Oh, quite a one," Lamson said, "but not before I saw you. You inspire me."

The professor got up and walked over toward the hammock.

"Mr. Lamson, I want to show you the elytra of a coleoptera ; this is such an excellent specimen. Are you interested ?"

"Not at all," Lamson said, and closed his eyes.

"Ah, but see. It is right here." The professor leaned over him until Lamson could smell the perfumery on his handkerchief. "Just see."

The screen door behind them slammed ; the professor jumped ; and the beetle fell with a little thud on Lamson's high, bronzed forehead.

"Don't move, don't stir, Mr. Lamson," cried the professor, in alarm, "I'll have him in a minute." But the beetle was fast escaping down the inside of Lamson's collar.

When the professor at length drew forth the poor little bug between his slight, tapering fingers, all life was gone. If something hadn't happened just then as it did, no one could have told but that at length the rivals would have come to blows over the dead body of the innocent little beetle. But a merry peal of laughter saved them. Professor Lovejoy turned around and saw Phyllis.

"Oh, it was terribly funny, terribly funny," she was saying. "Mr. Lamson looked so comical, and the poor beetle was so glad to be free and crawl again, and you all were so serious about it. Oh, it was so funny !"

The professor laughed shortly. "It was funny, Miss Phyllis, wasn't it ? Only I lost a very valuable specimen of a coleoptera."

"Did you ? I'm so sorry. But still, I'll help you find another."

The professor bowed low.

"Then I'm quite repaid," he said.

Lamson was smiling grimly and mopping the back of his neck with a large white handkerchief.

"Do I not need to be repaid also, Miss Phyllis?" he said.

"You?" said Phyllis. "Why, you killed the beetle, Mr. Lamson, but still we can be very forgiving. We will let Mr. Lamson go with us beetle-hunting, won't we, Professor Lovejoy?"

"Why, most certainly; nothing would give us more pleasure, Mr. Lamson," and the professor bowed low again.

Phyllis drew up a large rocker near the hammock and sat down. She was very small and delicate. There was nothing of the air of the present athletic girl about her. She did not even wear the popular masculine shoes, but dainty, thin-soled little things. Her hands were far too small for tennis or rowing, and even the simple little pink gingham, with its ruffles and Hamburg insertion, did not look durable enough for golf.

"Do you know, Mr. Lamson, what I've been doing?" she asked abruptly. "You see that row of bottles over there on the window-sill, don't you? with the preserved bugs in them? Well, I've been naming them. The first one there, that poor little fly, is our abused Mr. Stoker, and that generous-looking spider beside him there, is his wife. That bumblebee is our fleshy landlady. The grasshopper with the sandy complexion is Professor Lovejoy, and that caterpillar that never gets excited over a thing is you. Professor Lovejoy has taught me a great deal about bugs I never knew before. I seldom become so interested in things as I have in this zoölogy."

"By the way, Miss Phyllis," the professor interrupted, "if you have not named yourself among these, allow me to." He produced a card from behind the bottles on which was pinned a beautiful butterfly, gold and yellow and black. "This is you, Miss Phyllis,—a dazzling butterfly among us other poor bugs of the earth.

"Oh, lovely!" she cried. "You are delightful, Professor."

"Miss Phyllis," Lamson said softly, leaning forward in the hammock toward the girl, "won't you take a walk with me this morning? I've discovered a beautiful, shady spot, and I want to show it to you. I've got a magazine here, too, and we'll read; will you go?"

"Why, yes, I'd love to," she said.

Lamson beamed with pleasure.

"Oh, Mr. Lovejoy," she added, "Mr. Lamson and I are going to take a walk. Won't you come too?"

"Certainly, certainly, Miss Phyllis; just a minute, I'll get my hat."

When he had disappeared, Lamson turned to Phyllis. "What made you do that?" he asked.

"What?"

"Ask him. I only asked you to go."

"Why, I thought you'd like him to go. The more the merrier, you know; besides, I thought we might talk bugs, he and I."

"Yes, Phyllis, but I didn't want to talk bugs. I wanted to talk to you about—something else."

The girl shot him a quick, penetrating glance.

"Mr. Lamson," she said, "bugs are oftentimes more interesting to me than something else."

Lamson started. He did not know that such a little personage could be so dignified and so cruel.

They all three started out together, with Phyllis in the middle; but half an hour later Lamson came stalking back alone. Behind him on the side of one of the warm, sunny hills could be seen a spot of pink, and beside it the professor. They were both, Phyllis and Professor Lovejoy, wending their way slowly down from the hilltop, talking bugs,—and something else too, for all Lamson knew. He had left them a little while before, both crouched low in the long grass, their heads dangerously near together, watching a cricket chirp.

Lamson was feeling rather unhappy; Phyllis had been cruel from the start. He had taken them to a beautiful, shady spot with a dark, cool brook flowing silently along beneath overhanging ferns and white waxen flowers, untouched by the sun. She did not rave over the loveliness of the spot. She did not even mention the ferns and the flowers. All she said was when Lamson had led her into his sanctuary,

"Oh, what a superb place for frogs, Professor! We'll come frog-hunting here to-morrow afternoon. Don't forget to-morrow afternoon—frog-hunting."

Lamson was deeply disappointed. Formerly, Phyllis would have admired the spot because of its beauty, its silence, its woodland odors; she would have knelt down and touched the ferns, the flowers; and if, by chance, a frog *had* broken in upon

her girlish admiration, she would have been startled and annoyed. It was unnatural, unbelievable, for her not to be afraid of bugs, but to admire them,—it was unmaidenly, at least so Lamson thought.

Lamson did not really believe that she cared for frogs and spiders and beetles, any more than she did for the professor himself. He believed that she was playing her little part with Professor Lovejoy just to make the summer more exciting. Lamson thought that one of woman's most delightful pleasures is to excite jealousy, and he realized that Phyllis was succeeding. He could have endured it, perhaps, to be jealous of a real man; he would have been content to contend for Phyllis with his equal, but even to try to outdo such a specimen of humanity,—his pride could not allow that. He would withdraw from the battle; he would refuse to contend with the professor.

He walked bitterly toward the veranda and up the few steps into its inviting shade; he threw himself exhausted into the hammock again and closed his eyes. The veranda was quite deserted save for one large, mannish girl who was cleaning her golf clubs with an old rag and some oil. She was sitting with the toes of her stout, thick shoes toeing in, and between her knees she supported a golf club which she was scouring. She was whistling a popular coon song, and keeping time with one foot. Her name was Sarah Farnum.

Lamson opened his eyes and looked over toward her.

"What are you doing?"

The girl looked annoyed. "Can't you see?" she said, and went on whistling.

Lamson never cared for her. She was too sarcastic,—and too much like himself in other ways, also. But suddenly a bright idea came to him. He would give Phyllis a little of her own medicine. He got up directly from the hammock and strode over towards the girl.

"Let me help you."

"Fiddlesticks," she said.

"Truly, I mean it. Here, give me the rag."

"Thank you," she said quickly, "I always clean my own clubs. You would hinder more than you would help."

Lamson smiled. Some girls, he thought, made a great mistake never to allow people to help them. All he said was, "You really do not have much respect for my abilities, do you? But I may stay here and talk, may I not?"

"Oh, I suppose so, if you want to." And she raised the club on a level with her eyes, and squinted critically down its shaft. "Straight as an arrow," she said, and went on whistling.

When Phyllis and the professor came back, they found Mr. Lamson and Miss Farnum deep in a discussion of golf. The girl had long since ceased to whistle. Lamson was very good at all kinds of athletics, especially golf, and he knew how to make himself interesting to all kinds of people. The girl was telling of the tournaments she had won the preceding summer. Lamson, who had a very vivid imagination, was saying in an off-hand way that he believed that he himself had something like ten cups at home, all the booty of one season's playing. Miss Farnum was really beginning to show interest in spite of herself, and before Lamson left her, she had promised to go out to the links with him the next morning directly after breakfast. That afternoon Lamson saw little of Phyllis. She was off somewhere with the professor, but that evening after supper he said,

"Phyllis, will you play golf with me to-morrow morning?"

She only played a little, but she smiled and said,

"Certainly I will, and this time we will go alone. The professor doesn't play at all."

"Doesn't he? Well, we sha'n't be alone, Miss Phyllis, I have asked Sally to go too,—Sally Farnum, you know."

"Oh, have you? How perfectly lovely!" Phyllis had not the slightest idea of appearing injured. Lamson was discouraged. That night before going in, he found Miss Farnum and told her that he was going to call her Sally. She blushed for the first time in ten years and gave her consent.

The next morning Lamson told Phyllis to drive off first. He let her make her own tee and stood talking to Sally while she selected her driver. Phyllis was dressed in white piqué, and wore a scarlet tie that waved fitfully in the breeze. Miss Farnum wore a soiled blue shirt-waist and a very short black golf skirt. Lamson, although he was a man, noticed the difference immediately. The first time Phyllis didn't touch the ball. She tried again and topped it. She leaned down and placed it carefully back on its tee and drew the club back slowly for the third time. This time she fozzled badly, but succeeded in sending the ball about six yards.

"You are playing five, aren't you?" Miss Farnum asked.



"Oh, no," Phyllis answered, "I don't count those first ones, I'm playing two."

"Oh, indeed," Miss Farnum said, raising her eyebrows slightly. "I must insist that you are playing five."

"Why, I do not have to count those first two, do I, Mr. Lamson?" She was looking straight at him with her beautiful brown eyes, but he pulled himself together, and said sternly, "Oh, yes, of course you do."

"Oh, all right," Phyllis said, and she walked off toward her ball, humming. She wished she knew how to whistle, but she didn't.

Miss Farnum stepped up on the teeing ground.

"May I make your tee?" Lamson offered.

"No, I always make my own." With long, slow, backward stroke and a quite firm return, she sent the little white ball flying yards and yards over the links.

"A pretty one, Sally," Lamson said, and picked out his driver. His ball followed Miss Farnum's in the same straight line, and fell a yard ahead of it. They walked off together towards them, chatting enthusiastically.

"You're one after my own heart, Sally," Lamson said so that Phyllis could hear him. But Phyllis appeared entirely engrossed in arranging some daisies in her belt.

"My turn?" she called after them.

"Yes," said Miss Farnum, "and be sure you keep right count."

"Oh," called back Phyllis, "if you both are so afraid I'll cheat, you had better watch and see that I don't."

That was the first mistake Phyllis had made.

"It wouldn't make any difference if you did cheat," Miss Farnum laughed back; and Lamson laughed too, but it was only with a great, great effort. They sat down when they reached their balls, and waited for Phyllis, and Lamson told Sally's fortune by palmistry.

When at last they all finished the first hole, Lamson's score was five, Miss Farnum's six, and Phyllis's twenty-eight.

"I tell you what, Miss Phyllis," Lamson said, "you see Sally and I have to wait so much for you, perhaps you'd better keep your own score." Lamson felt like a brute.

"Oh, no, I'm going to caddy now. I never play but one hole."

"Oh, all right," Lamson said, "but you mustn't talk, you know, it disconcerts Sally."

"Oh, you needn't be afraid, Mr. Lamson. I won't rob you of any of your precious conversation."

Phyllis had made another mistake. She was falling into the trap.

After that, all around the course, Lamson seemed entirely to forget Phyllis. He even had the brutality to let her carry one of the heavy golf bags, nor did he even offer to help her. She would not give in, but tugged it patiently around even to the eighth hole. Poor Phyllis was fighting well, but at the eighth hole she gave in a little.

"You might offer at least to carry this bag, Mr. Lamson," she said.

"Why, of course, of course, how careless of me! I forgot entirely about it. I was so interested in this golf, and—and—"

"Yes, say it, and—Sally."

Ah, Phyllis couldn't hold out much longer, the surrender was not far off.

On the way home Lamson and Miss Farnum let Phyllis walk alone at times twenty yards behind them. Once they waited for her to catch up, but when she had come near enough she said,

"Oh, you needn't wait. I'd really rather walk alone, and I know you both would."

She was almost conquered, but not quite.

"Mr. Lamson," she faltered, "I've got a bug tied up here in my handkerchief for the professor. He isn't here; will you please carry it home for me?"

Lamson sighed, and took the little lace wad and stuffed it in his vest pocket. Phyllis had dealt the last blow bravely, but Lamson saw how her small hand shook, and how her under lip trembled when she spoke. It was the last weak sally before the surrender.

That afternoon Phyllis did not go frog-hunting with the professor.

"I'm too tired," she said, and stayed in her room all the afternoon.

That evening after supper, she wasn't to be found. Lamson felt uneasy. He was afraid he had made a mistake. He strolled listlessly out into the warm summer night and down a narrow path that led into an orchard. There he found her.

"Why, Phyllis," he said, "you shouldn't be here alone, at night. Why are you here?"

"Because I like it. Please do not concern yourself about me. Go and take care of your Sally. Why should you care if anything did happen to me? you'd have Sally." Phyllis was completely conquered.

"Phyllis," Lamson said, throwing himself down beside her, "I hate golf. I hate it."

"What did you say?" the girl said, brightening.

"I hate golf."

"Do you really, *really*? And this morning—"

"I was bored to death."

"Oh, were you?" Phyllis was betraying herself in the very quality of her voice.

"And you?" Lamson said, "did you have a good time this morning?" Phyllis was back on familiar ground now, and she smiled and said innocently,

"Why, of course I did. Only, of course, the professor wasn't there to explain the bug I found."

Lamson got up quickly.

"Phyllis, I will not stand this. You are carrying it too far." He drew from his pocket the little handkerchief. "Here is this. Good night." He turned and walked away. She let him go quite a distance, and then she called him back. She had to call only once. He turned abruptly and strode back to her.

"What is it?" he said.

"Oh, nothing much, only—er, I wanted to show you what is in the handkerchief. Come here." He leaned down over her while she untied it and drew out the faded head of a wild daisy.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, "I shouldn't dare to touch a live bug, and so I used this. I suppose it was very wicked and deceitful, but—I *hate* bugs."

"Do you, Phyllis?" said Lamson, trying to control his voice. "And yesterday morning when I took you walking with the professor—"

"I was bored nearly to death."

OLIVE CHAPIN HIGGINS.

## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### ON THE HILL

Blue of the mountains' circling band,  
Soft and far in the golden weather ;  
Smiling slope of the sunny land,—  
And you and I on the brow together.

Wind on the wheat and wine in the air,  
Song of the bobolinks flashing by ;  
God is good, and the world is fair,—  
And we are together, you and I.

Only this, could I have my will,  
Is all I would ask—that time might stay,  
The breeze blow fresh, and the sun stand still,  
And all of our life be the sweet to-day.

Shadows stealing across the land,  
Flood of gold in the silent sky ;  
Love, draw closer, and hand in hand  
We'll follow the sunset, you and I.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS.

It was a fresh, sweet morning, a balmy, breezy spring morning—the kind of day on which one feels it is good to be alive ; but Billy Burns, sitting in his pleasant front room window in the farmhouse, scowled out across the meadows and cursed the hours as they flew. The quaint, old room he occupied was a mass of incongruities. Beneath the framed wreaths made of human hair (wonderful things, but they made Billy shiver) stood golf clubs, paddles, and a gun ; the Bible on the table肘owed a flask, and a row of family photographs turned up their virtuous noses at the close proximity of a tobacco pouch. Billy had not hesitated to take

complete possession, it seemed, and he had brought all his dumb friends with him ; but in spite of this, the days of his rustication were passing slowly. After a while, chasing a ball over rough ground all alone grows tiresome even to an inveterate golfiac whose capacity for being bored must needs be small, and paddling on the river or shooting at inoffensive birds loses its charm when no one is by to admire one's dexterity.

Billy put down his pipe with a discontented ejaculation, and picked up a cigar. This was not satisfactory either, and he soon tossed it out of the window. He drew out his watch. "Nine forty-five,—almost time for old Schenk's philosophy lecture." He felt an unacknowledged pang of regret that he could not hear what Schenk was to say to-day. This is interesting as a touch of human nature. Had Billy been at college, he would undoubtedly have cut. Almost ten o'clock—well, he must pass the day somehow. Just then something outside drew his attention. A girl, wearing a short skirt, was coming down the road. Billy had had no idea there were any people thereabouts who were so highly civilized, and he immediately became interested. He leaned out of the window eagerly and watched her as she drew nearer. There was nothing distinctive about her that he could see yet,—short skirt, shirt waist, and a provokingly large sunbonnet which concealed her face as she came on. When she reached the house, however, she glanced up by chance and their eyes met. She looked away quickly enough, but Billy with the help of his accommodating imagination saw upon her face the same expression of surprised pleasure which he was sure was on his own. He watched her as she went on and finally turned in at a gate down the road. The destination of the sunbonnet being assured, he arose and proceeded to make a careful toilet. Billy was a man of action, and in this sort of a campaign he was thoroughly at home.

A few minutes later he strolled down the road, with his gun slung jauntily over his shoulder and his college cap perched fetchingly on the back of his head. He turned in at the gate of the farm-house which the girl had entered, and walked out to the barn.

"How are you to-day, Mr. Brown?" he said cheerfully to the man who was working about the stalls. "How's that colt of yours getting along? They tell me at the house that she's been giving you trouble lately."

The farmer responded with an account of the sorrows of the two-year-old, and Billy sat down on the loft stairs and listened. This tale of woe over, he managed by a little adroit questioning to learn that the new arrival was a relative of Mrs. Brown's who was staying at the farm while her parents were abroad.

"Must be kind of quiet for her here," Billy suggested with an air of paternal solicitude. "Perhaps I could help her to enjoy the place a bit," he continued with becoming modesty. "I have a canoe on the river."

"No, sir-ee," responded the farmer, with a shake of his head. "You young fellers are altogether too skittish in boats."

Billy hastened to amend his proposition, and soon induced the old man to consent to introduce him to the girl, whose name was Dorothy Gelden. Just at this moment the subject of their conversation appeared coming in from the garden, and Farmer Brown presented Billy. That young conqueror of hearts was preparing to do his prettiest when some one called "Dorothy!" from the house, and Miss Dorothy excused herself and went in. She did not reappear, and Billy, after a wait, decided to leave the ground for a while, and renew the siege in the afternoon. As he was going, however, he saw Miss Dorothy sitting on the side porch which commanded a full view of the valley. He sauntered boldly over and dropped down on the steps. She turned with a little start of surprise.

"This is a beautiful place to sit alone and meditate," he remarked easily.

"Yes," she responded demurely, "I was enjoying it."

Billy looked at her quickly and thought he caught a twinkle in her eye, but the sunbonnet cut off half of it, so he could not be sure.

After a short conversation about the view, Billy advanced. "Miss Gelden," he said, "don't you find it rather stupid here?"

"Well," she answered, "it is not so exciting that I should think one would come here unless he had to visit relatives or something of the kind."

This was pointed. Billy felt called upon to explain. "The reason I am here," he said solemnly, pulling at the honeysuckle which overhung the porch, "is because the professors up at college advise us fellows who grind a good deal to come off here once in a while where it is quiet, and rest, — commune with

nature, you know, and all that. Then we go back to our work full of new vigor—higher ideas—nobler aims—” he stopped rhetorically and glanced up at her.

She was smiling under the sunbonnet. “They think it is good for man to be alone?” she asked mischievously.

Billy grinned appreciatively. A bit of repartee was pleasant after a week of his host’s puns.

The acquaintance begun so auspiciously continued pleasantly through the next two weeks. Billy gave lessons in golf and target practice, and listened contentedly while Miss Dorothy read to him as they drifted in the canoe under the shadows of the trees. On these days Billy gloated in the thought that he was getting the best of the faculty and having a good time in spite of them. He found Miss Dorothy clever and interesting, and her opinions were, to his surprise, often worth listening to. She was in desperate need of companionship, as much so as Billy, and it did not take long for their intercourse to become established on an intimate, friendly basis; and they soon began to exchange theories of life and other deep matters on which young people are always particularly well informed. Through such conversations Billy learned that Miss Dorothy was a girl of ideas and ideals, and to his surprise it sometimes gave him a twinge to realize how far short he fell of her standard of manhood. Still, she was a girl who called out the best in a fellow somehow, and Billy often found himself discoursing in a lofty, serious manner which would have sent his college chums into convulsions of laughter, could they have heard.

As the days of his enforced vacation drew to a close, Billy began to feel sorry that he must say good-by to Miss Dorothy, and he wanted to tell her so. But all the pretty speeches one can make on such occasions seemed hackneyed to him, he had used them so often before when he did not mean a word he said. So now he found himself at loss for a new way of expressing a regret which was, for once, sincere. Therefore he did not say anything about it, until one day Miss Dorothy made an opening for him—at least he thought she was going to when she began.

“You’re going back to-morrow, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” Billy sighed, getting ready to rise to the occasion.

“Well,” she continued, “I think you look much better than

when you came. I *do* hope the rest will do you as much good as they thought."

Her voice was perfectly serious and her eyes sincere. Billy suspended his paddle and looked at her. She turned away and looked thoughtfully down the river. There was a silence. Billy let the canoe drift. At length she continued slowly.

"I can't let you go back," she said, "without telling you how much I thank you for helping me as you have—not in golf and shooting," she added with a smile, "but by the shining influence of a bright example in other ways. You've made me realize how serious life is, and that we should make the very most of our opportunities. I guess I've been a perfect leaf on the stream, and have never cared whether I accomplished anything or not. But now—well, I'm going to try."

Billy's eyes were glued upon her. It was gradually dawning upon him that his little joke had been taken in earnest. He felt his face flush. He wanted to speak out and undeceive her, but the words did not come. He only managed to jerk out an embarrassed "Thank you," and they paddled home in silence.

Billy had a soul somewhere, although he kept it so carefully concealed that few people had ever dreamed of its existence, and that day on the river it was aroused and proceeded to make Billy uncomfortable. "I've helped her—I've made her realize," he muttered to himself. "What a cad I am! I supposed of course she caught on, and here she thinks I am a regular tin god." Thus Billy's soul sputtered and fumed. It was his soul even if it used slang, and gradually it led him to a serious consideration of things in general and his own shortcomings in particular, until he reached a state of mind which was decidedly new to him. Billy, with all his faults, was not a man to live long in the glory of an undeserved reputation, so he was ready the next day to tell Miss Dorothy the truth, although he felt it would not be pleasant to see his own idealized image torn forever from its niche before his very eyes. But having nerved himself to the explanation, he plunged in with determination.

"What do you think, Miss Dorothy," he began apropos of nothing, "of a person who makes himself such a public nuisance that his college is glad to kick him out of the way? Don't you think he's a cad?"

Dorothy hesitated a moment. Then, "Er—yes," she said hurriedly, "of course."



"That's just what he is," Billy continued firmly. His self-abasement was complete. "He's not worth that," with a snap of his fingers. "Such a person ought to be ostracized,—isn't it so?"

He looked up at Miss Dorothy for assent, but she was looking the other way.

"Isn't it?" Billy repeated anxiously.

There was a little pause, and then Miss Dorothy broke out, "Oh, don't—don't say any more, please. I—I want to tell you about it."

Billy was too overcome with surprise to say more anyway. Miss Dorothy continued bravely, although her voice sounded a trifle strained.

"I didn't want to tell you because I knew you would simply despise me, but I'm not going to be such a coward any longer. I—I was suspended from the Putnam School three weeks ago. I didn't care very much then, for I can't endure Miss Putnam—but, oh dear!" she ended weakly.

A wave of relief began to spread over Billy's countenance. "Honest?" he asked.

Miss Dorothy nodded without looking at him.

"Well," he said, "then perhaps you'll have some mercy on a fellow sinner. I was sent down here from Yale because my room was considered better than my company."

"O—o—h," said Dorothy, turning about slowly. He could feel himself shrinking in her estimation, but it was not quite so bad as he had anticipated. They sat looking at each other for a minute; then both laughed outright.

"Well," said Miss Dorothy, "it's a relief, anyway."

"Yes, it is," assented Billy, drawing a deep breath. They started to paddle on.

"I was suspended for going to the theater without permission, and one or two things like that," Miss Dorothy volunteered. "What did you do?"

Billy paddled energetically. "I'd rather not tell you," he said. "But I sha'n't do it again. I'm going back to-morrow and *work*," he continued, with an emphatic stroke of the paddle.

"And I shall try again next year," added Miss Dorothy.

The next day Billy packed up his kit for the return to college. He put in clubs and clothes and things with an energy which was very promising. One of his possessions, however, he

hurled out of the open window with great force. It crashed against the stone wall, and Billy paused a moment in his work to notice its fate. He laughed softly to himself. "I've heard of people being reformed by saints," he said, "but my regeneration is due wholly to a sinner."

EDITH DEBLOIS LASKEY

#### THE SUMMER'S SECRET

Hark, hark, list to the silence;  
What do those purple hazes mean?  
Why are the very grasses quiet?  
Why in the hot air that quivering sheen?

What is the secret Earth 's trying to whisper?  
What is it all things are listening to hear?  
Even the sound of my own heart's beatings  
Fills me with strange, mysterious fear.

Hark now, the breezes are telling the story;  
What can it be? How my heart yearns to know!  
Sweet is the tale that all Nature is telling.  
List, O my Soul, to her murmurings low.

Naught can I hear but my heart and its throbbing.  
Tales such as these are not whispered to men;  
Only the creatures of Nature can hear her,  
We who have hearts can but listen to them.

PERSIS EASTMAN ROWELL.

#### . TWO NIGHTS

Last night, a flaming moon that seemed to cast  
A path of gold across a waveless sea;  
A myriad stars that glassy depths gave back,  
Broad, glistening sands—and thou, sweetheart, with me.

To-night, a sky spread o'er with sullen clouds,  
A storm-tossed sea whose waters sob and moan;  
The beach, a narrow blackness where the waves  
In fury rise and break, and I,—alone.

KLARA ELISABETH FRANK.

Clang, clang-a-clang, comes the sound of the hurdy-gurdy from the corner. Life and merriment run riot in the hot streets. A group of little girls with out-

A New Joshua stretched skirts and flyaway hair are dancing gaily to the music, while the small boys, although smiling in derision at the antics of their sisters, beat time with their sturdy boots against the curbstone of the crowded brick walk. Even the tired faces of the older people who walk about in couples or are seated on the doorsteps of the big tenements, have lost their expression of drawn care and worry. All are happy. No, from behind a green shutter of the house next the corner peeps out a face, such a wistful, freckled, rosy, little face. A small boy, watching the children dance, digs a fist into each tear-blurred eye, when the shutter is suddenly closed with a slam.

They have stopped dancing now, for the foreign looking woman with the yellow kerchief has moved the hurdy-gurdy away. A crowd of youngsters run after her; but five, two little girls and three boys, have stayed behind and are putting their small heads together, talking excitedly.

"Yes siree," says one, "he give 'em ter us fer soda, water, sure he did, an' he give one ter Timmy too."

"But, Jack," pipes in a girlish treble, "Timmy ain't a-comin'. He locked the baby in the closet this afternoon, and ma says she ain't goin' ter let 'im out ter-night at all."

As they talk the shutter slowly opens and little Tim, a martyr this hot summer evening, puts out his head to listen to his playmates who have their "soda" to look forward to while he—Again the grimy fists are ground into the blue eyes. Yes, and now they are sitting on the curb to wait for the eight stars, for the doctor who had come to see pa had given them the money, a nickel each, and had said they must wait until eight stars were out; then they might get the "scrumptious," foamy soda water, the kind Tim had had at the Sunday-school picnic last year. Timmy clenches his hot hand and feels lovingly, then savagely, for the nickel in his jacket pocket. Why, it's gone! No, it has only slipped into the lining. But what difference does it make? He can not have the soda.

A laugh and a cry of, "Who's got the button?" comes floating up from the lucky ones on the curb, and Timmy sees their smiles through the gathering twilight. Why had that baby

yelled so? Ma often locked up the puppy when it squealed,—why not that horrid little Katie? In his despair the trowsled head goes down on the window sill. What is that he hears the boys call down there below? Why, a star!

The children have risen from the curb, for the long expected moment is now at hand.

"Two stars!" "Four!" "Five!" amid shrieks of joy.

"Oh glory, boys,—seven!" shouts Bob, the eldest.

Tim stands up. Something is beating hard in his throat.

"Oh, they mustn't go without me! That star jes' can't come out. I'll ask God, they told me about, not to send it." Down on his knees goes Timmy. "Dear God, don't send the star, please. Make it wait till ter-morrow. I'll never lock up the baby again. I'll—I'll—please, God!"

It has not come yet. The others below stand with eager eyes. Tim is leaning out of the window, hoping, confident. But hear that yell! "Hurrah, it's come!"

The children scamper down the street, and in a moment Tim sees another bright star right above the window. A look of wonder, then the little face is drawn and puckered as he sobs, "Oh, God, I asked yer to—I asked yer to."

The tears have come now, and Timmy rocks to and fro with pangs of disappointment and broken faith.

But after a little time all grows quiet, and Tim, his face resting on his threadbare sleeve, the nickel in his moist little hand, is dreaming calmly of a happy land where "soda" flows from back-yard pumps and stars never dim the clear blue skies.

SELMA EISENSTADT ALTHEIMER

#### MY QUEEN OF HEARTS

When evening draws the shades of day,  
And in the heaven's light  
Sets all the tiny, twinkling stars  
To usher in the night,  
We gather round the chimney-place,  
And in each flame that darts  
I catch a glimmer of her face,—  
My Queen of Hearts.

She kneels on yonder window bench  
 And taps upon the pane ;  
 Those fingers sound upon my heart  
 As on my ear the rain.  
 One smile, a rainbow crowns the skies,  
 The cloud of mist departs,  
 And sunshine flashes from her eyes,—  
 My Queen of Hearts.

The boughs are bending o'er our heads,  
 The moss is green below,  
 Her hair in ringlets round her cheeks  
 The playful breezes blow.  
 The druid seems no more a myth,  
 The wood before us parts;  
 What joy to walk forever with  
 My Queen of Hearts!

The music floods across my dream,  
 The lights thro' branches shine ;  
 Beside me, 'neath the palm, there stands  
 A being half divine.  
 A question,—Cupid makes me bold;  
 I bless him for his darts,  
 For two he shot, and now I hold  
 My Queen of Hearts.

FRANCES ALLEN.

“Lizie Anne! 'Fore I go out in one o' them tipply sailin' boats agin! I don't wonder ma'd never let us go out when we were young, for it's forever of Miss Jemima's First Sail a-risin' an' a-sinkin', an' I'd like to ha' lost my equilibrium!”

Down sat Miss Jemima with a thud, and nervously unwound several layers of thick veiling from her face.

“There, Jemimie, set down, dear, it's be'n unpleasant warm to-day—” Miss Eliza never dared to show anything more than the most formal interest, for evident curiosity brought no returns from Jemima. The full glory of a startling communication was only ripe for the telling when she had worked her hearer into a proper state of suspense. Miss Jemima did not heed her sister's remark, but sat back quite limp. The scarlet poppies on her bonnet looked parched and wind-tossed. Miss Eliza knitted.

"Ef it hadn't be'n for them high-flyin' New York gals, I'd never ha' stepped foot an' sole inside one o' them egg-shells with a sail ez good ez a feather a-careerin' an' a-blowin' araound. But the young uns at the boardin'-place wanted to git up a party, and were a-talkin' somethin' about a chapy-rone, an' I 'low'd they wuz signifyin' me by their snickerin's an' glances, an' I riz right up stiff; all I could think of was that roan mare of pa's, which he kep' in the barn, an' which wuz a burden to his old age. But I didn't let 'em see ez I took a mite o' notice o' sech remarks, when up gits Mr. De somethin' or other with a long tail to his name—got it at college likely, where he got all the rest o' hisself,—an' he lopes over to me, an' says with a flourish that he hoped I'd 'company them thet afternoon out sailin'. Wal!—"

Miss Jemima looked up to see whether her sister was evincing more than the ordinary interest. She was knitting still with a placid smile on her face.

"Wal, I nearly keeled over, it come so suddint. An' you know up in Farmington bein' ez there wuz no water, we never'd be'n edercated to boatin'; an' I don't know ez we would ha' be'n anyway ef there had be'n water, seein' ez ma's inclinations wuz for the land. 'Tany rate, there's no more sailin' fer me or mine after this day's experience!"

A pause—no signs of anything unusual in Miss Eliza's demeanor. Jemima drew a long sigh and wiped her forehead.

"Hev some smellin' salts, Jemimie."

"Thanks, it does kinder go to my head."

"Wal, ez I wuz sayin'," proceeded the narrator, "I kinder hesitated, knowin' ez you wuz out spendin' the day, an' I wuz 'bout to decline on ma's principles, when one o' them gals giggled right out, an' thet settled it, an' I says, says I, stiff an' polite, thet I should be most happy to go; an' wal, I went. But them gals! Sakes alive! they jest tore off their collars an' tucked up their sleeves, an' never thought o' wearin' hats! We'd allers be'n brought up to believin' that the elements wuz injurious to the complexion, an' so I wore a veil ez becomin' a lady. But they looked like boiled lobsters an' most unladylike. They were forever ravin' 'bout the scenery an' sech, but I didn't see much to rave about! Wal, of all the ways of locymotion this wuz the tiresomest. What enjoyment there wuz I couldn't see. I couldn't make out jest why we didn't go faster. 'Peared

to be plenty o' wind from the feelin' of my hat. Land, it didn't no more shade my face—allers a-careerin' 'raound with the sail. We sorter cat-stitched across the harbor, so to speak, only not ez reg'lar ez I worked my crazy-quilt,—tackin', they called it—why, I couldn't see, 'ceptin' it wuz ez nervous an' back-breakin' a bizness ez tackin' down carpets, only slower."

"Wal, I wuzn't hardly settled on my cushins, Lizzie, an' my cricket fixed for my rheumatic leg, when Cap'n'd shout out somethin' 'bout 'lee', an' 'fore I knowed it, the big stick a-hangin' to the sail 'd come on a line for my head. We all ducked our heads an' changed sides, the gals forever a-gigglin' an' a-haulin' over my things. I wuz for stayin' on one side an' keepin' the balance ez I'd read in the papers 'bout them accidents where everybody raced to one side and capsized. But we kep' a-bobbin' back an' forth like a pendulum till I began to feel a bit stirred up an' skeered. Then they began talkin' 'bout 'boxin' the compass'—an' I up an' says quick an' sharp that we'd better keep the compass in sight an' not box it up, if we didn't do nothin' else, seein' ez we were 'parently tossin' araound neither one way nor 'tother, an' a-makin' no headway, an' they set up sech a laugh et that, an' began explainin' 'bout north, northeast by east, east-northwest, till I was thet glad when the boom come raound an' we all changed. Wal, we hitched along, a-boomin' an' a-tackin' an' et last 'peared to be gettin' nigh land when we up an' stuck in a mud bank. Thet's the worst o' sailin' naow. Drivin' a hoss, you see the humps an' obsticles, but to go long bein' afeared somthin'd take you unawares'd bring my grey hairs to the grave, not thet I'm not on the way naow," and Jemima smoothed her rumpled false curls.

Eliza looked up inquiringly. "Hev' some water, Jemimie, do. You're gettin' hoarse."

Miss Jemima looked at her sister sharply and proceeded.

"Mr. De—De—Bois called and halood an' the gals giggled an' blew the tin horn. 'Peared to me they acted altogetther too frivylous seein' ez any minnit might ha' been the last. Finally some one hed sense enough to interpret our signs o' distress and come out with a boat an' I may say I wuz thankful to step foot on dry land. Wal, the clam-bake I won't tell you about ez I didn't see ez it wuz anyways different from the kind we hev down home, for all we went sech a way for it."

"Now, Jemimie," said her sister, "you know it wuz the sail they went for."

"Yes, but I calc'lated to hev somethin' to go fer at the end," said Jemima. "Wal, I never wuz so hot in my life. I reckoned it would be breezy, but land! it was hot ez the desert of Sahary only there wuz no sand—an', goodie me, it feels already ez ef I'd had a hot iron on my face. Don't it look red?"

"Yes—er—er, did you come home all right?" questioned Miss Eliza.

"Eliza Anne Macauley!" came the rejoinder, "ain't you ashamed o' yourself? 'Pears ez ef you hadn't no control over your feelin's." She sat down stiffly. Eliza took up her work. After a sufficient time had elapsed to impress her sister with the importance of her narration, Miss Jemima proceeded.

"Wal, the gals 'lowed they'd go in bathin', and wuz for hevin' me come too, but I wuz 'feared o' takin' my death o' cold, so I sat on a rock an' kep' 'em in sight for fear the undertow'd take one or 'tother of 'em off. So we passed the time o' day accordin' to our respective pleasures an' at last stepped in the boat aimin' for home. They said we wuz runnin' before the wind, but I couldn't quite make out how we could be a-goin' fast enough to keep ahead o' the wind. Howsomever, we wuz scuddin' along ez smooth ez ice, an' a-singin' dancy tunes—college songs, I guess they wuz, I don't know what else they could ha' be'n—when fust thing we knowed, we stopped bump short, an' I couldn't see nothin' in the way of an obsticle. Then all of a suddint it come over me that maybe it wuz a shark or a whale or somethin' which wuz a-catchin' a-holt of the hinder part of the boat, an' it giv me sech a fright thinkin' about it thet I didn't notice what wuz goin' on, till I ketched sight o' the Cap'n a-goin' over the side, an' fust thing I knew I wuz a-holdin' on to his foot an' a-screamin' out he wuz bein' drowned. And what did he do, but jerk it out o' my hand a-hollerin' thet he wuz goin' into the water a-purpose, coz we wuz histed up on a projectin' rock, an' he wuz a-goin' to shuv us off. Wal, the gals were huddled together, all white, an' not speakin' a word, till one o' the men up an' says thet the tide's a-goin' out, and seein's we were balanced on the top o' the rock, we'd topple over soon's the water was gone.

"Wal, the gals they were thet skeered, an' set up sech a screamin' an' a-carryin' on most unladylike, so's they couldn't hear the Cap'n a-tellin' them to go to one side, so's to take the weight off the top of the rock. Wal, we lunged to one side,



an' we lunged to the other, an' I lost my bonnet off my head, an' Cap'n hove under the boat with his oar and like to ha' broken it, an' come nigh drownin' before my very eyes, an' one o' the gals dropped her best handkerchief in the water, an' o' course her man wuz for swimmin' after it, an' we all on us ready to drown any minute, an' I feelin' one o' my old spells sure a-comin' on—an'an'—we didn't budge an inch. There we wuz 'bout a stone's throw from land, an' nobody to swim but the Cap'n an' one man, and we women folks 'd hev to stay out on the watery deep ez far ez I could see, an' prob'ly be drowned ef nothin' else happened, with nothin' to eat but gingybread an' candy."

By this time Miss Eliza's feet were twitching excitedly in her roomy slippers. This was the only way she could show any emotion without attracting her sister's attention.

Jemima continued. "We tooted horns, which wuz foolish seein' ez there wuz no one in sight, while I wuz expectin' every minute to be tipped over an' drowned an' was a-waitin' to hev visions of my past misdeeds come before my mind, ez they say happens to folks who are drownin'. But all I could rec'lect was the time I stole ma's company chocolate cake and ran behind the shed and then felt so queer inside thet I couldn't eat it. Ez I wuz sayin', I wuz a-waitin' for the jedgment day, when all on a suddint, the boat giv a heave an' off we went! Haow we got home at last I don't know, for I wuz a-thankin' kind Providence for our deliverance and a-wonderin' haow we got out o' bein' drowned. One thing, them New Yorkies didn't make no more noise. I reckon they wuz stunned and I guess it did 'em good!"

Miss Eliza Anne had not been knitting for several minutes, and her eyes were fixed on her sister in the intensity of her interest. As there came a pause she asked—

"And is that all? Ain't there somethin' more?"

"More!" gasped Jemima, "more! Wal, I should think thet wuz enough! Come within an inch o' drownin' a stone's throw from land! All, indeed! I guess thet's the last sail for me!" And Miss Jemima held the smelling salts to her nose.

KATHERINE FISKE BERRY.

## CHILDREN OF THE SUN

In the dark came a call across the sky,  
In the dark, when the stars were going by :  
    "Sleep no more in the night !  
    Comes the morning, glory bright !"  
From the dark, from the dark came the cry.

In the night up we rose with faces pale :  
Far we went, till we saw the moonship sail  
    O'er the cloud's cliffy brink,  
    Shiver, quiver, shadow, sink ;  
In the night, as we went :—"Hail, all hail !"

In the night stood we there with hearts aglow,  
While the light all began to run and go  
    Up the sky, and to gleam,  
    Spread, encircle, glory, stream,  
In the light, came the Sun, majestic—slow !

In the sun, passed the morning glad and long,  
In the sun, with the young wind's swelling song ;  
    While the air, new and bright,  
    Sparkled, crackled like the light,  
In the sun, all the frost-gleamed grass among.

All the day, with the sun-lord ruling o'er us,  
All the day, with the bright sun lure before us ;  
    Now we sing, as we go  
    Gladly, swiftly, to and fro ;  
All the day, sing in loud, exulting chorus.

Till the day glows again blood red at dying,  
And the day in the lap of night is lying ;  
    Till the moon, sailing back  
    Lights the purple, starry black ;  
Then the day goes,—and we are homeward hieing.

FANNY STEARNS DAVIS.

## **EDITORIAL**

A two-sided question difficult of adjustment is the question of the collector in college. In few cases, perhaps, is it harder for those on one side to enter sympathetically into the position of those on the other; which is a pity, as the relation between the collector and her victims—or should we rather say the collector and the hard-hearted and parsimonious community who victimize her?—is one that demands great mutual forbearance and considerateness. That the collector's path is a thorny one is beyond question. In the first place, it is safe to say that she never wished to be a collector at all, but that conscience or kindness of heart or perhaps mere pliability of disposition laid her open to the imposition of the thankless office upon her. Then she is ambitious, if she is at all a good collector, and her ambition is almost sure to be disappointed, at least until she inures herself to falling short of her expectations. Moreover, if she is a collector of the determined type, she feels that she takes her popularity in her hands every time that she goes her round; or if she fails to feel it, the fact remains that she does so, and her state is perhaps no less pitiable. In either case she stands between the two evils of making herself obnoxious and of feeling that she is not fulfilling her duty to the organization that she represents. She is constantly subject to such exasperation as tries the most placid temper, as when one of the most inveterate frequenters of Boyden's smilingly and pleasantly meets her plea with, "I'm terribly sorry, but positively I expect to walk home next vacation as it is. You don't think I'm a wretch, do you?"—and this with an air of engaging candor and every evidence of a perfectly clear conscience. Truly the collector is an object for sympathy.

But that the victims of the collector's brilliant attacks or prolonged and clamorous sieges should find it difficult to feel this sympathy is only human. There are so many collectors!

She who has suffered much at their hands can not wholly be blamed if at last she "makes her heart as a millstone, sets her face as a flint," and does not even ask the collector to sit down. Yet if she is at all conscientious she finds that even when thus entrenched she is still open to the assaults of her conscience. For the conscientious person, what is the solution? When she considers the worth of each of the many objects for which collections are made it is impossible for her to wish that any one of them should be done away with. She may make a choice among them, relying for an equitable distribution upon the different choices of her friends, or she may prefer the alternative of giving more sparingly to them all. In any case, she will have the collectors to appease, upon whose fair-mindedness she must throw herself. A "good collector" was mentioned above. As a matter of fact, what is a good collector? We are acquainted with many types: there are the cajoling, the indefatigably persistent, the bullying; there are those who appeal to the reason and those who appeal to the heart, and—very deadly, this type—those who appeal to college spirit. All of these in their degrees and kinds are more or less irresistible; and they are good, enthusiastic workers, and deserve respect and sometimes wonder for the zeal with which they perform a distasteful function; but let those who pride themselves on their genius for extortion sometimes reflect that if all their sisterhood exercised the same gift it would go hard with the shorn lambs. Let each of them keep in mind the fact that she is one of many.

The editorial board for 1901 take pleasure in announcing the following board from 1902: Editor-in-chief, Helen Isabel Walbridge; Literary Editor, Florence Evelyn Smith; Contributors' Club, Virginia Elizabeth Moore; Editor's Table, Ruth Barbara Canedy; Alumnæ Department, Gertrude Ogden Tubby; About College, Ethel Withington Chase; Managing Editor, Grace Whiting Mason; Business Manager, Helen Esther Kelley.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

From the times of the prophets of old, the lives of reformers and philanthropists have been shortened and saddened by the almost universal distaste for direct personal criticism and correction, however friendly in tone and intention. Perhaps, however, even those of us who confess to some share in this prejudice might be willing to lend an ear to a little sermon that is addressed by Miss Emily Greene Balch to the occupants of the Wellesley pew in the congregation of colleges, with the understanding that we are to use our own judgment about allowing it a wider application.

The sermon in question is printed in the *Wellesley Magazine*, and is on the subject of citizenship in college, as preparation for the good citizenship out of college that is so much needed to-day. The present prevalence of bad citizenship, that is making so many political pessimists, does not discourage the author. "Democracy has hardly yet realized," she says, "that in assuming all rights it has also assumed all duties of public service. The Greek patriotism was stimulated by the excitement of rivalry. It had much the origin and temper of the *esprit de corps* of a school team. To-day we are like a college community in which a boyish class spirit has died down, while devotion to the essential foundation is only beginning to make itself felt as a force."

This condition is to be improved only by the growth of a sense of common interests, in women as well as in men, a sense of the whole, which will give us a society, in place of a crowd of self-centered individuals. And for the cultivation of a sense of the claims and opportunities of a common life, where can better training be had than at college, where we each become an integral part of a community complex enough in its relations for educative purposes, yet not so complex as to be overwhelming? If we care for the material possessions of the col-

lege as if they were our own, if we make the interests of others ours, if we are happy to coöperate with all our might in any work which the college has set itself to do,—then we are already good citizens of the college, and we are preparing ourselves to be good citizens elsewhere.

“The girl who thoughtlessly scatters torn papers, to lie ugly and weather-stained beside the path, has the attitude of mind that fills the streets of our slums with refuse. One of the great questions that we are asking the future is how far it is going to be possible for our cities to multiply the means of enjoyment held in common,—libraries, parks, works of art. The pessimist believes that this sort of opportunity must necessarily be restricted, because books will be marked and lost, photographs defaced, banks broken down with lawless, scrambling paths. All this depends on whether a genuine care for property that is not individually one's own becomes widespread. Those who have the most generous opportunities should have the highest standards. What the privileged feel to-day, all will feel to-morrow.”

But important as is this feeling of individual responsibility for public property, yet more important is the sense that we should have of sharing in a great and enduring work. “The college student, man or woman, is very obviously and on the face of it, in debt. Our education is not paid for in the main, but given us—as a charity, if we like to call it so—by strangers on whom we have no claim. As soon as we stop to think, we see that the reason we accept and even ask for these gifts, action so contrary to our usual precepts of financial independence, is that they are not given to us for our personal satisfaction. If we receive them otherwise they do then pauperize us. This very obvious way in which the college student is bound to pass on with interest that which she has received, should open her eyes to universal relations. The work most pressing to be done, even more than any material reform, is, I believe, a widening and deepening of the sense of social responsibility, for which the development of civilization is waiting. Democracy, with all the new opportunities opening before it, calls on us to prepare ourselves to play our part, not as lookers-on at the game, not as those interested only in their own advantage, but sharing to the full the life of our times.”

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

The graduate school with which I am best acquainted is an out-of-door school. Its term is from March to July; the requirements for matriculation are first of all good health, then some

"The School of Excavations" first-hand knowledge of Greek Antiquities, and an acquaintance with Greek character and the modern Greek language. Although the work done in this school is one of original search and research, no degrees are granted. Is there any reader of the *Monthly* whose point of view is so modern that she asks, "If this school gives no degrees, why study there?" This is a useful question and for that reason seems particularly irrelevant to me whose business and pleasure it is to hunt for useless things, relics of a past before degrees were invented, when all schools were hypæthral and gardens and porticoes were the class rooms. Miss Patten of Boston and I were, I think, the first women members of this modern open-air graduate school, which seems, by the way, to need a name. Shall we call it the School of mines because its members are engaged in digging, or if that name is preëmpted, the School of Excavations?

The idea of excavating first occurred to me in February 1900. For many reasons coeducational excavations are impracticable and I therefore felt it no injustice that the women members of the American School at Athens should not be invited to join in the excavations at Corinth. But it did seem a pity that we should never have the experience of working up original material fresh from the soil. The most promising source of such material was undoubtedly Crete, but recently opened to the world. Before the appointment of Prince George of Greece as Prince High Commissioner of Crete, regular excavations could not be made because of the turbulence of the island. For this reason Crete remained virgin soil and here the chances of failure were reduced to a minimum.

Landing in Herakleion, April 12, with our servant, Aristides Pappadias, and his mother, Miss Patten and I proceeded to establish headquarters, renting a house for the sum of four dollars a month. The British scholars, Mr. Arthur Evans of Oxford and Mr. D. J. Hogarth, Director of the British School, were busy at Knossos not five miles away and were gaining phenomenal results. They had already unearthed the palace of Minos and the famous tablets which "when deciphered will serve to make the Mycenaean Age not pre-historic but historic"; and on the day of our visit to the excavations they brought to light "the oldest throne in Europe." This success had put all archæologists in high spirits and smoothed the way for our request to

be allowed to excavate. Letters of introduction from a friend of Queen Olga, who had visited Crete the previous year on a mission of a charity for Her Majesty, also assisted us greatly. But before our petition could be sent to the Ministry, it was necessary that we should select some site for work.

Following Mr. Hogarth's advice, we started on a prospecting trip through Central Crete, making the Isthmus of Hierapetra our eastern limit. We were a party of four, Aristides's mother having remained in Herakleion and her place being taken by our muleteer Constantinos. Mules are the carriages, trolley cars, and trains of Crete, for there are no roads in that mountainous island, only paths. On our first day from Herakleion we crossed the island to Ayios-Deka, the site of the ancient city of Gortyna, where we were hospitably received by M. Halbherr who placed the house of the Italian Archaeological Mission at our disposal and showed us the ruins of Gortyna, as only their discoverer could do. On leaving Ayios-Deka to cross the Messara plain we were making our first throw in the game of chance, and in spite of favorable signs my heart was fearful. I had visited all the more important sites of Greece, but it is one thing to wander about, Baedeker or Pausanias in hand, verifying the conclusions of scholars or perhaps even daring to differ from them, but in either case with no weight of responsibility; it is quite another thing to make one's own observations on which depends success or failure. Should I be one of those who "seeing do not see and hearing do not understand"? Much would depend on what the peasants should say and upon our ability to distinguish between idle stories and testimony of worth. At this juncture Aristides proved invaluable. He acted as advance-courier, and upon our arrival in a village we always found coffee ordered, the villagers assembled and impressed with an altogether undue notion of our importance. Under the spur of Aristides's eloquence the peasants were quick to report past discoveries and to bring in any small antiquities which they had in their possession. This traffic in antiquities had to be carried on in the absence of the gendarme, for it is illegal and yet at the same time necessary if one is to form an opinion of the value of a site. Three things led the Cretans to receive us with great kindness: first, their native hospitality which is phenomenal; second, their satisfaction in receiving our visit as a proof of the peace and security of their island; and third, their desire to please "Capitalists" looking about for a place in which to invest money.

At more than one point we should have been tempted to put in the spade had it not been for the salutary laws which forbid unauthorized digging, and a wish on my own part to defer judgment until I had seen Kavousi, a place highly recommended by Mr. Evans. Here we were so well pleased with the indications afforded by walls, potsherds, and small antiquities that we hastened back to Herakleion to take out our government permission.

Without attempting to give the results of our excavations more than to say that we found houses, tombs, vases, small bronzes of the Homeric period, a stone table for a game (perhaps the *pessos* of Odyssey I.), and a group of small terra-cotta animals, I shall describe the way in which such work is conducted. We bought our tools in Herakleion—twenty pick-axes, twenty shovels, long knives for the more delicate work of removing vases and other objects from the earth in which they were imbedded, and fifty baskets for



carrying the earth. All these, as well as our camp-beds, our simple furnishings, and a few necessary stores, we took to Kavousi on mules. Our choice of a house was determined by its having a room with a wooden floor—there were only two in the village. Primitive indeed was our life, but not dull, because it touched many other lives. The peasants were glad to work for seven *grossia* a day (little more than a shilling). We had ten men at the start and forty-five at the finish, the usual number being twenty-six. In order to avoid "village politics" I kept in my own hands the power to hire and discharge the men and the task of paying them. Discipline was easy; at the end of the first week, following advice given me by Mr. Evans, I dismissed the least diligent workman as a warning to others, and this same man afterwards showed his magnanimity by giving us information concerning a good site. Paying the men was more difficult, for wages are reckoned in *grossia*, a coin that does not exist in Crete, and are paid in Turkish, French, and English money of many denominations. Change is so scarce that we were obliged to let a man's wages accumulate until they could be paid in pounds or napoleons.

The day's work began at five o'clock and continued, with a half hour's rest at eight for breakfast, until noon; then came lunch and the siesta, followed by work from two to five. The men labored faithfully and even zealously when we were having any luck. At other times, their sympathy was more depressing than failure itself. "Only buildings, Lady," they would say when we had spent a hard day in excavating unprofitable walls. Tombs give the most satisfactory results, but they are found more often by chance than by search. We discovered our best "bee-hive" tomb by persuading a peasant to open his house, destroy a corner of his wine vat, and lift a slab that lay beneath it which proved to be the cap-stone of the tomb. Another "bee-hive" was opened accidentally from the side by two of our least experienced boys who were digging a trench. Constant supervision is necessary to prevent the men from working havoc with the picks. Moreover the only way thoroughly to understand excavations is by watching them from hour to hour.

When our four weeks' work was finished all the finds were brought together in a vacant grocer's shop transformed into a museum, and there they were packed and sealed with the government stamp for transportation to Herakleion where they are deposited in the museum. As our sites were waste land, the sum paid to the peasants for damages amounted to only twelve dollars. The "campaign" brought a short era of prosperity to Kavousi, and to us great satisfaction from our first year's experience in the School of Excavations.

HARRIET A. BOYD '92.

If one were to think hard of the best place to sit and see all the ends of the world go by, he could hit on no better spot than a desk-chair by the door of a big magazine. At least most of the interesting ends arrive there if he will have a little

patience. Outside the Editorial Door Rich man, poor man, and all the others in the button doggerel, sooner or later come to, though not all go through, that Door. As one sits there, he first has a most disturbing vision

of a strange and simply uncountable army rushing pell-mell into print, and he seems to see an entire nation consumed by an unquenchable thirst for ink. This somewhat exaggerated impression is only natural when one sees for the first time, not only an infinite variety of writers in the flesh, but the great bundles of manuscript which come every day in the mails, and the big basketsful of newspapers from all over the world, and the serried ranks of piled-up magazines and periodicals,—publications of which one never dreamed and at whose *raison d'être* one guesses in vain.

In Kentucky if a man makes a sudden motion in the direction of his hip-pocket, he is regarded with a certain degree of suspicion. But in the Editorial Rooms, the mere fact of a man's presence at the Door is indication of a manuscript in the pocket or at least up the sleeve, and he is a suspect from that moment until he is proved—guilty. It does not matter whether one recognizes him as distinguished along quite other than literary lines. He is probably guilty all the same. Nowadays any one whose head rises to a discernible altitude above the level craniums of his fellows, is subject to attacks from editors wishing articles about the thing he has done. There is a readiness, as Thackeray says in his advertisement of the Cornhill Magazine, to "listen to every guest who has an apt word to say." Consequently the threshold may be crossed not only by the author proper, but by men who have lived on the seas or in the slums, who have climbed steeples or climbed Alps, known kings and criminals, and hunted bric-à-brac or tigers. Their pockets may hold expert articles ranging from so small a thing as a mosquito to so big a thing as a trust.

Lions of all descriptions enter the editorial den and on the whole roar very satisfactorily. To have them at close range gives even an encyclopedia paragraph life. From the seat by the Door one can see how the men and women who fill the histories and encyclopedias walk and talk and say good morning and sign their names, and what their faces are like and their hands. From there one hears Mark Twain's wonderful drawl, that irritating, exasperating, fascinating drawl; or can catch the famous vice-presidential grin; or enjoy the capital stories which reach the outer room in Mr. Jefferson's clear-carrying voice. There is here, what is rapidly becoming an anomaly, a place of much business where there is also time for wit and good fellowship.

But the Lions do not supply all the entertainment. There is a vast body of Unknowns, some of them occasional contributors to the magazine; others, just contributors who "merely circulate their writings among editors." And the delightful, unexpected doings of the Unknowns are a never-ceasing joy. Many of the Unknowns are in a very ferment of literary activity and send in something every week. Sometimes they are vaguely threatening, and hint darkly that if this contribution, the twenty-fifth, is returned, the editors need never again look for similar favors; sometimes mildly pleading,—“Is not this better than much that you publish?” or heroically persistent,—“I shall keep on sending things until you are tired of sending them back.” More often, however, the literary attack of an Unknown is brief. One writes that he is merely trying to earn a new piano. Music affects him greatly. He worked out the enclosed poem under the spell of music,—on the *old* piano, one is forced regretfully to conclude. Another is so emboldened by the

acceptance of a very ordinary sketch that he announces his intention of leaving the telegraph business to devote himself to literary labors. He is hurriedly advised not to. Some of the Unknowns begin very young. The proud parent forwards a few little verses with the superfluous information that "This is the very first poem my little son, aged ten, has ever written. Can you find room for it?" Of course many of the Unknowns write for bread and butter, and as many more for the satisfaction of seeing their names in print.

Most take their rejections good-humoredly or in silence. But among these can not be included a peppery Southern major who wrote with withering scorn to the effect that he was well aware of the hostile feeling still existing between North and South, but had hardly supposed that a Northern editor would carry it so far as to refuse all contributions which came from south of Mason and Dixon's line. Another sent back the usual, non-committal formula, which is enclosed in nearly all rejected manuscripts, with a circular of his own, regretting that he was unable to make use of the enclosed slip, as he was already over-stocked with somewhat similar material, and believed that the enclosure could be placed to better advantage elsewhere.

There are a number of popular illusions among contributors. One great one is that their manuscripts are never read. In spite of the funny papers and their hoary jests about waste-baskets and fireplaces, some member of the staff does read everything that is submitted, and this, often with dire results to himself. One reader sadly testifies that the power of placing quotations, on which he had once prided himself, had been entirely lost. He explains it by saying that so much of what is written is simply imitation that all, echoes and originals alike, have become an indistinguishable jumble.

Another illusion of contributors is that if a manuscript is accepted it can be published at once. If it happens to be what is known as a "stock" article, that is, one good at almost any date, it would have to take its chances with sixty or more of the same kind, some of which have been waiting as long as ten years. If, on the other hand, it is a "timely" article with an immediate point, it would stand a much better chance. Contributors often can not understand why an Easter poem sent in March is not in high season for the April number. Time is often taken to explain that the Easter number was planned at Christmas-time,—some of its features even long before; that the April number has been ready for the newsdealers for two weeks past; and that if the editors were to fit the poem into their present plans, it might just squeeze into July, and unfortunately it is lacking in Fourth of July flavor.

Still another illusion shared by many beside contributors is that editors do everything about the magazine. One woman came sternly to ask the editor-in-chief why she had not received her magazine for that month. She was politely referred to another department. Her amazement that there should be another department increased enormously when it was explained to her that beside the editorial department, where the reading material for the magazine was gotten together, there was another big department for planning the art work, a separate one for advertisements in the magazine, another for advertising the magazine itself, a shipping department, a special

department for filling orders for back numbers, a large subscription department with its complicated system of mail lists, free lists, expirations, renewals, and so forth. Beside these there was the postal department, not to mention the book-keeping and cashier departments, and the printing of the magazine, which was a business by itself; and on top of all the departments, were the publishers of the magazine. After this flood of light had been directed upon her mental retina, she was led gently to the proper department and given her magazine, with no worse results, I believe, than its possession entailed.

Yet another illusion is that the name accepts the manuscript, while unknown genius has no chance. If these deluded ones could see the lists of famous "rejecteds," or could observe an editor, hot on the trail of a promising Unknown, their ideas would be somewhat modified.

Fifthly and finally, a favorite illusion is, that if an article is good, it is good to print anywhere,—and so time is wasted again and again in sending the right thing to the wrong place. One day a poetess—by courtesy—while waiting for one of the editors, insisted that I should read her poem, a bloody production on "Bloemfontein." I hastily assured her that I was not an editor; whereupon she returned with amiable promptness, "Of course not. But you are the Public, I may say, the General Public." I pass over the feelings of the dog on whom "Bloemfontein" was to have been tried, to the point, which is that if more contributors would change their vague General Public into a Particular Public they would not appeal so often in vain. No longer would solid scientific essays, admirable for solid scientific papers, be sent to popular monthlies; nor doggerel, calculated to brighten the funny column of a country weekly, be forwarded to critical reviews; nor love poems be tried on children's magazines. No longer would manuscripts have to pass through so many experiences and hands before they attained the peace of the editor's safe or were drawn and quartered by the artist and served up in the magazine.

Among the few unwritten subjects, there remains yet to be written a most instructive history, one of infinite value,—a help to writers and a hindrance to scribblers,—"The Epic of the Manuscript." When it comes, may it get through the Door!

HARRIET CHALMERS BLISS '99.

Leo Nikolaievich, or Count Tolstoi, is now an old man of seventy-three years. During the last thirty years of his life he has been continually busy writing. Although his works are written

A Glimpse of Count Tolstoi for the Russian and primarily deal with Russian problems, yet, for this very reason, we are able to read them with more freedom than a native, for some are prohibited entirely and others are much expunged. So Tolstoi's name and influence have gone into every country, and more than any one else, he has awakened the present world-wide interest in Russia.

Russia is such a far-away place to us in America, that to say a man lives in Moscow means little more than to say that he lives in Russia. Yet that country is much larger than the United States, and there is much more difference than with us between the inhabitants of the different sections. Mus-

covy is the nucleus of the Russian Empire, and therefore is the oldest district. Here, in this central position, the people are less mixed with other races, and have the purest Slavic blood in their veins; and here too the peasants are the poorest, and the nobles the richest. There is no true Russian middle class; the Jews supply its place and carry on the trade.

In this district, a short distance from Moscow, Tolstoi grew up, living as a noble on his father's estate. Afterwards he entered the army, became an officer, and visited many parts of Russia in the service. Later he left the army and traveled considerably through the countries of Europe. He could read and speak English, German, and French, and as he traveled he made a study of the laws and economics of the countries. At about forty he came back to his estate near Moscow, and soon after his first book appeared. During his life he has seen great changes in his own country. He was born in the reign of Nicholas I., the great-grandfather of the present Czar. During the following reign of Alexander II. he saw the emancipation of the serfs, soon followed by the growth of the Nihilist party and the assassination of the Czar. Following upon that, Alexander III. used his severest measures of repression, and enormous numbers were exiled to Siberia. Also during this time the great colonizing movement had been going on, until at the present time the Czar controls more land than any other ruler. For the last thirty years Tolstoi has been writing on many subjects, including theology, philosophy, and sociology. He has developed certain theories of living which he practises in his daily life. He lives up to his beliefs, and devotes not only his time but his property to philanthropy. At the present time he has gathered about him a number of disciples who think and reason as he does, and help him in his work.

At the time when he gave away his property, his wife kept her share, which included a house in the city of Moscow. It is Tolstoi's custom to live in a peasant's cottage on the land which was his estate. But of late years he stays more and more in his wife's city house. When I saw him, he was recovering from an attack of influenza, and was staying during the very cold weather in the city. This house also was small and unpretentious, being on a narrow street in a quiet part of the city. Although a high fence surrounded it, as is common with houses of the upper class in Russia, yet the fence was made of rails, and a passer-by could see between and get glimpses of a park of considerable size beyond.

Quite in contrast to the butler in livery, the hall, and stairway, was the atmosphere of the room in which our party was received. At the door stood Tolstoi. The long gray beard, piercing gray eyes and the open-necked, gray workman's blouse were the first impression. After shaking hands quite informally with each of us, he seated us around a large wooden table at one end of the room, taking a chair among us himself. The room itself was large and bare, being lighted by oil lamps. Besides a piano and a few plants, there was nothing,—no curtains at the windows nor pictures on the wall. However I did notice in one corner the ever present Russian icon. A Catholic Russian will never live in a room without one, and it was with interest I noticed it left hanging; because within a year, since the appearance of "The Resurrection," Tolstoi has been excommunicated from the Greek Catholic Church.

The Czar is the head of the church in Russia, and notwithstanding the excommunication, Tolstoi and he seemed to be on good terms. He spoke of having just written to the Czar concerning some case he was interested in, and he seemed to expect a favorable reply.

As Tolstoi sat among us it seemed impossible to believe that this simple old man was the one in Russia who dared to speak. He is somewhat bent now, and his hands trembled as they rested on the arms of his chair. But his eyes and voice were firm, and the straightforward and convinced manner he used in talking showed the force of his character. He spoke English slowly, but with little accent, very much as a Scotchman speaks. He was quite eager to talk with us about America, and much more inclined to know if any of us knew Mr. C. F. Dole or the translator of Omar Khayyam, than to talk about himself. He did not seem to realize how far his name had gone, or keep track of what his writings were doing. He was quite surprised when we told him we had seen "*Die Macht der Finsterniss*," played recently in Berlin. He said that he thought that the German government had prohibited it, as well as the Russian. He told us he was very much interested in our country, and that he was always so glad to see Americans. He was more interested in politics and economics and more posted on those subjects than on any others. For our modern literature he did not seem to have much respect, remarking it was too bad we had not had any more fine literature since Emerson and Lowell. He knew more about our writers in certain lines such as sociology and anarchism, and spoke of several men, whose names are connected with these subjects, with whom he was in correspondence. But as to our present drift of expansion and imperialism he could not speak strongly enough. He said, "You know I do not believe in any government," and "I am so very sorry to see that tendency."

Tolstoi is still a very busy man, not only with his writing, but with looking after the schools and other schemes he has started. Besides that he lends a willing ear to those who come to him for help. At the time we were there, he said there were people waiting in the next room to ask his assistance. After leaving him, we felt we had seen a fine old man, and one who sacrifices himself entirely for what he thinks right. Tolstoi has sown many seeds; what they will grow to remains to be seen. I was told on good authority while in Moscow that besides influencing his disciples, Tolstoi has aroused interest among many of the landed proprietors, especially some of the younger princes. They see the great need of education, which the government does not seem able to take in hand yet, and many have left the army and navy and are devoting themselves to building schools and improving their peasantry.

MARGARET KENNARD '98.

There is one question, which must inevitably come to each college girl after graduation and indeed before it, that of future work—the life-work,

for the perfection of which these years in college have been lived. It is the supreme question for each one, the question which

must be answered individually by each, and which has as many answers as there are graduates. For this reason, there is

no part of the *Monthly* so interesting to the graduate as is the alumnae column, and this not alone because she is anxious to read about her friends, but because of an ever-widening interest in seeing just what is open to the college girl. Thus she may not know the one who is writing upon the post-graduate work at Yale or Radcliffe, or at the medical schools, but she is deeply interested to know in just what ways these schools and colleges are to give the additional preparation needed for the life-work. She is constantly interested in the account of settlement work, the new idea of women's managing laundries, and of the woman as the architect or lawyer.

An opening for the college graduate, which has not before been mentioned in these columns, is that of the trained church and Sunday-school worker. During the last few years the demand for trained teachers in Sunday-schools and for trained superintendents of Sunday-schools has steadily increased, and gives evidence of a still greater growth throughout the country. The churches are beginning to realize that their strength is to be largely dependent on the proper education of their young people, and that to realize this they must have the best of teachers. So many are beginning to offer salaried positions to those who have especially fitted themselves for this purpose. Because of the demand for Sunday-school teachers, superintendents, and pastors' assistants, as well as to prepare others for settlement work, for city, home, and foreign missionaries, we find schools for such preparation all over the country; such as, The City Training Schools for Christian Workers, The Chicago Bible Institute, The Bible School at Montclair, The Training School at Northfield, and The Bible Normal College of Springfield. It is of the work and aims of this latter that we especially wish to write.

The aim of The Bible Normal College is essentially to prepare its students for a broad, sympathetic Christian work. To do this, it recognizes the need, first, of comprehensive Bible study; secondly, of pedagogical, and thirdly, of philosophical and sociological training. Its course of two years comprises the three branches, though many special students limit themselves to one branch. The student has every facility for making the most out of the courses. There is a well-equipped library of reference books, the inspiration of working among those with a common purpose, and the broadening atmosphere of coming into contact with men and women whose lives have been or are going to be lived in all parts of the world. There are courses specially planned for those who are hoping to spend their lives on the home or foreign mission field, for those who wish to work among the city poor, for the Sunday-school and church workers, for pastors' assistants, superintendents of Sunday-schools and for Bible normal teachers. As a result, students of all denominations and of all purposes are studying together, with the one great purpose which binds them so closely together. There are missionaries, home for their vacations, spending a few weeks or months in deeper study, as well as college graduates, glad to have this opportunity for an added preparation for Christian work. Practical work in the city missions, Christian Associations, and churches of Springfield is opened to the students and is a great help, running side by side as it does with the more theoretical training. In fact, every side of the work of the two years is most carefully planned that it may meet the individual needs of those who feel that they wish to give

their lives to Christian work, in one of its many forms, whether it be in the cities, or abroad, or in their own church in their own homes.

ALICE JACKSON '98.

The difficulties which an undergraduate encounters in trying to conduct a department for alumnae have been keenly felt. It is almost impossible for one in her position, with a necessarily limited acquaintance outside the college, to know what the many alumnae are interested in, and what use they would like to have made of their particular part of the *Monthly*. With every month, too, there has been increasing difficulty in securing personal items of any kind; and the accuracy of such as do appear, coming often in round-about ways from uncertain sources, is sometimes questionable.

In view of this, it has been suggested that some alumna be associated with the undergraduate editor in the conduct of the department. Her advice as to topics for treatment, and those best qualified to treat them, would be very valuable. But it is particularly in the work of collecting and sifting items that it is hoped she would prove the greatest help. As to the practical working out of this plan, nothing definite has been decided. The present board of editors simply wished to present it for discussion to the alumnae. All communications will be gladly received by the editor of this department.

The Western Massachusetts branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae was delightfully entertained at the home of Miss Leona M. Peirce, Smith '86, in Springfield, on March 6. After a short business meeting, the president introduced Miss Mary E. Woolley, President of Mount Holyoke College, who spoke in an interesting way of the university life of women in England and Scotland. The branch, which was formed early in the fall, now has a membership of over seventy, of which thirty are Smith alumnae. Its object is to bring together for sociability and general profit the eligible graduates of colleges, in this part of Massachusetts. The next meeting of the branch is to be held on the campus at South Hadley in May.

ANNA S. THATCHER, Smith '96,  
Secretary-Treasurer.

The Chicago Association was recently entertained by Miss Helen Taylor at Chicago Commons. Professor Graham Taylor, head-worker of the Commons Settlement, gave a talk illustrated by the stereopticon on the work of the settlement among the poor of Chicago.

The last meeting of the Boston branch of the Smith College Alumnae Association was held on February 9, and Miss Jordan was present and spoke in a general way upon the interests of the college. "The Romancers" by Rosstand is to be given under the direction of Miss Josephine Sherwood, a pupil of Mrs. Irving Winslow and a prominent member of the Cambridge Dramatic Club, in Copley Hall, April 17 and 18. Those taking part are not alumnae, but men well known in amateur theatrical circles. Miss Sherwood takes the only female part. The proceeds are to be devoted to the Students' Building Fund.



A book has been placed in the Reading Room in which all alumnae visiting the college are asked to sign their names. The list of visitors for March is as follows:

'88.	Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke,	.	.	.	March	23
'95.	Alice M. Richards,	.	.	.	"	18-20
'98.	Georgia W. Coyle,	.	.	.	"	25
'99.	Kate Leland Lincoln,	.	.	.	"	28
1900.	Alfa C. Barber,	.	.	.	"	9-16
	Ruth P. Brown,	.	.	.	"	13-15
	Harriet M. Dillon,	.	.	.	"	23
	Alida King Leese,	.	.	.	"	25
	Ora Mabelle Lewis,	.	.	.	"	25
	Ethel W. Whitcomb,	.	.	.	"	15-18

Contributions to this department are desired by the second of the month in order to appear in that month's issue, and should be sent to Gertrude Tubby, Tenney House.

- '79. The National Cathedral School in Washington, D. C., of which Mary B. Whiton is one of the principals, gave a piano recital by Miss Cornelia Dyar for the entertainment of the friends of the school, April 12. Last month a reception was given at the school for Mr. and Mrs. Seton-Thompson, at which Mr. Thompson read from his writings.
- '80. At the April meeting of the Twentieth Century Club in Washington, D. C., Mrs. J. R. Hill presented a paper on the Penology of the Nineteenth Century.
- '82. Mrs. Alice Peloubet Norton has been teaching since October in the Emmons Blaine School, Chicago. This school has lately become a part of Chicago University, and will form the School of Pedagogy of that institution.
- '86. "An Unfinished Portrait," by Mrs. Jennette Lee, appeared in the April number of the Atlantic Monthly.
- '88. Mrs. Fanny Hardy Eckstorm has published "The Woodpeckers," a book on birds.
- '90. Mary F. Willard was made principal of the Tennyson Grammar School in Chicago last September. The American Book Company has recently published an edition of the "Idyls of the King," prepared by her.
- '91. Helen W. Hewitt of Williamstown, Massachusetts, has an appointment in the Congressional Library.
- '94. Charlotte Wilkinson has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles F. Bragden of Rochester, New York.
- '95. Anna L. Harrington was married March 16, to Dr. Nathan W. Green of New York City.
- '97. Mae R. Fuller and Frances Ripley are spending a few months in Santa Barbara, California.

Edith Taylor of Cleveland, Ohio, has spent the winter at The Logan, Washington, D. C.

- '97. Florence Knapp was married April 11, to Mr. John H. Yocum.  
Alice Tullis Lord is in Pass Christian, Mississippi, recovering from an attack of typhoid fever.  
Lucia Russell is studying at the Art League in New York.
- '98. Josephine Dodge Daskam had a short story, "A Study in Piracy," in the April number of McClure's.  
Maud A. Jackson has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles W. Hulst of New York.
- '99. Winifred Carpenter has been teaching this year in Porto Rico, and studying Spanish.  
Alice McClintock will spend the spring in New England.  
Madge Palmer is teaching Latin and English at the Packer Collegiate Institute in Brooklyn.  
Marion Richards is substituting in Miss Cutler's place for a few days.
1900. Winifred Leeming sailed last month for a six week's trip to the West Indies.  
Evelyn W. Smith is not at Mount Holyoke College, as was reported last month, but is traveling in Florida with Mary C. Wilder and her family.  
Elizabeth H. Smith is teaching in the Botanical Department of Mount Holyoke College.  
Bertha Sanford recently delivered an oration at the graduation of the Women's Law Class of New York University, and received the Chancellor's certificate.  
Frances Chickering, formerly a special student at Smith, recently entertained the Washington branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae. A paper upon Child Development was read by Dr. O'Brien of Boston University, and vigorously discussed by the members present.

## BIRTHS

- Mrs. William A. Allen (Emma Corey) a son, John Goodyear.
- '96. Mrs. Charles A. Anderson (Florence Stewart) a son, Charles Stewart, born March 2.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

It is not often, perhaps, while we are still in college that we are met with the charge that "a college education fosters an over-critical spirit," but in the non-collegiate world the accusation confronts us

**The Critical Spirit** of itself. A few weeks of vacation are sometimes sufficient to make one realize with a feeling of surprise that one has somehow developed a critical spirit which seems rather disproportionate when it is taken out of its college setting and viewed in the light of the outside world; and if the realization does not come of itself, the conclusion is very apt to be forced upon one by some helpful friend.

There are certainly many tendencies in a college training which might easily lead to an over-critical spirit; it is part of the students' work to analyze and form judgments, and each girl is encouraged to develop whatever faculty of criticism she may possess, exercising constantly her powers of discrimination. In college she finds her judgments respected by her friends as she in turn respects theirs. At home her opinions are treated with more respect and consideration in the family circle than is often their just due. Given such conditions and an average amount of self-assurance, and it is not surprising that she sometimes comes to regard her judgment as infallible and to feel that she must subject everything to a wholesome dissection and criticism before she can bestow upon it her approval. If it be true, moreover, that the college atmosphere is a critical one, it is also true that the very element of criticism in reasonable proportion is healthy and stimulating. It is impossible for the student entirely to exclude herself from her critical category; she may become too exacting in regard to others, but at the same time she at least learns to realize her own deficiencies, and no one jeers at her faults so mercilessly as the college girl herself. She finds that in this critical community she can not cherish affectations of character any more safely than she can wear cheap jewelry; all her faults and virtues are subjected to the same keen if kindly judgment, and she can not fail to profit by the consciousness of such a scrutiny.

We may further claim in defense of the critical spirit, that during a college career it generally escapes its customary penalty,—dissatisfaction. One finds a college community, in spite of its critical elements, singularly happy and contented. The counteracting influence lies in a certain enthusiastic readiness to enjoy the world in general, which seems to prevail among every body of college students. College friendships are none the less keenly enjoyed because of censured faults and acknowledged defects, nor does college life lose any of its vital interest because the student realizes its limitations. How can discontent become chronic in college where the normal attitude is one

of satisfaction and happiness? But when these ameliorating influences are wanting and the college student is called upon to adjust her standards to non-collegiate measure, she often finds herself rather inclined to carping criticism with a tendency toward didactic and intolerant judgment, even while she is making an heroic effort to be lenient and fair-minded. So strong is the habit of criticism that she subjects everything to her searching scrutiny; from the oldest friend to the latest sermon, little escapes the inquisition, half involuntary and unconscious though it may be. It is here that one finds an excellent opportunity to become a confirmed critic, with a dissatisfied frown and an ingenious capacity for injuring one's own pleasure and disturbing the less critical enjoyment of others by too keen criticism. If the critical spirit has been allowed unbridled sway for four years, it is by no means easy to control and check it suddenly by the opinion of others. On the other hand, four years of simple, independent judgment need not be dangerous; and the college student who finds difficulty in adjusting her critical faculties is generally quite ready to make the effort, knowing that "of all the cants which are canted in this canting world, the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!"

The Senior Dramatics Committee announces the following cast for "The Taming of the Shrew":

Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua.....	Ruth Alida Lusk
Vincentio, an old gentleman of Pisa.....	Louise Charlotte Droste
Lucentio, son to Vincentio.....	Anna Louise Martin
Petruchio, a gentleman of Verona.....	Nina Louise Almirall
Gremio, { Suitors to Bianca.....	{ Marjory Gane
Hortensio, {	{ Mary Beach Curtis
Tranio, { Servants to Lucentio.....	{ Helen Witmer
Biondello, {	{ Agnes Hastings Gilchrist
Grumio, { Servants to Petruchio.....	{ Frances Crosby Buffington
Curtis, {	{ Agnes Patton
Pedant.....	Mary Clare Mullally
Tailor.....	Susan Mabel Hood
Katherine, the Shrew .....	Methyl Gertrude Oakes
Bianca.....	Lucy Morris Ellsworth
Widow.....	Marie Stuart

Dancers and Servants.

The members of the committee are: Miriam Titcomb, G  nevi  ve King, Constance Charnley, Ethel Prescott Stetson, Rosamond Hull, Jessamine Kimball.

Glee Club Concert Day was celebrated this year on March 18, and we may surely indulge ourselves in a few moments' reminiscence of a concert so enjoyable in itself and so gratifying to those whose

The Glee Club Concert admirable effort and talent made it the success that it was.

The first honorable mention must deservedly be made of the weather on March thirteenth, and we are glad of the opportunity to put in a good word

for it this year, since the criticism given it in this connection is generally of so harsh and unfavorable a character. It was 1901 weather in every sense of the word. The sun beamed merrily forth arrayed like a warm partisan on basket-ball days when the fate of the yellow is involved. His good nature was of good omen. The house dances were more than usually vivacious and the houses themselves vied with the girls in looking their prettiest.

At the Academy of Music there was the usual pleasurable excitement of anticipation and curiosity in watching one's friends in gala attire with the interesting variety of a masculine escort. Before the interest here had been in any way exhausted, the curtain rose slowly, revealing a charming picture,—the Glee Club in their light gowns with flowers so profusely about them that one found it difficult at first to distinguish between the girls and the flowers. Then came the expectant hush before the opening chords of "Fair Smith," and the program of the evening was set in such smooth and rapid motion that the busy and somewhat less musical chattering of intermission brought one back to college in an incredibly short time.

The Mandolin Club gave all its selections an expressive and efficient handling, and their rendering of "Samson and Delilah" was remarkably good. The banjos with their jolly thwacks gave the true rollicking spirit, and one admired the exercise of self-control on the part of the audience in keeping their heads in a position of dignified immobility. There are those who, with chronic dislike of pouring forth their praises undiluted, were overheard to say that the banjos and mandolins were played in certain parts with a lack of self-confidence due to insufficient preparation: but the rhythmical, jovial stamping of a heavier grade shoe and the warm applause of a heavier grade hand showed an appreciation on the part of the guests of the evening that put to flight all doubts as to whether or not the clubs were attaining their ends. To the Glee Club itself is due, perhaps, the warmest praise. The selections were happily chosen, and sung with taste and spirit. The Glee Club, this year, is proud in the possession of as gifted a composer as Lucy Ellsworth. They owed to her two of the songs on the program, charming in themselves and appreciatively sung.

Is it due to plebeian musical taste on the part of a Smith College audience that the medley was missed and mourned this year? The medley, perhaps, had come to be more the characteristic and spontaneous outburst of gleeful spirit than anything else in the repertoire of the club. To many of us, the fact that the absence of the medley marred the gaiety of tone in the concert so little proves conclusively that the Glee Club itself is of unusually fine material and trim.

If the reward of the clubs lies in the keen enjoyment of the audience as a whole and the gratitude of the college element for such a charming and effective means of entertaining its guests, the Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Clubs may well feel amply repaid.

RACHEL BERENSON 1902.

The audience was well satisfied that the Lawrence House Dramatics would be a success before the curtain rose. The play was "White Aprons," dramatized by Ona L. Winants 1901 from Lawrence House Dramatics Molly Elliott Seawell's book of that name; and the cast contained names which assured one that the lines written by Miss Winants would be well rendered.

## CAST.

Sir William Berkeley, Governor of Virginia,	{	King's Men... ..	{	Georgia Anna Mason
Colonel Payne,				Margery Ferries
Philip Ludwell,				Margaret Welles
Nathaniel Bacon,				Edith DeBlois Laskey
Major Bryan Fairfax,	{	Opposition.....	{	Ethel Hale Freeman
Mr. Lawrence,				Anne Thaxter Eaton
Lady Frances Berkeley.....				Marie Pugsley
Madam Payne.....				Mary Hunt Brimson
Madam Ballard.....				Mariana Higbie
Dame Bacon.....				Alice France Duckworth
Dame Bray.....				Julia Emily Peck
Penelope Payne.....				Virginia Elizabeth Moore
Pompey.....				Florence Josephine Smyth
Chloe.....				Gertrude Weil

Attorney for Crown, Clerk, Bailiff, Citizens, Guards, and Jury.

A clear, full voice was heard singing and then the curtain went up disclosing the prettiest scene imaginable. At one side was Virginia Moore 1902, as Penelope Payne, seated at a spinning-wheel. Upon inspection, one discovered a dear little spinnet, queer, old-fashioned windows that looked real, and many picturesque touches. The hero, Ethel Freeman 1902, was introduced almost immediately, and the action of the play began.

Bacon's rebellion, keenly interesting in itself, offers great advantages for dramatic difficulties, and Miss Winants made use of the episodes that were the most telling. The climax of the play and the most finished acting was in the fourth act, where Major Bryan Fairfax, Bacon's right hand man, was arraigned by the crown for stirring up rebellion, for taking up arms against the King, for stealing royal papers, and for attempting the life of the Governor.

Miss Mason 1901, as the Governor, portrayed with a great deal of zest the irascible Berkeley who, though stern and forbidding, was at heart a coward. Opportunity was given to Miss Moore to make a moving appeal to the impassive judge and jury, and one wondered that they had the heart to condemn Fairfax after her confession of love, which was so prettily made. Florence Smyth 1901, as Pompey, the faithful but misguided slave, deserves praise for the abandon with which she threw herself into her part, and for her well-managed dialect.

Throughout the play Miss Freeman conducted herself with a dignity and force that were charming. As a German peddler, as an officer, and as a lover, she was excellent, and she threw herself into every situation with an entire

lack of self-consciousness. Penelope Payne was very sweet and womanly and in her character combined a girlish modesty with decision and fearlessness. Her devotion to her parents was brought out very clearly. Miss Moore's well-chosen gowns added greatly to the effectiveness of the scenes. Margery Ferriss 1902, as her father, and Mary Brimson 1901, were typical examples of loving parents. Edith Laskey 1901, as Bacon, was good, and did a clever bit of acting in the second act where Bacon told Fairfax he suspected that some one had tried to poison him.

The minor parts were all well taken, voices were well modulated, and lively and interesting by-play was kept up with no show of effort. The stage managers deserve great credit for the smoothness with which the whole play was conducted and for the pretty arrangement of scenery, especially in the first scene of the first act, and the garden scene in Act III. The dialogue was good, and parts and scenes were well contrasted. The college has to thank Miss Winants and the Lawrence House for a very enjoyable evening.

On Saturday afternoon, March 23, the sophomore-freshman game was played and won by the sophomores with a score of thirty-one to eight. At three o'clock most of the faculty and all the girls were on hand, and there still remained half an hour for the green and purple to fling their sentiments at each other in song, and for each to publish lustily its own glories. The classes which in other years have watched for the entrance of President Seelye, that all might instantly join in singing heartily to him as he crossed to the platform, missed him this year, and to their minds came the thought of their president taking his seat and throwing open his overcoat to display impartially the colors of the interested classes.

At half past three the 1903 sub-team rushed in, leading as their mascot a goat dressed in a green blanket and decorated with a necklace of daffodils, and he cavorted about the gymnasium at a pace which almost distanced his assistants. Then the freshman sub-team entered, pushing their mascot before them,—a little boy arrayed in red and adorned with 1902 banners, riding the purple unicorn around the gym while streamers of red and purple were thrown from the running track by 1902 and 1904. When the 1903 team ran in and neared the sophomore side, long streamers of green were thrown out from the opposite side of the running track and floated toward the center of the gymnasium, forming an arch under which the teams ran.

Red and purple streamers were again lowered when the 1904 regulars rushed in, and enthusiasm for both teams and both captains evinced itself in cheering and singing. For those who had waited since two o'clock the few minutes which Mr. Knowlton occupied in taking pictures of the teams in their position seemed almost interminable, and the tension of expectancy was at its height when the whistle of the referee sounded for the game to begin. Almost immediately 1904 scored a point by a free throw for the basket, but in response to Miss Berenson's request the applause of its supporters subsided when the referee was again in position to put the ball in play.

The playing of the first half was quick and more controlled than it is apt to be during the first half of the "big game"; and though spirited, was free from the roughness which sometimes unintentionally makes its way into exciting games.

When time was called, the score stood twenty-five to six in favor of the sophomores. During the ten minutes between the halves, singing was renewed, and though the freshmen had a large score against them, they showed no diminution in zeal or lack of confidence in their team, and when 1904 entered for the second half, the subs gave three good cheers for their regulars.

Both teams played a harder and steadier game in the second half, and the improved playing of the freshmen was particularly noticeable as they allowed their opponents only six points and scored two themselves. Miss Berenson was much pleased with the game; and it has been said that never before in Smith College had playing been seen equal to that of the sophomores, and that the freshmen might be proud of the way in which they met it. The team of 1908 was superior to that of 1904, yet the resulting score of thirty-one to eight does not justly represent the game in all its aspects, for the winning team had to work hard for every point, and 1904 played a clean game with a coolness and level-headedness remarkable in the first "big game."

The general sentiment towards the new game (adopted by the Conference on Physical Training at Springfield in 1899; rules edited by Miss Berenson of Smith College), is friendly, and among the majority of players it is preferred to the old method. As each foul permits a free throw to the basket, there are possibilities and, in the present development of the game, probabilities of numerous sudden halts at most critical moments; yet the game as a whole is swifter, as interference at the basket forces the homes and guards to more active work, and they in turn keep the centers on the alert. There is also more science in the game and a stricter account of fouls. The method, accuracy, thought, and self-control which this scientific form requires, give added value to the game, which, played well in any form, demands physical and, to some degree, mental strength. The game between the freshmen and sophomores brought to light all these elements; and the spirit among the players themselves pervaded the whole audience, and produced the most satisfactory important game that has yet been played between the under classes.

MARY GOVE SMITH 1902.

Two new books have been added to the missionary library, "South America, the Neglected Continent," and "Irene Petrie, a Life for Cashmere." The former was added in connection with the study of South America in the mission study classes; the latter was added because it is the life of a young English girl, whose remarkable story, splendidly written, will interest American college girls.

During the spring vacation Mademoiselle Pellissier lectured before the Cercle français de l'Alliance on the plays of Lesage and Marivaux.

President Seelye is expected to sail during the last of May, so that he will be in Northampton by the first of June at the latest.

On Wednesday, April 17, Mr. George Proctor will give a piano recital in College Hall for the benefit of the Students' Building.



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Isabella Preble Chase, of the class of 1902, died in Northampton on the twenty-ninth of March.

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Department Society Meetings :

Biological Society—April 18, May 2.  
Colloquium—April 23, May 14.  
Philosophical Society—April 15, 29, May 18.  
Physics Club—April 22, May 18.  
Oriental Club—April 16.  
Mathematical Club—April 30.

**CALENDAR**

April 17, Concert for Students' Building.  
20, Competitive Gymnastic Drill.  
20, Phi Kappa Psi Society.  
24, French Play.  
25, Concert. Kneisel Quartette.  
26, Telescopium. Open Meeting.  
27, Alpha Society.

May 1, Wallace House Dramatics.  
3, Mathematical Society. Open Meeting.  
7, Voice Club. Open Meeting.  
11, Phi Kappa Psi Society.  
15, Junior Promenade.

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~~Educ R 5572.9.5~~

Educ U 7310.17

The  
Smith College  
Monthly

May - 1901.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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***AN ESTIMATE OF SCHILLER'S WORK***

Notwithstanding the many stragglers up the sides of the mountain, Carlyle contends that there are but two men who ever attained the height of the Parnassus of German literature; and these were Goethe and Schiller. In his estimation, too, Schiller, while he came up a bit later, seems to have for certain reasons even the better position on the summit.

The progress of Schiller's early education was hindered by the circumstances of his parents, who were not rich in this world's goods, but who possessed those qualities of love and energy and intelligence which were to have a dominating influence in the development of their son's character. That the energy ascribed to the father was real, was shown in the constant determination that, in spite of poverty, his child should be educated.

Perhaps the ministerial character of his first tutor, Moser, influenced the boy Schiller to study with the idea of entering the church. It is true, however, that although this profession seemed to satisfy a need of his nature, he was not thoroughly in sympathy with it. In fact the whole project seemed to overshadow his life, even at a very early age. It relieves us some-

what to know that with all the serious trend of thought and precocity, still he was even as other boys are. The course of his education did not always run smooth, and he and his teachers were often at variance, with the result that Schiller was made to feel something sharper than the pain of mental conflict.

Circumstances finally changed in such a way that the ministry as a profession was put aside in favor of law. Schiller's letters tell us that he was thoroughly miserable during this period of his education. In fact the severe, almost military, discipline that he underwent left its indelible marks on his sensitive nature. Every task was irksome and distasteful to him, and his life which seemed designed for less technical and more far-reaching pursuits, instinctively revolted from the narrow limits of the legal profession. Although he recognized that there is a stern realistic side of life, as well as a beautiful idealism, he could not seem to take a philosophical attitude toward his professional work, because it apparently worked at cross-purposes with the higher demands of his soul life, which found satisfaction only in the realm of poetry. This was the forbidden field where he was continually found trespassing. What wonder then, that his life at Stuttgart was full of tribulation, and vindictive feeling against those who withheld from him what he most desired! He would grow utterly morbid under this cruel restraint; at times, when the bonds momentarily loosened, his passionate nature, with all its pent up force, would burst forth.

The first expression in literature of the power of Schiller's emotions is in the tragedy of "The Robbers." As Carlyle says, "It is the expression of a strong, untutored spirit, indignant at the barriers which restrain it." Although this work made a mighty impression in the literary world because of its strong appeal to the imagination and emotions, still it shows the unmistakable signs of unfamiliarity with human characters and their ways. A relentless fate rules throughout the course of the tragedy. In the portrayal of the characters, one only is really human, while the others are exaggerated types with all the peculiarities and none of the ordinary traits of men. Schiller is his own critic in regard to this play, when he says that he presumed to delineate men two years before he had met one. There were those whom the play affected unfavorably because of certain implications made against the army, and Schil-

ler's position at Stuttgart, especially in the eyes of the Grand Duke, was uncomfortable. He was suspected of lack of fidelity in the execution of his duties, and being of a particularly sensitive nature, he imagined more evil designing than actually existed.

Chance finally offered an opportunity for him to escape from his thralldom at Stuttgart. His tragedy of "The Robbers" had been put upon the stage, and the manager of the theatre at Mannheim offered him sufficient inducement to leave Stuttgart and pursue a literary career at Mannheim. So, although the future seemed cloudy, Schiller resolved to be free to do this work he loved, and as he had a nature that was used to hardships, instead of sinking into despair at the prospect, he went out to meet the exigencies with all his strength.

He immediately planned two plays, and in less than two years after leaving Stuttgart "Verschwörung als Fiesco" and "Kabale und Liebe" were staged. These plays showed an infinitely more matured mind than the one which produced "The Robbers," both in the treatment of human nature and the general knowledge of the ways of the world. The reception given these two plays assured Schiller's literary success, besides giving him practical reward in the office of theatrical poet at Mannheim. Under these happier circumstances, then, Schiller went on with his work, which next took form in the "Don Carlos" tragedy, part of which had already appeared in the "Thalia," a literary periodical. Schiller shows in his treatment of the popular subject, the tragedy of a son condemned to death by his royal father, the advantage gained from added experience with human nature. His characters do not assume the gigantic proportions which they were wont to have in the earlier plays, and which made them seem like Marlowe's creations. Besides his improved technique, acquired by his study of the French drama, there is an ethical note in this play, taking the place of that grim Fate which rules his earlier characters absolutely.

After the success of "Don Carlos," Schiller resolved to forsake the drama and turn his attention to a new field, that of epic and lyric poetry, and history. In his lyrical writings we have all the delicacy of feeling and the finer instincts of the man brought out. The rich imagery and depth of feeling which were shown in the drama, he wove also into the lyrics.

In Schiller's historical work, his plans were two comprehensive ever to admit of execution,—such subjects as “Histories of the Conspiracies and Revolutions of the Middle and Later Ages.” Numerous other histories were planned, but none of them finished, because of his renewed devotion to the drama.

A visit to Weimar brought him into touch with other kindred spirits,—Wieland, the German poet, and Herder. Schiller seemed to be charmed with this city and wanted to live there. He writes, “You know the men of whom Germany is proud,—a Herder, a Wieland, with their brethren; and one wall now encloses me and them.” For some months he lived here and in this vicinity.

It was at this time that two new friendships were formed. One of them ripened into love for the Fräulein Lengefeld, and the other was the lasting friendship for Goethe. Of the first there is little to say except that Schiller's nature seemed to need only this one divine influence to make it expand to the fulness of its beauty. Concerning the other bond, the friendship began with almost condescension on one side, and simply deep respect and admiration on the part of the younger man. He felt at first that he had nothing at all in common with the master mind of Goethe. Their ways of thinking were essentially different and their natures were cast in entirely different moulds. Goethe had very little admiration for Schiller's earlier work, and criticises “The Robbers” as having an offensive character. He acknowledges that he made an effort to avoid meeting Schiller. Gradually, however, the respect of the younger man changed to admiration and love, while Goethe's unselfish interest for the welfare of literature was leading him to overcome his personal dislike for Schiller. There was something to justify Goethe's reluctance in recognizing the younger man's genius. He was naturally a bit loath to share the honors which had been indisputably his. Later as they came to see more of each other, and common interests developed, the friendship, bred in repugnance, grew into a mighty bond which lasted throughout their lives.

At this time a new honor was to come into Schiller's life. In response to the solicitations of Goethe, Schiller received the appointment of professor at Jena. Now it seemed as though the brightest days of his life would follow, but shortly after his establishment at Jena he became ill, and was obliged to give up

all his literary work, temporarily. His constitution, never robust, and long since weakened by his life of almost ceaseless labor, gave way finally under the strain. He had an indomitable spirit, one which would not acknowledge the rôle that sensibility plays in human life; so he struggled on with a vigor that made him forget his diseased body, within which the spirit rose supreme, and voiced itself in some of his grandest works.

Out of his historical work on the Thirty Years' War, grew his plan for the tragedy of "Wallenstein." This play, which had cost him so much toil and pleasure for seven years, was, so far, his greatest achievement. In speaking of the culmination of the tragedy, the death of Wallenstein, Carlyle says that nothing except "Macbeth" and the conclusion to "Othello" can match it. Schiller's genius, he says, is narrower than Shakespeare's, but in the exciting of lofty, earnest, strong emotion, he admits of no superior.

Schiller's wonderful triumph in "Wallenstein" won for him world-wide fame. At this time he moved again to Weimar, where he thought his health would be better. Here he wrote his "Wilhelm Tell," perhaps the best known of his plays. The fresh atmosphere and delightful simplicity are but one of its charms. The characters are genuinely human, showing the art of genius but at the same time keeping their natural simplicity. Schiller, in Carlyle's estimation, has been the only man in literature capable of doing this. The play, it is true, shows a lack of unity of interest, but the fact that it appeals to human nature so strongly, more than compensates for this fault. This is the last of Schiller's works. The same trouble which had brought him so near to death some years before, attacked him again. His always delicate constitution was now still less able to offer any resistance, and his death came in the spring of eighteen hundred and five.

Linked with these highest of intellectual faculties, was a nature as fully developed in all its capacities. His work was the work of the heart and sympathy, as well as of the intellect, and in thinking of what Mr. Burroughs once said, "It's as true as any law in statics or hydraulics that a man's work can never rise above the level of his character," we would apply it to Schiller; for his was one of the noblest of characters and his life-work rose to the same height.

ANNIE HOLBROOK DUNCAN.



## ***HAMLET***

Like a strong swimmer, struggling in high surf,  
Tho' drawn and beaten in the blinding swirl,  
With racking chest and poor tormented eyes,  
Still gaining ground, tho' less by his own will  
Than by the sweeping waves, until he gains  
At last the shore; and then, too weak to stand,  
His goal quite reached, the undercurrent slow  
Stretches strong hands, and trails him out to sea.  
So Hamlet blindly reached at last his goal,  
So struck, and then, confessed defeat and died.

FANNY HASTINGS.

## ***BEAUTY***

Beauty is everywhere; we see it budding  
With the warm new-born leaves of early spring;  
Sparkling in sun-kissed summer streams; and glowing  
In meadows hushed with autumn's golden wing.

In the still, mournful depths of winter wood-lands,  
Where hopeless trees chant requiems, sad and low,  
O'er their once restless, happy leaves, now deeply,  
Peacefully sleeping underneath the snow.

Lying on the purple slopes of distant mountains,  
Muffled in clouds, or outlined sharp and clear,  
From which our thoughts, up to their summits climbing,  
Leap to the heaven that seems to lie so near.

Rippling in the wind-swept wheat-fields of the prairies,  
In the wild glory of the ocean, tempest-hissed,  
Dancing in the sun-beams, falling with the rain-drops,  
Floating in the clouds, and rising in the mist.

Even in the cities, where with smoky mantles  
Men strive to veil the evil that is done,  
Seeking to hide their sin and pain and folly  
From the fierce countenance of the honest sun.

When day retires, shamed and heavy-hearted,  
And the concealing shades of evening come,  
Pitying stars send down sweet pleading voices,  
Calling God's wandering, weary children home.

MARGARET HAMILTON WAGENHALS.

BLOTTED

"It's gone on about as long as I can stand it," said John Randall to himself, as he pushed a barrel full of smooth-cheeked Royals out toward the door of the apple-house. "It's gone on long enough. I'm sick and tired of bein' chief cook and bottle-washer; and what's more, I won't stand it any longer."

He went over to the other end of the apple-house, rolled out a new barrel, and began to fill it from a big bin of purple Gillyflowers.

"I'm sick of these things," he remarked, taking a big bite out of an especially fine apple, "I've had 'em baked, and I've had 'em stewed, and I've had 'em raw. I've had 'em peeled and unpeeled, and halved, and quartered. I've eat 'em hot for breakfast, and hotter for dinner, and warmed up for supper. I never used to get sick of 'em when Eliza Ann fixed 'em for me, but now—" Here he stopped again and drew the sleeve of his coat across his eyes.

"Milk's another thing I've had," he went on, "milk, and water for a change, and then milk again. And then crackers—eat 'em to get up an appetite for milk—and sometimes mush. Oh yes, and potatoes; and I've had store things. I feel as if I'd lived on sawdust since Eliza Ann died." He paused again in his soliloquy, sorting apples with a strange feverishness until the barrel was heaped high. Then, drawing a pipe and a tobacco-bag from his pocket, he filled the former, and began to smoke.

"Guess Eliza Ann's ghost would be pretty well shocked if it should come back home to-night," he thought, "I hain't washed the dishes this week, nor made my bed for days and days; and the floor hain't been swept since land knows when."

"Used to think I sh'd be happy if ever I could do as I was a mind to," he went on, puffing away in a faint attempt at comfort, "I s'posed that if I could put my things anywhere, and

not fuss to wipe my feet afore I went into the house, and never have no housecleanin', I'd be in Paradise. Fool! precious little Paradise about this kind of life."

He picked up a small knotty apple and gave it a vicious fling away out of the apple-house door. It gleamed a moment in the yellow Indian Summer light, and then was gone.

"And now," he began again, "now it's goin' to be put an end to. I'm a-goin' to get married, I be, so there!" And with this announcement, he moved on to another barrel and a bin of shiny red Baldwins.

"Ah, you!" he cried, shaking his fist at them, "'twon't be you that 'll be eaten when I get my wife." And another apple went flying out into the sunlight. But suddenly his arm fell at his side.

"Good Lord!" he cried, "where'll I get the woman? Where will I get her?" He stopped short in blank amazement, and his forehead wrinkled. Taking the pipe from his mouth, he held it meditatively in his hand.

"I won't have a Williams nor a Shaw," he thought, "I wouldn't let a Miller into the house, and I wouldn't have Clarissa Johnson's cats; and 'Mandy Farnum's too particular. She said 'no' once, and I shan't ask her again, even if she has brought me two pies and a mess of doughnuts. It was ten years ago she told me I could mind my own business and not bother her any more 'till I gave up smokin' and tried to be 'particular' like other men. I hain't bothered her since, and I don't intend to, unless she—But she won't. No, there ain't nobody round here I could marry even if I wanted to."

"But I'll get married," he said aloud, replacing the pipe in his mouth, "if I have to go to Becket for a wife."

"I can't go anywhere, though," he continued, despairingly, "I'm just chained down to this old hut. Oh, you apple! I hate you! You're going—nobody knows how far you'll go. Maybe you'll see a hundred women that 'ud be glad to come and live along o' me, if they only knew. Tell her I want her, do you hear? Tell her, I say!"

But the apple did not show a sign of being anything but a red-cheeked Baldwin, and John Randall dropped it despairingly into the barrel and resumed his work and his smoking in silence. Another barrel was half full when he spoke again.

"But the apples 'll go!" he exclaimed, and a slow light crept

over his brown face, "and if—why, I could make them get me a wife!"

Overcome with the idea, he sat down on a wheelbarrow to think it over. Finally he got up, and hurriedly entered the unswept kitchen. Without taking off his hat, he sat down before an old secretary and opened it.

"Guess I'll use that paper Eliza Ann gave me," he decided, reaching out for a box, on the cover of which a boy in red was making love to a girl in yellow. As his fingers touched it, however, they left a dirty smirch. "'Shaw!" he exclaimed, "'Course I ought to wash my hands first." After he had made them as red as he could with soap and water, he came back to the secretary laid his pipe down and opened the box.

"I wonder how I'd better begin," he thought, taking out a sheet of blue-lined paper. "I can't say 'Dear,' 'cause I don't know her name; I can't say 'Madam,' 'cause a man might find it first; 'twouldn't look good to say nothin' for a beginnin'. Oh!" as his eyes fell on the drawer where he kept the deeds of his farm, "Of course! Why didn't I think of it before? 'To whom it may concern.' There, that's pretty good. Guess I better put 'Greeting' next. "To whom it may concern, Greeting.' If she sh'd be rich that 'ud quite please her now, wouldn't it?"

"I wonder which I ought to tell first; that I'm thirty-seven years old, or that I want to get married. I guess she'd rather know about me first, how I own these apples, and all that. 'This certifies that I, the man that packed these apples, am thirty-seven years old, and own a good farm.'" He looked at it critically. "Guess I made that 'I' too big; but then, I ain't very small, anyway, and she might as well get a notion of my size at the very first. Hang! there goes a blot. Now I've got to copy it."

When the second sheet lay before him, all neatly inscribed, he came to a halt. "Oh, Eliza Ann!" he cried, "Wish you'd tell me what to write next!" And as if Eliza Ann had heard his prayer and had consented to be his inspiring muse, his pen began to move across the paper: "If anyone would like to marry me, I wish she would let me know."

"I ain't particular about whether she's a widow or not," he said, as he leaned back in his chair, "Perhaps I'd better tell her that, too, 'cause she might get discouraged, thinkin' I wouldn't

want a warmed-over wife. I dunno as I need to say anything else," he remarked, after thinking a while, "except this," and he scratched across the paper the closing words: "Send letters to P. O. Box 195, Goshen, Massachusetts, U. S. A."

"'Cause it might go to England," he chuckled, and the pen, with conscious pride at having written so many words, set a seal to its labors with a great blot.

"Well, I never!" John Randall exclaimed. "Blast you! If I haven't got to write that all over. I don't suppose any woman 'd have me, if I asked her on blotted writing paper." Having finished his third copy he started for the apple-house. He tied his letter to the largest apple he could find, and laid it almost tenderly in the barrel. Then, with equal carefulness, he packed other apples around it and on top of it until not a speck of white could be seen. All the while, his heart beat a little faster, and confused thoughts crowded up into his head. But his thoughts would have been even more confused, if he had known all that was happening even then in the kitchen; for scarcely had he reached the apple-house when Amanda Farnum opened his kitchen door.

"Goodness alive!" she exclaimed, as she entered, "I shouldn't think he'd swept here since Eliza Ann died. I don't see how he can live in such a mess! That shiftless sister of his was bad enough, but I believe even she would turn in her grave if she could see this." She held up her skirts, and tiptoed across to the old secretary.

"That everlastin' pipe of his!" she sniffed, "I wish I dared to throw it out o' the window. He could live just as well without makin' a smoke-stack of himself. But then, better a pipe than a bottle. Land! I wonder what he's been up to now!" she went on, setting down a tin pail, and taking the blotted sheet of paper. "'To whom it may concern,' well, that's me, I guess, 'Greeting. This certifies that I, the man that packed these apples, am thirty-seven years old, and own a good farm,'—yes, and 'twould be enough sight better if you wouldn't be so shiftless,—'If any woman would like to marry me, I wish she would let me know. I ain't particular whether she is a widow or not. Send letters to P. O. Box 195, Goshen, Massachusetts, U. S. A.'" Well, I never! what on earth is he doing that for. I wonder if he really has got tired of living alone." She read the letter again, slowly, this time, and then stood very still.

"Mph!" she said, turning away, with a strange tenderness in her eyes, "I could show him a woman that would answer that, and not go very far either,—and maybe—I don't know as I'd hate smokin' so, after all—guess I'll put these doughnuts in the jar, and hurry home, I forgot to tell mother where I'd gone."

In spite of all John Randall's precautions, however, the winter months passed without bringing him any reply.

"Probably," John used to say in consolation, "probably they'll keep those apples till spring. Then she'll find my letter and write."

As for Amanda, she watched him very closely. Every time he went down by her house, whistling, on his way to the village, and came back in silence, she drew a long breath, and made an extra mince-pie for him. Her attentions extended beyond bread and pies and doughnuts, to sweeping, bed-making and mending; so that John Randall no longer felt like an outcast. When April came, he even ventured to ask her to hire a woman and to give his "shanty" a "regular old cleaning," and perhaps paper the kitchen and sitting-room. Amanda did not refuse. She only tightened her lips, and thought of the woman who even now might be building air-castles about living with the "man of thirty-seven" on a "good farm."

During this time, John Randall had made daily journeys to the post-office. His hope, half quenched by the constant uselessness of these trips, was growing fainter and fainter. Yet it flamed up brightly, when, in answer to his oft-repeated question, the postmistress handed him, besides his weekly Herald, a large white envelope, addressed in an unfamiliar hand, and postmarked, "Crompton, Rhode Island." Rushing back to his wagon, he jumped in, and drove rapidly till he came to the long hill just outside the village. Here he let the horse jog along at its own pace, and taking the letter out of his pocket, proceeded to examine it.

"Looks kind of scrawly for a woman's writin'," he observed, as he tore open the end. "I hope she ain't one of these mascerline new women. If she is, I shall send her back on the next train." He drew out the sheet of paper, and began to read.

"'Mr. Man of thirty-seven. Your barrel of apples was opened to-day, and your letter found. I, too, am desirous of getting married. I am two years younger than you, and very beautiful as well as rich; but I long to live on a farm with some

one I can love. For references address Rev. Peter Dogood and Dr. John Healall, both of Crompton, R. I. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am yours ever, Hannah Gage.' ”

“Now that sounds pretty good,” he remarked. “She’ll do all right. ‘Beautiful and rich’ just as I hoped she’d be, and ‘wants to live on a farm with some one to love.’ I guess I and my farm ’ll be just what she wants, too. I’m glad ’Mandy’s got the house cleaned up. Hope my new woman ’ll hurry up and come. I never can keep it clean. My! if here ain’t ’Mandy’s house. Guess I better not be readin’ a letter goin’ by.” He tucked the envelope into his pocket, drew out his Herald, and opened it. His eye glanced over the first page, and rested at last on a column headed, “Romance in Goshen.”

“Mph!” he snorted. “Wonder who’s been bein’ silly up here. Like as not it’s that Williams girl. She tried to catch me with her little tricks, but I was too smart for her.”

But what was this he was reading about a barrel of apples packed in Goshen, and a note tied to one of the apples? Whose letter was it that was printed out to the light of day? and what was that about a grocery clerk’s finding the letter, and, instead of giving it to some eligible person, handing it to the village wag? Could that last sentence be true, that those fellows had made up a letter to send to him in reply? He was far beyond ’Mandy’s house now—he could look at the letter again. Yes, the handwriting was certainly that of a man. It was a joke, a cruel, heartless joke, and his dream of a home must perish. Worst of all, everybody would know, and ’Mandy would know; and what would she say?

“Oh, if I was only married!” he groaned. “Then people wouldn’t think it was me that did that. If I was only somebody else!” He thrust the letter back into his pocket, and folded up the Herald, as the horse, of its own accord, turned into the dooryard. ’Mandy was at the kitchen door, shaking dust-cloths. John Randall kept his face turned the other way, and drove straight on into the barn. It took him a long time to unharness. Once he took his pipe out of his pocket and half filled it. Then, for no apparent reason, he emptied it, and stuck it back in his pocket. And this, too, took a long time; so that it was six o’clock before he decided that he could go into the house. As he entered the clean kitchen where ’Mandy had just finished spreading a little table, she was putting on her hat.

"Any news?" she asked.

"Not as I know of," he replied, lying consciously.

But 'Mandy's quick eye had caught a glimpse of a white edge protruding from his pocket, and her face paled. Randall, feeling her gaze, shuffled his feet uneasily. There was an awkward pause. His eyes, trying to avoid hers, strayed over the neat room, and rested a moment on the carefully set table.

'Mandy was putting on her jacket, and wondering how soon the new mistress would come. She buttoned up her wrap, and turned to the embarrassed man beside her.

"Goodbye," she said, and put her hand on the door-knob. But John Randall snatched it away.

"Don't go," he cried, and a sudden determination leaped into his eyes. "I can't never get along alone again. And I won't smoke at all, if you'll only marry me,—'Mandy."

EVA AUGUSTA PORTER.

## SUNSET

Above the purple pine tops,  
Above the purple hills,  
From rosy purpling grayness  
The golden rapture thrills.

To the azure zenith  
Orange flames aspire,  
Swirling 'gainst the glory  
Of turquoise and sapphire.

Up into the zenith  
Pours the golden flame,  
Leaping, lingering, longing  
For the way it came.

Hush! across the beauty  
Of the salmon gold  
Amethystine splendor  
Drifting, fold on fold.

Far behind the mountains,  
On the sapphire sky,  
Streaks of golden salmon  
Darkness still defy.



But the gorgeous glory  
Fades to purple gray,  
And in royal raiment  
Darkness follows day.

SARAH BARBER WEBSTER.

### NEVIN'S "GONDOLIERI"

Among those widely loved reminiscences of Italy, called by Ethelbert Nevin "A Day in Venice," the "Gondolier's Song" stands forth, not only for its dreamy beauty, but as an instance of a conflict between art and nature. It represents the song that the Venetian gondolier sings as he plies his oar, in the early morning, a song as natural and unconscious as that of a bird,—he sings because he is happy and cannot help singing. Then his mood changes, and he recalls a dreamy melody that came to him at dawn, a suggestion of love, perhaps, with a touch of passion, fading into regret. But such thoughts cannot hold him long, in the fresh morning air; he breaks off abruptly and launches again with new spirit into his first happy, inconsequent melody. This, at least, is my interpretation of the music, which is so suggestive that one can scarcely help reading some such meaning into its notes.

The idea is well carried out, to the point of the sudden break in the singer's strain of regret. Here a strange thing happens. The gondolier not only abruptly changes his train of thought, which is not surprising, considering his volatile nature, but he jumps to an entirely different key. In so doing he violates a fundamental rule of the art of music, which, though perhaps not commonly known, is quite commonly felt. It causes a jar. You feel that there is something wrong, and your attention is taken from the unconscious song of the gondolier by wondering what has happened, and what made him do it. The whole point of the change of thought, which should illustrate the spontaneity of the singer, is lost.

Music is a strange thing, of a nature so changeable as to be able to reflect every mood of man, often better than any words could express it. Natural music,—music which is unrestricted by the rules that in time grow up in any language of thought,—seems to be absolutely free and unfettered. But in our universe noth-

ing is wholly uninfluenced by other things, and music is no exception to this rule. Through all music runs a law no less binding than the Law of Gravitation,—the law of key; that is, the natural tendency of music is to stay in the same key, and any change from that key must be by an effort of something outside of the music itself. And the corollary to that law, as unalterable as the law itself, is that music, when forced out of its original key, follows the path of least resistance, and goes into the key that is most like the one it left. This is seen in a very elementary study of harmony. A large part of that subject is the study of the best and easiest ways to change from one key to another, and, invariably, as the keys differ more radically, the modulation becomes more complicated, till in some cases there is no method of transition which is not forced. But the same fact is just as evident from observation. Listen, for instance, to a crowd of people singing without an instrument to accompany them and set the key,—a crowd more alive to the enjoyment of singing than to the rules by which they are unconsciously guided. No matter what they sing; hymns, college songs, negro melodies, they will all be almost invariably started in the same key, though the act may be absolutely unconscious. But when, by reason of the pitch of a certain tune some change of key is necessary, this change is nearly certain to be to the key a fifth above, the one most like that in which they have been singing. The rule is just as true in the case of a single person. It takes a strong effort of the will to do away sufficiently with the effect of one key to start a tune in another a little higher or lower than before. The tendency is to follow the rule, and as the law of gravitation can be opposed only by physical force, so this requires mental force to overcome its influence.

Now what did Nevin do? Nevin was hampered by two laws; one, this natural one whose force he must have recognized, and the other, a mechanical law belonging to the art of music, which grows out of natural music as legality grows out of natural law. This law is, that a composition must end in the key in which it began, no matter how far astray it may wander during its course. Nevin's gondolier began to sing in E, but his dreamy fancies soon carried him over easily into C. However, it is harder to escape from C to E than to drift the other way, for the new key in this case utterly obliterates all feeling of the old. The skilful manipulation of chords necessary to clear a

passage between the two keys would be too stiff for so semi-unconscious a song as that of the gondolier. Nevin is in a dilemma; he must break the rule compelling him to return to his first key, and risk the loss of unity in his composition, or he must violate the law of the nature of music, and jump to his destination regardless. He chooses the latter course, bridges the gulf by sheer force of will, and appears suddenly in his old key. But as a kind of apology to the law that he offended, and to partially cover his action, he makes a distinct break in the line of thought, and cuts off the dreamer in the midst of his regret, that the sudden awakening may account for any erratic thing that he might do. The excuse is plausible, but will scarcely serve. Of all people on earth, a Venetian gondolier, in whose nature music is so closely interwoven that through it his fleeting sensations find their simplest expression, would be least likely to break, by an intellectual act, a law that is almost part of his own being, in order to return to a key that has already passed from his memory. The gondolier is no artist; the laws of art are wholly beyond his comprehension. Nevin tried to kill two birds with one stone, but the birds were too far apart. One indeed he captured, but the other only raised a confusing flutter in its escape.

But if all this is so, why is not this blemish, which violates our natural feelings about music, enough to spoil the song? Perhaps because so large a part of modern music seems to make a point of practicing upon one's feelings, seeing how much deviation from the expected will pass unnoticed or even approved. And it is a quality in our human nature that such things appeal to us, just as we like to watch a dog walk on two legs, or even put his head between his paws, and "say his prayers," though we thoroughly realize its artificiality. This feeling, combined with our love for novelty, accounts for many of the strange effects in modern music, and serves to excuse Nevin's action in this song. So, if what people like is the criterion of excellence, Nevin is wholly justified. But the idea that nature will follow the man-made rules of art is false at the bottom, and cannot be made true. We must blame the principle, even while we approve the effect.

LUCY SOUTHWORTH WICKER.

## **THE HOLY SHADOW**

### **I.**

Prince Rupert paused by the crucifix  
That stands in the convent court alway,  
His plumed hat from his head he picks  
To bid "God-speed," for he will away.

A fortnight since, when the night was dark,  
Two brothers found him beside the road,  
Wounded and robbed and lying stark,  
And they bore him home to the House of God.

And now the Prince to the city goes.  
His friends have come to escort him hence,  
Once more to deal with his friends and foes,  
To play at dice, to drink and fence.

He leaves Saint Dominic. The Head,  
His white gown shining in the sun,  
Bids him farewell. "My Prince," he said,  
"Our prayers for thee thy life have won."

The Prince laughed loud. "I thank ye, then,"  
He cried—"So long as life may last,  
Prince Rupert, son of royal men,  
Shall be your friend both true and fast."

"The son of twice an hundred kings  
Will not break faith!"—The abbot said  
"Place thou thy trust in holier things  
Than man's vain words which soon are sped!"

"Boast not thy name, nor race, nor faith,  
Boast not in pride thy wealth or power.  
We trust in Him who died the death,  
Our Friend, indeed, our Refuge-Tower!"

Aloud then Rupert laughed once more,  
And pointed to the Holy Cross—  
"He *was* a king in times before.  
Methinks his power suffered loss!"

"This marble cross is what he had,  
The shadow lying on the ground  
There at your feet, Sir Monk, 'tis sad,  
Is strong as he!" And with the sound

Of laughter from the courtiers gay,  
Prince Rupert sprang upon his steed,  
And, as he gaily rode away,  
He called again a loud "God-speed."

"What power the Church of God doth wield  
Is as the shadow on the sand.  
For me, the power of sword and shield  
Is stronger far than prayer's demand!"

## II.

Prince Rupert lay by the dusty way,  
Ragged and torn and drunk with wine,  
He had lost his kingdom and gold at play,  
And was cast to sleep by the wayside shrine.

And the first clear light of a summer's dawn  
Has shown a shadow across his gaze,  
As he wakes to learn that his power's gone,  
As the lost delights of other days.

They had sworn their truth, his courtier friends—  
They cheated at cards, and cast him forth.  
Each had to serve his own vile ends,  
No friends to the pauper, south or north!

The shadow attracts his wandering glance,  
And he stares aghast at the form it shows,  
An inky Cross in the morn's advance,  
The shade of a Cross that Rupert knows!

He rose and faced the solemn Sign,  
Then kissed the feet of the Saviour there—  
"Dear Lord, take thou this life of mine,  
Let me the white monk's habit wear!"

"I'll leave my name, and race,—in faith,  
I've lost in pride my wealth and power,—  
Be all for Him who died the death,  
My only Friend, my Refuge-Tower!"

"What power the Church of God doth yield  
Is as a shadow on the sand.  
My life is Thine, so let me yield,  
And bow me humble 'neath Thy Hand."

III.

The Prince long years in the convent dwelt,  
A humble servant with no reward,  
Called Brother John; and he daily knelt  
With fervent prayers in the convent-yard,

Before the marble Cross upraised,  
And matins finished, he daily passed  
To the village poor, where he was praised  
And loved by all, until at last

He heard a group of gossips say—  
"This Friar John has many friends—  
A holy man, more pure each day,  
Whose prayer and fasting never ends!"

When to the chapel he returned,  
He prayed—"Dear Lord, in serving thee  
Which I have done with heart that burned  
In love, I find that some praise me!

"But, Lord, the praise of man is vain,  
And to escape, I gave my life  
To thee, and knew my truest gain  
Was seeking Peace, and leaving strife.

"I would become but shadow, Lord,  
And hear no praises but for Thee,  
Oh Lord, send peace!"—And with this word,  
He stopped, amazed, his piteous plea.

For lo, a light most soft and fair  
Gleamed 'round about him as he prayed,  
And Angels bright were standing there.  
Then one to him soft-smiling said—

"What is thy wish? For we were sent  
To grant your prayer, dear brother John!"  
"The Evil One's bold shafts are spent  
In vain on me! Ye fiends, begone!"

"We are no devils," they replied.

"Fair angels come from heav'n above  
Are we; and He on cross who died  
Will grant thy boon in His great love!"

"I wish no boon!" he sadly said.

"Unknown, unsought, my life must be—  
In quiet be my life-days sped  
And serving God on humble knee!"

The Angels spoke—"But we were sent  
To work a miracle! How go  
To Heav'n again, our power unspent?  
Desire your heart must surely know!"

Then said the Friar—"I ask of you,  
Bright Angels, messengers from Heav'n,  
The boon that I much good may do,  
And know not how, nor to whom giv'n!"

The Angels smiled and flew away.  
Thence, where he went, those deep in need,  
On whom his shadow rested, say  
That to them came true help indeed.

And then, forgot was Friar John.  
"The Holy Shadow!" was he named,  
And he knew not of great deeds done  
That to the Church drew hearts enflamed.

Such pow'r the Might of God doth wield!  
'Tis as this shadow on the sand,  
Which led a Prince his life to yield  
To nameless service at His Hand.

ELSA BEECHER LONGYEAR.

### ON ACCOUNT OF THE ARTIST WE MOVE

"We must move," said Aunt Mathilda firmly. Molly and I looked at each other sorrowfully. We knew the decision was irrevocable. It was the Artist's fault. He had come to live next door some six months before and Aunt Mathilda said that ever since, he had lent an air of hopeless extravagance to the street, which she for one would not countenance by remaining on it.

The Artist's cook told Katie, our one maid-of-all-work, that he opened champagne every evening for dinner—and Katie guilelessly repeated this information to Aunt Mathilda. Now we never indulged in anything but grape juice, and that on state occasions only, so the effect of Katie's piece of gossip was about the same on Aunt Mathilda as if she had told her that the Artist consumed two quarts of whiskey every hour during the day, with an extra allowance for Sunday.

Then the Artist's pretty little girl ran up a bill at the corner drug store of sixteen dollars for soda water. It happened this way. The Artist's wife told the clerk in the store to charge any soda water which her little girl wanted. The other children in the neighborhood soon found this out, and in large crowds prevailed on the child to treat them to their favorite beverage. Rumor had it that the Artist laughed when the bill was presented. "He laughed," said Aunt Mathilda, "but I notice he didn't pay it. Perfectly outrageous!"

Molly and I didn't say anything but we secretly thought it was perfectly lovely. We didn't get much soda water, you see. We regretted, I remember, that we were not the age of the little girl—perhaps she would have treated us, too. Molly was fourteen and I was a year younger. The Artist's little girl was just six.

The Artist entertained a great deal. Such dinners as he gave! Molly and I used to hide in the pantry and listen while his cook told Katie about them—twelve courses—we could hardly believe it. Aunt Mathilda said it was a sinful waste of time, money and food.

Molly and I used to stand at the parlor windows and watch the people who came to these dinners. Such pretty ladies, in wonderful gowns, such handsome gentlemen. One young lady came often. To Molly and me she was the ideal of everything that was beautiful. We called her the "Princess," and many an exciting chapter of romance did we weave about her—Molly and I had read some novels, when Aunt Mathilda was not at home. We made up stories about all the people who came next door, and told them to each other, but the "Princess" was ever our favorite. The tales about her were sure to end with her happy marriage to the young man who sometimes came with her, and who had the remarkable hat which closed up with a snap by means of some hidden spring. It seemed only fitting that a magician should marry the "Princess."



Whenever Aunt Mathilda saw us at the window, she would say sternly, "Come right away, girls, don't look at those people. I can't approve of them or their ways."

"Why, Aunt Mathilda," said Molly once. "They're just Bohemian." She had read the word "Bohemian" in a book; she didn't know exactly what it meant, but it sounded so well.

"Pooh," replied Aunt Mathilda, "they're just outlandish. They don't wear any sleeves in their dresses—nor any yokes either."

Then it was that Aunt Mathilda, incensed at the very thought of living next door to a house where sleeveless dresses held carnival, decided that we must move. Molly and I were sure there was no escape. We would never see the "Princess" again. We would never find such another neighbor as the Artist. Though to be exact we weren't very neighborly with the Artist and his family. Aunt Mathilda had called once on the Artist's wife when the latter first arrived. The Artist's wife had returned the call, and while she and Aunt Mathilda were vainly attempting to find some common topic of interest, Molly and I leaned over the banister and counted the rows of insertion on the back of her dress.

"Twelve," said Molly breathlessly, "One for every course at the dinners."

After this call, during which Aunt Mathilda happened to remark that she considered the Artist's little girl "real pretty" the Artist's wife sent over six photographs of the little girl. Aunt Mathilda, thinking that she was merely to make a selection, picked out the least fancy of the pictures and sent back the other five. It developed later that the gift consisted of the entire six.

This fact on their side, and Aunt Mathilda's constantly increasing disapproval on ours, occasioned strained relations between the families. But now alas! we were to move,—so it didn't matter.

Aunt Mathilda consulted the newspapers industriously and visited all the vacant houses in town. Then she decided on a house which was only three blocks distant, but which was piously located between a minister's family and the president of the "Blind Girls Home." The house wasn't as pretty or as comfortable as the one we were in, but Aunt Mathilda was so delighted over the neighborhood that she lost no time in getting ready to move at once.

Oh! what a time we had. I never thought before that we were much blessed with this world's goods, but it seemed that we were, for I have never seen such an amount of stuff as came to light in the next few days. Old furniture from the attic, old pots and pans from the basement, old clothes from Aunt Mathilda's closet. Everything was old. The cabinet was our one new possession and Molly and I fondly hoped that our new neighbors would look out of their windows only when that was carried into our new abode. Aunt Mathilda packed all her small possessions in band-boxes, and piled them high, one on top of another, and tied them together. You can imagine that eight band-boxes made something of a column.

Then were summoned three negroes and a moving van, and by means of these our Lares and Penates were roughly transferred. Molly and I stood on the porch of the new house and told the men where to put each article of furniture. They didn't understand us very well, I guess, because they hardly got anything in the right place. Aunt Mathilda didn't like it one bit when she found her feather bed in the kitchen, and the collection of books which had belonged to her father upstairs in Katie's room on the third floor. Then they stored the refrigerator in the garret. I don't wonder they took it for an antique. Of course the neighbors all did look out of the windows when the battered up furniture arrived, but Molly and I consoled ourselves with the thought of the cabinet. But when it did come, on account of a sudden shower, the men put a dirty piece of canvas over it and carried it in that way. That was a great blow to Molly and me. I saw the president of the "Blind Girls Home" half hidden by her curtain, smile as a pyramid of band-boxes came around the corner, with apparently no means of locomotion. The stalwart darkey was quite hidden behind them. They couldn't go in the van without being untied, and as Aunt Mathilda wouldn't hear of that, the darkey had carried them around.

A single exciting event occurred in the course of the move. Now Aunt Mathilda, though it is hard to believe, had one weakness. This was in the shape of two plaster casts of that variety more prevalent now than then, one of a lion and the other of a lioness. Why she had such a fancy for them we never knew.

"I think," Molly had said once, "that a long time ago maybe she had a lover who took her to visit a Zoo."

"Molly, you would make up a love story out of a block of

wood," said I, with no conscious disparagement of Aunt Mathilda.

However it was, Aunt Mathilda would suffer no alien hand to move her favorites.

"I'll just carry them over myself," she said to the men.

"The president of the 'Blind Girl's Home' will see you surely," said Molly, somewhat mischievously.

"That makes no difference," said Aunt Mathilda coldly.

Perhaps it did not, but Aunt Mathilda went up the back way through the alley. She explained afterwards that as our house was only one from the corner it seemed shorter to go that way with those heavy beasts. When Aunt Mathilda got to the back gate, she found it was locked. So she put the lions down gently through a hole in the fence and went around and got in through the front door. She started at once after her treasures, but they were gone. They had not left so much as a single track in the dust.

That was the only time I ever saw Aunt Mathilda lose her self-control. She peered up and down the alley and ran to look in the coal bin. She scolded Katie. She turned fiercely on Molly and me, and demanded to know whether we had hidden them. Hidden them! We were too amazed to be indignant. We had never cared to play with fire sufficiently to hide those sacred quadrupeds. Our sympathies were finally aroused to such an extent that we started on our first and only lion hunt.

Over in a vacant lot which opened off the alley, we saw three little ragged boys playing. They were cheering and hooting. Molly and I went up quietly behind them. Yes, those dirty little boys were playing menagerie with Aunt Mathilda's lions. They had put sticks in their mouths and were irreverently whipping them up. The rascals had seen Aunt Mathilda put the lions in the hole and had proceeded to purloin them. Molly and I took them away by force and carried them to the new house. Aunt Mathilda went right out to lecture the little boys, but they were nowhere to be found. A great chip was knocked off the lion's mane—awful desecration—and he ever afterwards had to stand with that side next to the wall.

The next day, while our household goods were in a hopelessly chaotic condition, Molly picked up a newspaper, and exclaimed excitedly, "Just listen to this. The Artist's gone. This says, 'He departed suddenly with his family. No one knows where.

Friends deny any knowledge of his whereabouts. Left huge debts, among his minor ones were bills of twenty dollars to the milk man, and sixteen dollars for soda water. His household effects to be sold at auction.'"

It was even so. The feather bed had progressed no farther than the back hall where Aunt Mathilda had spent the night. The refrigerator was still in the garret—the library remained in the cook's room. Even Aunt Mathilda admitted that the house was not so comfortable or homelike, particularly in its present condition, as the other one. There was nothing interesting to Molly and me about the neighbors. We had to content ourselves with watching the wind inflate the minister's trousers, as they hung out on the clothes line to be brushed, and this you will admit was no substitute for the "Princess." Above all, the lion's mane was chipped. Yet on account of the Artist we had moved—and now the Artist had moved too.

LUCIE LONDON.

## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### APRIL: THE BEGINNING

Between the old and new they stand,  
The tender clouds, like hearts we know,  
Whose love can teach  
Our souls the future and the past;  
Who know the ways by which we go,  
The marks we reach.

The clouds are gray, and never lift  
Their misty faces from the hills  
While low they bend,  
To hide from stain the new-born life,  
The world's fresh innocence that thrills  
To find its end.

Their misty faces watch the deep  
And lower bend, half wonderingly,  
To hide the tears  
For restless life when earth is new,  
For those whose hearts live as the sea  
In ceaseless years.

HELEN ISABEL WALBRIDGE.

Molly was mad at herself, at her mother, at the dressmaker, and at the dress that was being tried on. When she was mad, she always wanted to cry and scream.

**Molly's Trials** It was hard work for her to hold in while the dressmaker, taking her usual attitude on the floor, one foot stuck out, and mouth full of pins, turned and pinned her skirt, and her mother walked around her, saying with satisfaction, "Yes—that's plenty long enough,—a very pretty length, don't you think so, Molly?"

Molly had to bite her tongue and clench her hands to keep the angry little whirlwind inside her down, before she

answered falteringly, "I suppose so." When the dressmaker had finished hanging the skirt, and had laid it over the back of the chair, Molly went out of the room, all cluttered with dress-making stuff, and stole up the attic stairs. There she sat down on a dusty pile of old newspapers and meditated, staring vacantly at the shiny dust bars that slid in through the window. The angry tears half blinded her.

"Mother might know how silly it is for a person as old as I am to have such babyishly short clothes. There's Helen Lyons. She's a whole year younger than I am, and her skirts are lots longer. I'm fourteen and she's only thirteen. I feel so awkward and foolish and young, with those skirts way up above my shoe-tops, and I know the other girls laugh at me. Now mother's having this new dress made, and it's pretty enough, but oh dear! it's only the littlest *bit* longer! I hate it, so I do! Mother might know! I've got dreadfully long legs,—as if it wasn't enough to have red hair and green eyes:—Madame called me a cat and said I had red hair and green eyes, but Madame's only a French freak anyway—" with a rueful laugh. "She calls the other girls little devils, and I'm only a cat or a frog—well—at anyrate—oh dear! It's mean, hateful mean. If I were a boy, I'd put on long trousers right away, and not have these foolish halfway things. How a boy would look with his trousers about two inches above his boots! But I'm reasonable about it. I don't want my skirts long, I only want them to cover up my legs, confound it!"

Molly got up and surveyed her legs. They looked well enough then, in their neat black stockings and well fitting low shoes. But certainly the gingham ruffle did not sweep the floor, and there was a considerable space of black ankle to be seen. Molly scowled, and swallowed at an evil lump in her throat. "Confound it!" she said again, half aloud, and looked around as if she expected someone to come up behind and reprove her. But the attic was still and sunny, with its bare, nail stuck rafters, the boarded floor strewn with old papers knee high in some places, and the mysterious darkness where the eaves slanted to meet the floor. Under the high window, into which flooded the brightness of the noon sun, stood a work bench, covered with tools, shavings, and queer little contrivances of wood and string, and hacked by inexperienced carpenters. Molly sauntered up to the bench with a pensive air. It made

her lonesome, for it was her brother's, and he was away at college. It was simply horrid without him. The girls were all silly. "Oh dear." Real tears came to her eyes this time, and she sat down on the old rowing machine, never minding the dust and cobwebs, and wept. Then suddenly she caught sight of her black ankles. They provoked her and stopped her crying for her brother. She positively must do something—it wasn't decent—no, not *decent*. What could she do? She might fall on her knees, and pray her mother with tears to make her skirts longer. But that would be silly, and she doubted if her mother would yield, and there would be all her weeping for nothing. She might run away or hurt herself, and in the joy of recovery, her mother would grant any desire of her heart. But no, Molly was not a brave enough small person for that, and a smile slowly broke over her face, for she had some sense of humor, and saw how ridiculous it would be to play a bad fall and days in bed, against two inches of petticoat length. She might beg her father to intercede. She might bribe the dressmaker. But her father always said "I don't want my little girl to grow up so soon," and the dressmaker would probably need a larger bribe than impecunious Molly could scrape up. Well, what was there to do after all, but to wait in patience until her mother should understand? "Grin and bear it," and that was all.

"*Confound it!*" Molly had started another word, which she had never heard anyone say, except in books, but had always wanted to experiment on. But she was afraid that the earth might open, or the sky come crashing down upon her head, and so she merely confounded it all with great zeal.

The attic was a somewhat soothing place, to be sure. Molly enjoyed saying "*confound it*" out loud, and she enjoyed the musty, sunny heat. She sat there. Presently the dinner bell rang, its clanging muffled by passage through many doors and over two flights of stairs. Molly did not stir from the old rowing machine. Something was brewing in the yeasty grey matter of her brain, and she smiled a little.

"If it only would work! Do I dare! But they'll find it out! No, they won't! I'll do it. Oh!"

Blissful visions floated through her head. She stopped confounding things, and thought. "I'll bet I can. Three to one! Will you take me up, Dante?" to a solemn charcoal drawing of that good man that lay crumpled and forlorn on the floor.

"Molly! Molly!" from downstairs. Molly did not answer, but heard her mother say, "Oh, she's somewhere around. We'd better go to dinner without her."

Molly chuckled. "If it will work!" She arose from the rowing machine, brushed the dust off her dress, and went down stairs to the dress making room. They had all gone, leaving the cause of the war over a chair. Molly looked at the untidy room with distaste. Why must a dressmaker always strew bits and ravelings all over the floor, and sow a crop of pins after duly sucking them? The half finished garments lying around made the girl feel wrathful inside. Men didn't have such a fuss with their clothes.

She stole up to her own dress, gingerly, stealthily, guiltily. She took the skirt and held it up to herself. It was only an inch or so longer than the old one, but was certainly very pretty, being of some soft, light green stuff, "to match my eyes," thought scornful Molly. She looked around and listened. Nobody was there, but she could hear them downstairs at dinner. She must hurry. Quickly but carefully she began to move the pins that marked the length of the skirt. She moved them an inch, and turned the stuff under to get the effect, holding the dress up to herself again. It did not look very different. Molly, with fear and trembling, smiling guiltily, moved the pins another inch. Oh, glorious effect! Oh joy! If they will only make it up so! She laid the skirt back, carefully arranging the folds, and slipped down to dinner, with a queer feeling inside. She had never done a bit of deceit before. She felt strange, but not wicked as yet.

But after dinner, when the dressmaker gave Molly the skirt that she might do some overcasting on the seams, and Molly saw how it was all finished off at the bottom, and stealthily examined it until she found the marks of the first and second sets of pins in it, she began to have pricks of conscience—a hundred pricks for each of the pins, it seemed. What if she really ought not to have done it? What if her mother really did know best? And oh, supposing it should hang queerly! She had not thought of that in her zeal for length. All kinds of uncomfortable thoughts went through her head. She whipped seams very fast and took immense stitches with twitching hands, bending a hot face over the work. Then the dressmaker took the skirt and pressed it, and gave it to Molly saying it was all



done. Molly thought Miss Sandon looked at her queerly, but perhaps it was only her own evil conscience. She hung the thing up, and retired to the garden with the "Prisoner of Zenda" and a plate of fudge. But somehow the book was not so wildly fascinating as it had been before—she could not help wondering if Princess Flavia ever wanted to let down her dresses, and if she had green eyes as well as red hair. A sprawling, winged, leggy creature trailed across the fudge and spoiled it for her, and the sun persisted in shining straight into her eyes, wriggle as she might to avoid it. It was hot outside, and her poor little conscience was like a burning fiery furnace inside. What was there wrong? but was it right? And it all ended in "Oh dear!" and a desire to tell her mother. That would never do, however.

Presently she wandered back to the house. Her mother told her cheerfully, as if nothing was the matter, that there was to be company at tea, and Molly might put on her new dress. Molly tried to sidle out—the old dress was good enough—she didn't want to spoil the new one—and so forth and so on, but her mother wanted her to wear it, and prove it, like David and Saul's armor, so wear it she must. She hurried into it with none of the joy that usually accompanied a new dress for her, until she caught sight of herself in the long glass. Her heart leaped, and she fell dead in love with herself. For her skirt was quite long, and it hung—divinely! And the dress was very pretty. Then the awful thought that her mother must see it quenched her ardor.

"Molly, come in and let me see how your new dress looks."

"Yes, mother," in a subdued tone—and in walked a very flushed, almost tearful young person, who held herself very straight and would not look her mother in the eye. But her mother appeared to be pleased rather than otherwise with the new dress.

"The skirt is long enough for you, I hope," with a smile. Molly trembled. "I thought Miss Sandon struck the length very well. Perhaps this fall you can have it a little longer. But I'm very well pleased with my little girl now." She gave the flushed face a loving kiss, which was received almost with a burst of tears, but in silence.

"Mothers that don't notice things are convenient, sometimes," thought Molly, but her conscience was more uncomfortable than ever.

The "company" proved to be some old friends of her father and mother. Molly forgot her woes for a little, and sat curled up in her cushioned corner of the library, while the grown-up people talked of old times. She heard one of the gentlemen say to her mother, "Your daughter is growing to look just as you did when I first met you. And you were something of a beauty, I assure you."

Molly pondered. That of course did not mean that *she* was good-looking. No, it meant her dress was grown-up. Her heart swelled with joy, but her conscience pricked and burned. How wicked she was to feel pleased at these things. It was a sin which she must choke—must root up—must drown. Her metaphors were mixed, but were effective nevertheless on her conscience. The conscience urged her—"Tell your mother. She isn't an ogre." The pride pulled back. "Oh no! She'll never know, and she *might* make it short again if she did know."

Conscience and pride fought valiantly all the evening. When Molly got into bed, they were still at it. When her mother came in to tuck her up and fix the window for the night, they had not settled it. But when her mother bent down to kiss her, conscience struck one mighty blow, and Molly seized her mother around the neck, saying—"I—let it down two inches—and oh dear! I'm—I'm not a bit sorry, except that—that—I didn't tell you!"

And her mother sat down on the side of the bed, and held Molly's hands, saying softly, but with a little laugh in her voice, "Next time you'd better ask me, dear. But don't tell your grandmother—I let down *my* skirt *three* inches once!"

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS.

#### DAWN

Over the crests of the sleeping hills there stole a glancing light,  
Playing hide-and-seek among the shadows of the waning light,  
Growing ever bolder, till in broadening shafts the sunlight lay;  
All the earth was touched with gold, awoke again, and lo! the day!

## AT EVEN

Whene'er the sunset skies are piled with clouds  
 Of threatening aspect, dark and grim, and sear,  
 Yet glorified by one long shaft of light,  
 Bright gleaming through the cloudland gray and drear,  
 'Tis then I think of you ; for in my heart  
 Your love is as that light which marks day's end,  
 Radiant, tender, strong,—illuming all,—  
 A love none know save you and me, oh friend.

EDITH TURNER NEWCOMB.

His father was Professor of Philosophy at the university ; his mother had taken several courses in child-study and kindergarten methods, while I was at

When Frederic Wouldn't that time enthusiastically pursuing advanced work in psychology. You can see then how difficult it must have been for all of us. It is humiliating to find yourself worsted by a baby not quite two years old. That's just what Frederic did—he worsted us. I really think, though, that the blame ought to rest in the first place on the architect who designed the house. It stands to reason that if one flight of stairs is to be steep—too steep and dangerous for a baby to crawl up, it should be the back stairs, not the front. Now, in this house it's just the other way ; the front stairs are narrow, steep and dangerous, while the back stairs are broad and safe. Consequently as Frederic early showed a passionate love for clambering upstairs and rebelled vigorously if we attempted to carry him, it became the regular custom to take him around through the back entry, set him down at the foot of the stairs and allow him to make his way to the head. This, I say, had been the regular custom up to that day—that dreadful day, long remembered by Frederic's suffering family.

His nurse started upstairs with him after his dinner. As she was passing through the back hall she saw a basket of clean clothes ready to be carried up for sorting and mending. Setting Frederic down at the foot of the stairs, she picked up the basket and started on. At the top she turned and looked back. There sat the child on the bottom step, apparently absorbed in a careful study of the construction of his new shoes.

"Come Frederic," called his nurse, "I want to put a clean frock on you before you go out."

No response. It happened that I passed along just then.

"Yes, hurry up, Fred," I urged, "So's to be ready to go out with mother."

The child looked up at me with the sweetest smile imaginable, cooed contentedly—and resumed the scrutiny of his shoes. His mother appeared at the head of the stairs.

"Come, Frederic," she commanded, "you must come up right away. Creep up to mother. See, she's waiting for you."

Frederic shook his head; he didn't want to creep upstairs. I suggested that he might be tired, but was told that he had slept two hours before dinner. Katy, the nurse, came down and would have picked him up, but Dorothea interfered—Dorothea was always such a decided little body.

"No Katy, I have told him he must creep up, and he must."

I agreed with Dorothea heartily—what a wise little mother she made! My decision wavered, though, for an instant when, after much persuasion on Katy's part, gentle but firm commands from his mother and patient reasoning from me, the mite stretched up his arms to me and said, "Cally me, peese."

That staggered me. That Frederic should ever want to be carried, when I remembered all too plainly the kicks, blows, and other manifestations of baby wrath I had undergone before we had learned the wisdom of allowing a child so far as possible to carry out its own instincts. As I said, I wavered, and was about to yield, but I drew myself up with a jerk. What was I about to do? I would menace my nephew's whole future welfare by this foolish weakness. Had I forgotten the psychological importance attached to impressions received by a child of this age? If, in future he should evince contempt for law and authority, could I feel myself free from blame? I turned away sorrowfully.

"No, Frederic, mother has told you that you must creep upstairs. Do so now, like a good boy."

But Frederic had decided otherwise and his determination was unalterable. He wasn't naughty,—oh no, he didn't fret, or scream, or cry,—he merely sat there. For two weary hours we alternately coaxed, commanded, or let him alone while we held consultations overhead. At last, at my suggestion, we decided that what force could not accomplish might be effected by

guile. We would divert his attention. Accordingly a clean frock was taken downstairs, he was dressed in it and taken out with his mother. Words fail to describe the angelic sweetness of that infant. He was adorable. He played, he gurgled, he babbled sweet baby wisdom, he was all sunshine and good temper. When he was brought in, he was set down at the foot of the stairs and blithely enjoined, "Come on, Frederic, see if you can catch mother going upstairs."

Did the stratagem succeed? Not a bit. He saw through it instantly and scorned so much as to notice it, but took up his old position resolutely, contentedly. There his father found him an hour later, and there left him after a futile attempt at reasonable demonstration to his young son of the error of his ways.

Then was called the First General Convention for Discipline and Correction, and a lengthy and highly unsatisfactory discussion ensued. It was finally decided to adjourn for supper, at which repast the young man under discussion was allowed to be present. That was the mistake. That baby, that resolute, indomitable baby, suddenly turned diplomat and completely outwitted us. I don't know how it was; I cannot explain it. It surely cannot be that Dorothea was weak enough to let her resolution falter when Frederic reached across the table and lovingly patted her cheek. Nor could Frederic Senior, grave professor, have been diverted from his stern purpose by the clinging arms of his little son who was clambering over his back to demand a lump of sugar. I hope his parents did not yield to any such patent cajolements; yet I must confess that even I melted when the baby head drooped low and a drowsy voice murmured, "I'se so seepy—pu' me to bed."

His father, with one last spasmodic burst of resolution, started with him for the back hall, but Dorothea stopped him.

"Here, Katy," she called, "take Frederic and carry him up to bed—but, Katy, carry him up the front stairs."

ALICE EDITH EGBERT.

## THINE EYES

Th' awakening light in sunrise skies,  
The courage for a new day's enterprise ;  
The benediction glow when daylight dies,  
And wearied souls to rest eternal rise ;  
Life's evening, and its morn, are in thine eyes.

EDITH EUSTACE SOUTHER.

## DANCING

What is a perfect dance ?  
It is to feel  
One's freedom,—from the world to steal,  
To enter sweet and soothing realms  
Where self-soft music overwhelms.  
It is to know pure sympathy  
In that each step must answered be  
By harmony complete in will  
And act, true pleasure to instil.  
It is, o'er all, to lose the world,  
To set adrift stern self-restraint ;  
As nature's child with spirit light  
To feel again the child's delight.

RACHEL BERENSON.

The House stood back from the street in the shadow of the trees, tall, dark, and gloomy. The sunbeams dancing through the leaves tried in vain to penetrate the Garden of Sleep the heavy tapestries that curtained the windows. A brooding silence filled the halls like a cold mist. It would be almost impossible to imagine that a child lived there ; that a child's feet ever ran across the thick carpets, or that a child's hands ever tugged aside the heavy curtains to catch a glimpse of the sunlight.

Yet there on the landing of the broad stairway, with her small face pressed against the window, stood the child. She was chilled by the cold grandeur within and longed to play with the sunbeams, to chase them as they flitted about under the trees whenever the wind stirred the leaves. Out beyond was the orchard with the high stone wall at the farther end. Beyond that lay the Unknown Land.

To-day the infinite possibilities of that unknown land drew her outward, over the lawn, through the garden gate, throwing happy kisses to the sunbeams as she sped along the path through the orchard. Then came the difficulty. The stone wall, as cold and ugly as the house she had just left, confronted her. She shivered and her footsteps lagged. Who would open the gate for her? It was too heavy for her tiny hands. She pushed it with all her small might. Ah! Someone had left it ajar and a faint red light came through the crack. She pushed it again. It creaked a little, but yielded enough for the small white figure to slip through.

Then what did she see? A field of little green people with broad red caps on their heads, swaying to and fro, waving their little heads to her, and beckoning her to come in.

Eagerly she stole in. The tiny folk swayed faster and faster till the whole field was whirling round and round in a mad dance of delight, and they nodded and beckoned to her until she crept up to one of them and kissed the laughing face.

In a heaven of delight she moved slowly through them, touching one with a lingering, loving touch, kissing another, then laughing aloud from pure joy. They were playmates and she was not lonely now.

She walked on through their midst until she came to a tiny, rippling brook. There she sat down and pressed her face close again to the little red-capped ones. A soft, sweet odor rose up around her. Her head nodded, nodded, and the little people nodded their red caps with her, and then a tall, shadowy, misty figure floated up from the brook in front of her holding in its wraith-like hands millions of shadowy green figures with red caps too, and a sweet voice sang:

"I have brought poppies for thee, dear heart,  
Sweet poppies steeped in sleep."

The child was about to lift her head to see more clearly the beautiful vision, but the little figures so close to her held her down, and small, silvery voices, faint at first as if far away, then clearer and more distinct, until she could hear her own name fall now and again from the lips of the chatterers. Then a hush came, and with one accord the little people bowed low, sweeping the velvety turf with their caps. A clear voice rose upon the air:—

"We greet the Queen of Poppy Land,  
Queen of our Kingdom of Sleep,  
Where the castles are built of Forgetfulness  
And Fairies the portals keep."

Then the tiny folk gathered closer and closer about her, and the child felt herself borne up swiftly and lightly through the air, while all around her was the sweetest, heaviest odor, like incense of the gods.

Faster and faster they carried her until she saw far in the distance a white cloud which took the shape of a castle with high towers, tall pillars, and broad steps as she came nearer. Yet all the time the cloud-like castle kept shifting and changing—now showing glimpses of red light—now deep purple—changing from buff to pink, and back to buff again deepening into orange.

\* \* \* \* \*

Just at sunset they missed the child from the house. They searched the garden and the orchard, but found no trace of her until someone discovered the open garden gate. "She has fallen asleep among the poppies," they said, and hurrying through, they found her on the bank of a singing stream, her head buried in the poppies. Gently they lifted her and carried her home, but not as gently as the poppies had borne her.

"Let her sleep. When she wakes she will feel better," they said.

But when she awoke she wept, for they had taken her away from her kingdom and the flower in her hand had faded.

BESSIE PENDLETON BENSON.

"ABOVE THE HEIGHTS THERE IS REST"

"Above the heights there is rest."  
So say they, to my soul,  
Who have toiled and striven as thou,  
And attained the far-off goal.

What then though the storm-clouds lower  
To hide the radiant peaks,  
And the way be steep and narrow,  
And faint the spirit that seeks?



Courage, my Soul! Through the darkness,  
 From the cloud-capped mountain crest,  
 Soundeth the song of the victors:—  
 "Above the heights there is rest!"

RUTH LOUISE GAINES.

A broad verandah faced a tropic garden which burned with color under the noonday sun. The intermittent shrilling calls of coolies at work in distant

**The Perversion of Elizabeth** rice fields intensified the stillness of the hour of sleep. A

long drawn wail suddenly rang across the verandah; and in a corner by the wall a heap of curly hair and tumbled clothing stirred, and resolved itself into a little maid, who rocked back and forth in an ecstasy of grief. The wailing awoke two smaller babies who watched their sister for a minute, then broke into sympathetic moans. An ayah appeared on the verandah, and scolded vigorously.

"Little bad spirits, cease this disturbance or the eyer (missionary) will spank. The hour of sleep is but half finished!" she exclaimed in Tamil patois. The sobbing continued till the ayah caught up the youngest and dandled her on the left hip.

"What disturbed thy sleep, Drasathee (little queen)? Hadst thou bad dreams?" The child stopped crying and looked at her, round eyed.

"Elizabeth cried," she exclaimed, "and we cried too."

Another child had stopped, and was peacefully sucking her thumb, but the original disturber sobbed on. The ayah turned on her fiercely.

"Bad one, to frighten thy sisters! Is it stomach ache?" Elizabeth shook her head and held out her hand. On the palm lay a dead chicken. "I have killed my coongu, my little chicken," she wailed in a torrent of tears. "I squeezed it in my sleep, and it is dead!"

In an instant the fond old ayah's wrath had changed to pity. She caught her up in sympathetic arms.

"Do not cry, little one," she crooned. "Thy old nurse Archie will get another beautiful coongu, all white like this, but larger and better.

"I want no other coongu," moaned Elizabeth, "This was my coongu, and it is—dead!" Then with sudden self repres-

sion she stopped crying and wriggled out of the ayah's arms. "I will make funeral for it," she announced, "just like the missionary amah's (lady missionary) that died. Get a coffin, Archie."

With characteristic Eastern impetuosity, the ayah was all interest. She brought Elizabeth a pasteboard box, and the dead one lay in state on the verandah steps until the cool of the day.

In that short hour of comfort which comes just before the sun sets to leave the world in instant darkness, the children formed a melancholy procession. In the garden center a huge antigonon vine flung high into the air long sprays of brilliant carmine-pink blossoms, each shaped like a pentagonal lily of the valley, and crowded so thickly upon the racemes that they gave the effect of light and shade in massed pure color. Under its shade the devoted ayah had dug a grave, and the children cast handfuls of dust over the departed coongu to Elizabeth's monotone, "Dust unto dust, ashes unto ashes," broken by gurgles of grief.

Three days had passed. Elizabeth was at family prayers. It was Easter morning, and the missionary read the beautiful story of the Resurrection. Elizabeth rocked in her little chair by the open door, revelling in the brilliance of the garden beyond, with a child's love of intense color. Suddenly her father's voice broke in on her consciousness,—

"And very early in the morning, the first day of the week—" Elizabeth listened spell bound, and the voice swept on with tense dramatic feeling:—

"He is risen, He is not here."

The joyful conviction grew in her believing little soul. Her father knew! There was one torturing thought. Perhaps the chicken could not get out of the box. She could bear the suspense no longer, and there was a flash of black legs across the verandah and into the garden. The grave was still undisturbed.

Her face radiant with joy and hope, Elizabeth picked away the dirt which covered her pet. She would help resurrect coongu. She came to the little box and with trembling fingers drew off the cover. Here was not life, but death made hideous through decay.

Elizabeth dropped the box and ran blindly into the arms of the ayah, who had followed her charge with a sun hat.

"It was a lie!" she cried, "My father read a lie out of the Bible—my coongu is still dead and smells!" and broke into incoherent grief.

The ayah was terrified. She thought her nursling had a sun-stroke, and spent hours in bathing the hot little head. Of the mental shock she had no conception. Elizabeth submitted to her caresses philosophically. She was naturally a silent child. At last she stirred and put the arms aside.

"Don't bother, Archie," she said, "I don't care, only—" and she stiffened her small body. "I'm not going to believe anything any more," added the little Pagan.

TIRZAH SNELL SMITH.

#### MY SONG

I made a song for my heart to sing  
When the world was lulled asleep,  
And the voice of night in a whisper light  
Breathed over the starlit deep.

And the song I made for my heart to sing  
Was sweet as a song may be,  
For in every note the secret I wrote  
That gladdened my life for me.

Then someone came to my window there,  
Someone who wandered near,  
And he said, "The strain of that sweet refrain,  
The world would pause to hear."

I have proved, alas, that his words were true,  
For everyone lauds my name,  
But life seems long since my heart's sweet song  
I sold to the world for fame.

EDITH DEBLOIS LASKEY.

## **EDITORIAL**

To-day marks the reign of the iconoclast. Everywhere is the stir of new beliefs and the foundation of new creeds, with the subsequent tearing down of the old ones. The enthusiasm of the image breaker is in the air. We are brought up and we live by criticism. Destruction, not construction, is the cry of the hour. We admit it with fear and trembling, even as we watch for the downfall of our secret idols. And we watch with reason, for already some of our most cherished treasures have gone. They have fallen not because they were base or idle. Their only failing may have been that they stood in the way of the throngs that never content themselves with room enough, or destruction enough. We see the leveling process going on about us, and we long for the naïve days one reads about; the days of fancy, and of error, when nobody worried over facts. And so we almost forget that many of the shattered pedestals upheld gods we heartily detested.

In the general process of destruction we have exploded not only so-called facts, but theories, ideals and standards. Chief among the ruins we may number many criteria of judgment, standards by which men have judged, and have themselves been judged,—behind their backs. Manners, clothes, wealth, fame—they have all served their turn, and still continue to prejudice us on occasions. But we admit the shallowness of such distinctions, and we would be glad to feel that, at least in spirit, they are gone with our superstitions and our sins against the higher criticism. If the destructive process has accomplished one thing more than another, let this be said of it: in all the confusion we have still the memory of the good that has gone down, and in place of the bad we have room to create something better. It is for us who are younger, to live and work for the future.

We who are students have a larger opportunity to see how

small a part any superficial standards of criticism ought to play. A college is no respecter of persons, and we come more and more to take the attitude of the college toward each other. We have time to learn that polish does not mean worth, that wealth is not synonymous with ability, that merit is not a question of society membership. It is true that we know all this, and that we are perhaps broader in our criticisms than we would have been otherwise, but it is none the less true that we do not live up to what we know. We judge foolishly, and criticise hastily and harshly, simply because we want something to say, and because we are too careless to find out what we are talking about. If criticism is to be countenanced at all, it must certainly be made honestly, and with some knowledge of the facts.

If we are to judge honestly, on what basis shall it be? The truly academic answer would be achievement. It is on this basis that we are necessarily judged from the point of view of the college, and it is often on this basis that we criticise each other. The common remark is—"Do you know her?" "Yes, she did such and such a thing." Then some day we find a person who has not managed to do very much. A person who has striven continually, and been kept from achievement by obstacles which would have left the most successful utterly incapacitated for work. Then we say, achievement is a practical basis for judgment perhaps, but after all it is effort that counts, effort and honest work. We say it, and if we would believe it and temper our criticisms accordingly, we would be building anew in the room that has been given us to use as we will. We would cultivate our better natures by a broader sympathy, and our common sense by some knowledge of what we were talking about, and above all, we would lessen the number of the unrecognized girls in college.

## EDITOR'S TABLE

It is with great pleasure that any who knew of the Edwards Memorial Exercises, held in Northampton last summer, will welcome the publication of the addresses delivered on that occasion, by Mr. H. Norman Gardiner, M. A., Professor of our Philosophical Department, who acted at that time as chairman of the Edwards Memorial Committee. The book is entitled "Jonathan Edwards: A Retrospect", and is introduced by an account of the exercises which attended the unveiling of a bronze memorial tablet in the First Church, and which took place on the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Edwards' dismissal from the Northampton pastorate. The circumstances and the significance of that event are discussed in a later article, with the complete account of Edwards' connection with Northampton, by Dr. Rose, now pastor of the First Church. The other addresses are:—"The Place of Edwards in History", by Rev. Alexander V. G. Allen, Professor in the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge; "The Influence of Edwards on the Spiritual life of New England", by Rev. Egbert C. Smyth, Professor in the Andover Theological Seminary; and "The Significance of Edwards To-day", by Rev. George A. Gordon, Pastor of the Old South Church, Boston. The interest and value of these addresses are such as their titles, and the names appended, would suggest. Each treatment deals with a significant feature of Edwards' character or work, and short as the articles are, a surprisingly comprehensive view of the eminent American divine can be gained from them.

Although the attitude toward the subject of these addresses is, in every instance, frankly critical, he is given an exceedingly high place. He is called "A Unique Genius in American Letters"; "perhaps the only American intellect that deserves a place among the ranks of the world's great thinkers", and the impression made through such judgments is deepened by the

passages quoted from his works. Specially noticeable, as is pointed out in the introduction, is the connection of Edwards' name with that of Dante. The comparison is full of suggestion, and by bringing into clearer light the poetical and imaginative qualities of Edwards, prompts to a kindlier criticism than he has often received. The discussion of Jonathan Edwards in this little book is completed by an article on "The Early Idealism of Edwards", originally an address given by Mr. Gardiner before philosophical students at Wellesley and at Smith. It is a careful study of Edwards' philosophy, emphasizing the originality shown in his lofty idealistic conceptions.

A reading of "Jonathan Edwards: A Retrospect", will be of value to many, in whose minds his is a name of great, but unknown, significance, and especially grateful will be those whose interest is aroused through it, and their desire stimulated for a more complete acquaintance with his character and a more thorough knowledge of his writings.

The first introduction to college periodicals is very like the first experiences in college itself, when no one is well known, and the general impression is a confusion, wherein the likeness due to similarity of age and interest only accentuates the innumerable differences. But gradually individuality appears, and monotony vanishes; not only faces, but personalities, become recognizable; mere fellow students have changed to acquaintances, friends,—and so it is with college magazines.

The Yale Literary Magazine ingratiates itself at first meeting by a very noteworthy poem, headed, "On Reading a Volume of Love-letters". The verse is unusually smooth, and the theme, though poetically treated throughout, offers perhaps the conclusive word in the discussion over the publication of love-letters, which has received much attention in literature of late. For the poem, after a suggestion of the impiety of daring "to rend in twain the sacred veil," concludes thus:

"Approach, not like the wild barbarian king  
With hands blood-red for gold, and lust and wine,  
But come a barefoot worshipper, and bring  
Your offering, kneeling at the glowing shrine  
Where crown-quit princes with the meanest slaves  
Have worshipped, casting fragrant wine and clove,  
And Lydian strains shall kiss the soul, and waves  
Of incense rare shall rise to perfect love."

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

I hesitate to take any space in the *Monthly* to bring forward the claims of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, although I have been asked to do so by the Alumnæ Editor.

**Association of Collegiate Alumnæ** The alumnæ who are members of the association will skip the article when they know I have nothing new to say. The alumnæ who have been asked again and again to join the association, and who have declined, will certainly pass it by. It is possible that there are some alumnæ to whom the request to join has come for the first time during the past year, through the efforts of the membership committee, and who have not yet made their decision; from such I would ask attention.

Last fall the association numbered about two thousand members. Through the year a well organized effort has been made to reach each alumna eligible to membership, and to urge her to support the association. The result has been an increase of about seven hundred members, and with the members gained from the class of 1901 the association will soon number over three thousand. It is probable that hereafter no further appeal will be made to the alumnæ, but the claims of the organization will be made to each graduating class.

The history of the organization of the association, its object, and the way in which it has so far accomplished that object are known, or can easily be known, by every alumna. An account of the European Fellowship was given in the February issue of the *Monthly*. The announcement of the \$1000 research prize, partly supported by this association, was made in the December *Monthly*. Such fellowships and the valuable publication work of the association can only be made possible by a large membership list.

Smith was a charter member of the association and has always stood third in representation, Vassar standing first and Wellesley second. Our representation is not increasing in proportion to our rapidly increasing number of alumnæ. In 1891 thirty-four per cent of our alumnæ were members of the intercollegiate association, in 1899 only seventeen per cent. In actual representation we had no more members in 1899 with our sixteen hundred and seventy-nine alumnæ than we had in 1894 with our eight hundred and fifty-two alumnæ. This does not mean that none of the younger classes have joined, but that only enough have joined to make up for those who, for one reason or another, have dropped out. It seems to me that the main reason for this has been that we have pushed our own alumnæ so far in the support of the objects of our own Alumnæ Association that no energy is left for anything else.



The thought does not probably come to the individual alumna that her joining or not joining such an association can in any way affect the well being of her Alma Mater. Yet, while such an organization exists, if any college does not have a fair representation in it, and if her alumnae do not take their part in the lines of educational work carried on by such an association, the fact is noticed.

So we urge the Smith alumnae to join the Association of Collegiate Alumnae first, sure that loyalty to their Alma Mater will lead them to join their own alumnae association later. Circulars and membership blanks will gladly be furnished to any alumna who wishes to join the association.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE,

Corresponding Secretary of the Committee on Membership.

There are probably few of you who do not know of the Pan-American Exposition to be held at Buffalo this summer. It has been so widely advertised

and it is so attractive that from all parts of the country people are coming in hordes. At least, they say they are. I shall not try to describe the joys to be found in Buffalo, the beautiful buildings, the perfect summer climate, the allurements of the Midway—I have seen them all and I assure you they can't be outdone. All this you may read in any magazine. But I am asked to state, in behalf of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, that we are planning to hold a "Smith day" some time in June, when we shall have an informal tea at the Women's Building on the Exposition grounds. We want to entertain as large a number of Smith girls "present and prospective"—also past—as possible, and we ask you all to come and bring your friends. The date of the tea is not yet decided, but will be announced in the June *Monthly*. It will probably be about the twenty-first of June, when we think the greatest number of students will be passing through Buffalo.

The National Association of Collegiate Alumnae is to hold its annual convention at Buffalo in October, and here again we are anxious to have a large attendance. The convention lasts three days, from the twenty-fourth to the twenty-sixth, and the time is taken up with reports, papers, entertainments and fun. The Western New York Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae has also placed a book in the Woman's Building, and all graduates, whether members of the general association or not, are asked to register here. We wish to make this room a meeting-place for all college women, and to avoid the experience of one of them who hunted for her former room-mate for a week at the Chicago Fair, and found only after she returned home that the room-mate had been living above her the whole time. This registry-book will be ready and in charge of a member of the association from the opening of the Exposition, and all college women, including undergraduates, are asked to avail themselves of it.

We do not urge you to come to the Pan-American Exposition, because we are sure you will come anyway, but we do hope that you will arrange your plans so that you may be here in June, and make our Smith reunion a grand success.

AGNES MYNTER '99.

The association for maintaining the American women's table at the Zoölogical Station at Naples and for promoting scientific research among women held its annual meeting at Wellesley on Saturday, April 27, by invitation of Miss Hazard, who is president of the association.

The members in attendance were: President M. Carey Thomas, President M. E. Woolley, Dr. Lillian Welsh and Miss Mary E. Garrett of Baltimore, Miss Sarah E. Doyle of Providence, Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Mrs. Alice Upton Pearmain, Miss Florence M. Cushing, and Mrs. Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke, representing eleven of the institutions and associations which unite in the support of the society.

An account of this association and the value of the opportunity which it offers for study at Naples was given in the *Monthly* for June 1900.

The table is now occupied by Miss Cornelia M. Clapp and Miss Louise B. Wallace, both of Mount Holyoke. For the year 1901-1902 the table was awarded to Miss Florence Peebles for the months of June and July. Miss Peebles received the degree of A. B. from the Woman's College of Baltimore in 1895, and the degree of Ph. D. from Bryn Mawr in 1900. She is at present Instructor in Biology at the Woman's College at Baltimore. Miss Peebles had the appointment to the table in 1898 and wishes to continue the research work begun at that time.

From October 1, 1901, to March 1, 1902, the table is assigned to Miss Nettie M. Stevens. Miss Stevens received the degree of A. B. from Leland Stanford Jr. University in 1899, and the degree of A. M. from the same university in 1900. The past year she has held a fellowship in biology at Bryn Mawr and has just been awarded the President M. Carey Thomas European Fellowship for 1901-1902. This is a traveling fellowship of the value of \$500, and was awarded to Miss Stevens over many competitors.

The association is also able to offer this year two tables at Woods Holl. These tables are assigned to those desiring to fit themselves more fully for later work at Naples. One of the tables is assigned for this summer to Miss Stevens, the other to Miss Mary I. Steele. Miss Steele received the degree of B. S. from the University of Missouri in 1900, and has held a fellowship in zoölogy there during the past year.

In addition to supporting these tables, the association is able to offer a prize of \$1,000, under conditions which were given in the announcement made by the committee, and which can be found in the December 1900 *Monthly*, or obtained from any member of the committee.

ELIZABETH LAWRENCE CLARKE, Treasurer.

The "one thing thou lackest" gospel is undoubtedly an unpopular one to advance, especially in a world already "so full of a number of things"; yet whatever work one chooses, the

Architecture for The Unprofessional need of intelligent coöperation becomes apparent. Architecture, being at once a science and an art, meets this difficulty in twofold measure.

Everyone, as Ruskin says, "has at some period of his life, personal interest

in architecture; he has influence on the design of some public building or must buy, build, or alter his own house. It signifies less whether the knowledge of the other arts be general or not, but in architecture all must in some way commit themselves." Yet information in regard to architecture is far less general than in regard to its sister arts. Thousands cherish Raphael's madonnas to whom the Pandolfi is unknown or unrelated to its creator; and many a minor musician and poet is dear to those who know nothing of Bramante and Peruzzi.

This indifference affects architecture more directly than it would any other art, for the architect is not working in his own materials nor for his own ends primarily,—he is the instrument to carry out the aims and to meet the requirements of his client; through him "necessity" must "blossom into expression." Until the arguments "that suits my taste" and "my brother-in-law's second cousin says" are at least open to rational discussion, no body of trained architects can prevent the building of monstrosities.

Apart, however, from the relation of a general education to the future of the art, architecture is well worthy of study for its illuminative power in history. "Among the arts," writes Prof. Norton, "the one that has the closest and the widest relations to the life of the people, to its wants, its habits, its culture, and the one that gives the fullest and most exact expression to its moral disposition, its imagination and its intelligence, is that of architecture." Another writer adds, "one of the best ways to find out what a man is, in himself, is to study the things which he makes for his own use. Probably nothing stands closer to man than the structures he builds. In them man expresses himself and they are, therefore, made in his likeness."

Much of the pleasure and the profit of travel is due to the great buildings, and a knowledge of the principles of criticism would enhance the enjoyment and the gain, immeasurably. Even one's familiar walks would have a new and never-failing interest.

We cannot, however, expect the teacher, the professional worker, the student, or the housewife, to master "a science and an art" in which a lifetime's study leaves one only upon the threshold of achievement. But it is by no means impossible for the world in general to learn the elementary principles of architectural criticism, and with such a basis, not only every journey, but every walk and nearly every illustrated periodical, would add to the understanding of the subject.

Read—in vacation time—some such simple exposition of the principles of design, as Statham's "Architecture for General Readers"; add to this a general knowledge of the great styles by means of some popular history,—Prof. Hamlin's for example,—giving especial attention to the illustrations, and aiming not so much at a knowledge of particular buildings, as at a just conception of the distinctive features and of the "raison d'être" of the styles themselves.

It is of no especial value to the majority of people to know whether the Parthenon was an "octostylar, peripteral, hypæthral temple," but it would be of value to know precisely why it ranks as "the crown and glory of consummate form"; and to be able to measure and test other buildings by this knowledge.

Hear a good lecture on architectural subjects whenever opportunity offers ; and when you see a building or the illustration of a building, which is considered fine, analyse it ; try to satisfy your own mind, as to why it is "of good repute". Then you will begin to realize something of the charm of an art, great enough to conceive a Notre Dame de Paris ; great enough also to concern itself with the mouldings at a cottage window,—and a new world of beauty will open before you.

LUCY D. THOMSON '90.

The Smith Students' Aid Society measures its growth during this its fourth year of life not chiefly by the increase in membership, but by the interest in its work awakened among the *alumnæ* and friends of Smith College. From those unfamiliar with the history of the society have come inquiries as to its origin and success ; from those who have kept in touch with its work the society has received hearty support and coöperation. In early September our hearts were gladdened and strengthened by the very generous gift of the class of 1900—a check for nearly \$300—and it may be of interest to the members of that class, which has set such a worthy example and, we trust, established a precedent, to know that through their kindness six undergraduates have been helped and encouraged.

Later in the year the Worcester club sent us \$50, and at this writing, a check for \$70 has just been received from the Hartford club ; in addition, a few small gifts from individuals, and one of \$100, have come into the treasury. These gifts, together with the income from the regular members, have afforded, besides a small sum for necessary expenses, much needed assistance to five undergraduates in addition to the six already mentioned ; and yet the society has been unable to meet all the appeals that have been made to it. All the girls aided have shown more than average ability in their class-room work. Some have had college honors and all promise to be valuable additions to the great body of Smith *alumnæ*.

For the benefit of those unfamiliar with the organization and work of the Aid Society, it may be of interest to know that "any former student, graduate or non-graduate, and any present or former teacher of the college may become a regular member of the society by the payment of an annual membership fee of \$1.00": that all assistance is given in the form of loans, without security and without interest, the recipients promising to refund the money to the society within a certain specified time.

The only assured income is derived from the annual fees of the regular members, who number, at present, something over two hundred. This membership ought to be doubled and trebled in view of the fact that Smith has nineteen hundred *alumnæ* and many loyal non-graduates.

The society, as has been shown in the list of gifts, has the cordial support of some of the *alumnæ* organizations ; it needs the hearty coöperation of them all. The present officers are : President, Mrs. James A. Webb Jr., Madison, N. J. ; First Vice-President, Mrs. A. Capen Gill, Ithaca, N. Y. ; Second Vice-President, Mrs. G. L. Amerman, New Haven, Conn. ; Secretary, Mrs. Oliver B. Merrill, Winchester, Mass. ; Treasurer, Miss Mary K. Waring, Montclair, N. J. ; Auditor, Miss Louisa S. Cheever, Worcester, Mass. ;

First Director, Miss Mary F. Knox, Northampton, Mass. ; Second Director, Miss Anna A. Cutler, Northampton, Mass. ; Third Director, Mrs. Harry A. Cushing, New York, N. Y. ; Fourth Director, Miss Helen F. Pratt, Brooklyn, N. Y. ; Fifth Director, Miss Martha A. Hopkins, Brookline, Mass.

NELLIE PACKARD WEBB '85, President.

Since Smith alumnae write to the *Monthly* concerning work in which they are engaged, it is perhaps only appropriate that one who has not the happiness formally to belong to their number

The George Junior Republic should write concerning work in which she is not engaged.

The most interesting summer I have ever known I spent two years ago at the George Junior Republic, near Freeville, a small country town in central New York. I remember so well what changes were wrought in even a day's absence from the community that I do not dare to attempt to reproduce conditions as I then saw them, knowing that my description would not fit the facts of to-day. In the midst of incessant shiftings, however, the Republic remains essentially the same in its nature and in its fundamental principles. It is made up of girls and boys taken from police-courts or the city streets or from homes unworthy of the name. It is a community in which such children are obliged to learn the principles of republican government and the necessity of labor. These constant factors in Junior Republic life I will try to place before you.

Mr. George's scheme did not always rest upon the principles which now underlie all its workings. At first he proposed to give to groups of city children a taste of country life. He found his charges often not merely ungrateful, but even fault-finding and insolent in the outrages they inflicted upon the farming community which suffered their presence. For this state of affairs he found but one remedy,—work, with the one alternative,—hunger. Unskilled labor, once gained, necessitated oversight. This was at first given by friends of Mr. George who were interested in his work. One day in the absence of a "boss", his duty was assigned to a boy who proved so remarkably efficient in the discharge of his office that his skill suggested to those in control the idea of vesting their authority in the boys themselves. In this way were laid the two corner-stones of the Republic; on such foundations it was made into a permanent, all-the-year-round institution.

It has now been in existence nearly seven years and in that time has developed so rapidly that even its founder must sometimes marvel at its growth, though no one knows so well as he the reasons for its present prosperity. Starting with nothing but chance contributions, it has now a solid financial basis. Starting in an old farm-house and its out-buildings, it has now at least a dozen buildings, either new or in excellent repair, and a well stocked and fertile farm.

If to Mr. George is due the business success of the enterprise, how much more to him is due also its success in building personal character and intelligent citizenship. He takes a young loafer or a criminal and makes him an industrious, law-abiding American citizen, who knows more about republican institutions than most voters of many years' standing. The process by

which such change is wrought is worthy of study. No one need be "out of a job". All kinds of farm work, from weeding to driving the team, all kinds of carpenter's work, laundry-work, shoe-mending, printing, janitor's work are open to the boys; the girls have cooking, cleaning, laundry-work, and sewing to do. All of school age have school work too, for which they are paid as for any other work. Each department has its head, who determines the wages of workers in that department and levies fines for neglect of duty.

Unskilled laborers in any kind of work may, by circumspection, obtain plenty of food, and buy a place to sleep in after a day of toil. Good workmen may eat their fill at well appointed tables, may rent private rooms, may deck themselves in fine raiment from "The Store", may even lay up treasure in the bank. A citizen lives as he chooses so long as he pays for what he gets.

If an unskilled laborer is fined for bad work, he will not, of course, have enough money left to pay for board and lodging. He dares not go without a lodging, for that means trial for vagrancy next court session. He is, however, at liberty to go without meals if he cannot borrow from a friend. What meals he can pay for he will buy singly at fifteen cents apiece in the restaurant known as "The Fifteen", where the fare though sufficient is coarse and lacking in variety, where the spoons and forks are tin, where neither table cloths nor napkins are known.

Between these unlucky chaps and the real magnates of the Republic is an intermediate class quite well defined. Its members still dine in "The Fifteen" and still sleep in "The Garroot", a long upper room in the hotel with two rows of cots along its sides. But these citizens have escaped fine, and with profit to themselves pay for both board and lodging by the week, in advance. A citizen who has reached this stage is getting on; he will soon become a skilled laborer or a "boss" or an official, rising naturally to the level of his peers in "The Twenty-five". In this restaurant, all pay board by the week, though the old name, denoting the price of a single meal, has persisted. Here silver-plated knives and forks and spoons shine upon white table cloths and each one has his napkin. Here meat is served once every day, and one may have dessert. Here milk flows freely and one's slices of bread are not numbered. It is a land of plenty and good cheer, where judge and district attorney hob-nob with the police officials, where all the great ones talk of politics and work and play.

You should see these pillars of the state in their official capacities,—should mark the strict decorum of that officer when he is overseeing his gang of prisoners at their work, the grave dignity of that boy-judge when a prisoner is at the bar. For the genial level of social intercourse the varying attitudes of official life are then substituted.

The Republic is not merely an industrial community, but a self-governing political institution, where all are given an even chance, to be sure, but where the authority of all is vested in the ablest representatives. The law of the Republic is that of New York State plus whatever other regulations the citizens in town-meeting assembled may choose to pass. The town has for president either a most capable citizen or, when in doubt, Mr. George. During my stay at the republic, Mr. George was acting as president, though

in no autocratic spirit, I assure you. He even placed his official signature to some most foolish measures, preferring to let the citizens learn their folly through experience rather than from precept. An eight-hour labor law was passed one day despite the protest of the girls, who by reason of its passing could not legally that night get supper for themselves or the community. I need not say that immediate measures were taken for its repeal.

A town meeting may be called at almost any time, but Court usually sits on Saturday. This forms the most picturesque and impressive spectacle that the Republic offers. It is essentially the same as the session of any court, yet it is indescribably unique. The gravity and legal learning of the boy-judge sitting up there in his work-a-day clothes; the silence that falls upon the crowd of boisterous girls and boys when he calls the court to order; the real sorrow of some culprit who, after trial by judge or jury as he may choose, is sentenced to three weeks on the gang; the thought that this is serious business, that the prison is a real prison, that the prisoner in his striped suit is cut off from dealings with his kind and put to hard labor: these are some of the elements which give to a court scene its peculiar intensity and fascination.

The spirit of the place no one can understand who has not been there. One incident I witnessed seems to me to contain much of it. Richard had just been fined ten dollars by his dear friend, the judge, on account of some recent misdemeanor. The court had adjourned and a town meeting was in progress. On account of shortage in public funds, it was proposed that some officers' salaries be reduced. Someone suggested that the judge, for instance, did but little to earn his three dollars a week. At this Richard arose in protest: "De judge is a good judge; he has to spend his time lookin' up de law of all de cases. Youse got to pay for de *kind* of judge youse have. W'at's de matter wid youse anyway? De treasury 'll come out all right. Ain't I jes' contributed ten dollars?" What won't "come out all right" with that kind of spirit?

And it is all due to Mr. George, to "Daddy", as every one on the place calls him. He is a strange mixture of executive force and a willingness to let other people have their way; a marvellous combination of frolic and the reforming instinct, of genuine love for the sinner and an unsentimental attitude towards his sins; a monument of patience, yet sometimes startlingly swift in action; an unconscious genius, so devoid of egotism that his work will live after him in those to whom he unhesitatingly imparts his secret power.

GRACE B. DOWLING.

The New York Association of Smith College Alumnae held their annual luncheon at the Manhattan Hotel, on April 6. Despite floods of rain without, all was bright and cheerful in the hotel parlors, where over a hundred alumnae gathered for the luncheon. The company was seated by classes, each class having a special table, large or small, assigned to it. '97 led off in respect to numbers, with eighteen representatives. Mrs. Thomas C. Burgess (Laura Crane '96) presided, and introduced the speakers. Dr. Brady brought a greeting from the college, and gave an interesting account of "A Day on the Sabine Farm", interspersed with delightful quotations from Horace,

which he was good enough to translate for the *alumnæ*. A round of applause was given to Miss Ida M. Tarbell, whose views on "The Conservatism of College Women" evidently met with sincere approval. The President of the Wellesley Association, Mrs. Arthur Livermore, then made an appeal for the support and sympathy of Smith graduates in the proposed Women's University Club, offering the toast, "A fraternity of college women, and may they soon be under their own vine and fig-tree!" After the speeches a most entertaining college letter, written by Miss Dorothy Caverno for the Western Massachusetts Association, was read, and with the singing of "Fair Smith" the luncheon ended.

On March 30, there was a mass meeting of college *alumnæ* at 80 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York City, to listen to reports of the committees appointed to further the new Women's University Club movement. There were about one hundred and fifty *alumnæ* present, and they adopted a new constitution, by which only college *alumnæ* with degrees from the following colleges and universities are eligible for membership in the club: Barnard, Boston College, Bryn Mawr, Cornell, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Oberlin, Radcliffe, Leland Stanford Jr., Smith, Vassar, Wellesley, Wesleyan, the Universities of California, Chicago, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Syracuse, Wisconsin, and the Western and Northwestern Reserve Universities. No club house has as yet been chosen, as there must be three hundred members before a suitable house can be supported. Mrs. Grace James Adams, Smith '87, is chairman of the finance committee.

The house will be selected somewhere in the region between 281 and 42d Streets and Fourth and Sixth Avenues, and is to contain assembly rooms, open for rental to all *alumnæ* clubs and other organizations, a lunch room, a library, and other rooms for permanent or transient rental. The aim is to have the club house a social and literary center for college *alumnæ* and *alumnæ* clubs of New York City.

Members may be resident or non-resident, the annual dues being either ten dollars or five dollars, accordingly. All those who join as charter members are exempt from any initiation fee. Contributions covering one year are solicited to form a guarantee fund for establishing and furnishing the club house. All contributions, of whatever amount, will be welcome. Further information may be had from Eleanor H. Nicols '95, Sargent Street, Newton, Massachusetts, Secretary of the *Alumnæ* Association.

On Wednesday, May 1, Laura D. Gill '81 was formally installed as Dean of Barnard College. Miss Gill has recently returned from Cuba, where she was of the greatest assistance to Governor-General Wood in outlining and establishing a new public school system in that Island. This and other experience on educational lines have eminently fitted Miss Gill for her new position. She was most warmly welcomed by the undergraduates, the *alumnæ*, and the faculty of Barnard, and by President Low of Columbia University, who welcomed her especially to the University Council, where she will have an opportunity to help in shaping the policy of the University at large. No previous Dean has enjoyed this privilege, as it is only within the present



academic year that Barnard College has been incorporated as a part of the University.

In her address, the new Dean gave evidence of her allegiance to the Smith ideals. She declared power and poise to be the essential outcome of any true education of the individual, and, in outlining the ideal scope of a college, she emphasized the threefold need of intellectual, moral and spiritual training and growth. The social life, she said, should be most democratic, and the religious life catholic to an equal degree. With this knowledge of Dean Gill's attitude it will be of keen interest to all Smith women to watch the further development of Barnard college.

In response to the request in the April *Monthly* for suggestions as to the advisability of having an alumna associate-editor in connection with this department, several of the alumnae have suggested that it would be more effectual to have someone from each branch or each class of the alumnae to assist the undergraduate editor. The alumnae on the faculty expect soon to meet to discuss this plan with the Editorial Board, and the Board would esteem it a favor if the other alumnae would send in expressions of their opinion on the matter.

A match game of basket-ball was played at the Lenox Lyceum, New York, on Saturday, March 30, between alumnae teams from Smith and Bryn Mawr.

The Smith team won by a score of 6 to 2 on account of their superior team work. The team was composed of Georgia D. Coyle '98, Janet W. Roberts '99, Margaret Vanderbilt 1900, Cecilia A. Sherrill '98, A. Jaffray Smith 1900, Ethel Craighead '98, Frances C. Howe 1900, Elizabeth N. Hall '99.

A book has been placed in the Reading Room in which all alumnae visiting the college are asked to sign their names. The list of visitors for April is as follows:

'99.	Frances E. Rice,	.	.	.	.	April	13
1900.	Sara J. Cook,	.	.	.	.	"	18-16
'83.	Elizabeth Lawrence Clarke,	.	.	.	.	"	19-22
1900.	S. Maude Brown,	.	.	.	.	"	19
'97.	Mary Byrd Wells,	.	.	.	.	"	23-25
'95.	Martha Wilson,	.	.	.	.	"	24
'97.	Jennie T. Vermilye,	.	.	.	.	"	24
'96.	Frances C. Smith,	.	.	.	.	"	24
'97.	Josephine D. Sewall,	.	.	.	.	"	25
'93.	Florence M. Scovill,	.	.	.	.	"	26
'94.	Olivia Howard Dunbar,	.	.	.	.	"	26
'96.	Martha Cobb Sanford,	.	.	.	.	"	26
'96.	Grace Lathrop Collins,	.	.	.	.	"	26
1900.	Agnes M. Armstrong,	.	.	.	.	"	27-30
'82.	Annie B. Jackson,	.	.	.	.	"	29

Contributions to this department are desired by the second of the month in order to appear in that month's issue, and should be sent to Gertrude Tubby, Tenney House.

- '81. Frances W. Lewis has recently published a book, "Inductive Lessons in Rhetoric", which has received high praise for its original method of presenting both theoretical and practical work. Publishers, D. C. Heath & Company. A copy of the book has been presented to the reference library by Miss Lewis.
- '84. Vida D. Scudder is abroad on leave of absence this spring.
- '87. Anne D. Van Kirk is superintendent of nurses at the Sloane Maternity Hospital, New York City.
- '88. Harriet Boardman Hunt has been spending the winter in the South.  
Mabelle Chase sails for Europe on June 22, to spend the summer.  
Ellen Wentworth sailed for Genoa April 18. She will spend the spring and summer in Italy and Germany.
- '91. Florence Pane expects to spend the summer abroad.  
Grace Weston will return this month from her winter trip in California.
- '92. Etta A. Seaver and Rose A. Witham '95, have gone abroad for six months. They spent Easter in Rome.
- '93. Olive Rumsey expects to go abroad this summer.
- '94. Agnes Bell Richardson has announced her engagement to Mr. Louis Tyler Hill of Sparta, Wisconsin.
- '95. In the "Intercollegian" for April, 1901, there was an article by Bertha Condé on "The Women Students of the United States". It contained a concise account of the existing spiritual needs and the way in which those needs are met in the various women's colleges in the land.  
Sara B. Hunt is teaching German and mathematics in the High School in Manchester, New Hampshire.  
Alice L. Lennon is taking post-graduate work in science at Cornell University.  
Dorothy M. Reed, who took the degree of M. D. at Johns Hopkins University, is now serving as interne at the Johns Hopkins Hospital.  
Ethel F. Fifield is studying architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and lecturing before the School of Housekeeping in Boston.  
Alice M. Wheeler has announced her engagement to Mr. Amos Hawley.
- '96. Charlotte K. Boone was married Tuesday evening, April 2, to Mr. Louis P. Slade, instructor in history and civil government in the B. M. C. Durfee High School, Fall River, Massachusetts.  
Elizabeth F. Read and Marion P. Read '98, sailed for Europe on May 1, to be gone until the end of August.
- '97. Grace Nichols Dustan was married March 26, to Mr. Joseph Scott Rawson.  
Grace Paige is teaching English and algebra in the Manchester, New Hampshire, High School. She has announced her engagement to Mr. Moodybell S. Bennett, a lawyer of Manchester.

- '98. Mattie I. Brown was married April 25, to Dr. C. L. Finke. Her present address is 135 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, New York.  
Ruth G. Wood expects to teach mathematics in Mount Holyoke College next year.
- '99. Helen K. Demond was married April 5, to Mr. Albert Robinson, Superintendent of Schools in Warren, Massachusetts.  
Eleanor R. Goldthwait sailed for England March 9. She will return in June.  
Harriet B. Lane has returned home from St. Augustine, Florida, where she has been spending the winter.  
Margaret Burnet Silsbee announces her engagement to Mr. Rudolph Byford Flershem, Harvard '98.  
Ruth Huntington, who has been doing anatomical illustrating for Professor Mall of Johns Hopkins, has just been awarded a \$1500 fellowship by the University of Pennsylvania.  
Amanda M. Harter was married April 17, to Mr. James N. Fogel.
1900. Katharine C. Griggs is teaching in a private school in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.  
Maude B. Randall is teaching in Worthington, Massachusetts.  
Elizabeth Revell was married April 11, to Mr. George McCallum of Northampton, in Evanston, Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. McCallum returned from their wedding journey May 1, to their home, 21 Henshaw Avenue, Northampton.  
Helen B. Shattuck is tutoring in the Nashua, New Hampshire, High School.  
Sybil Shaw has announced her engagement to Mr. Elliot F. Trull.  
Edith Symonds has announced her engagement to Mr. Gordon A. Ramsay of Chicago.  
Mary E. Wiley is teaching music in the public schools of Ballston Spa, New York.

## BIRTH

- '98. Mrs. Wilde (Myrtle Kimball) a son, Nelson Kimball, born in Malden, Massachusetts, April 9.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

The basis for criticisms of the House Dramatics at Smith College seems to be of a unique type. Several years ago they were thought so harsh that the students revolted against what seemed

College Dramatic Criticism to them unnecessary fault-finding. At that time the criticisms which appeared in the *Monthly* were really valuable to those who took part in the plays, because the basis on which they were written was like that of the best newspaper criticisms. Nothing was said in them which was not strictly truthful. They were without any exaggeration. The critic dealt out her favor and disfavor alike, in a perfectly cool unbiased way. If there was a tendency in any direction, it was more toward severity than over-leniency. But the whole tone of the articles soon proved too severe for general satisfaction. It seemed a little heartless to censure performances that are allowed but three weeks' preparation, and for which the students work so earnestly and generously. Since then the basis for criticism has been greatly changed. It now seems to be the object to please and not to criticise. Gradually the critics have written up the more favorable side of the performances, barely touching upon the faults, until now it is impossible to find anything unfavorable in a "criticism".

It is doubtful, however, whether the present kind of criticism gives any satisfaction to the actors. When all alike are praised to the utmost, the least as much as the greatest, what good does it do? The poor actor must be quite conscious of her own failure, and the fulsome praise heaped upon her must add the finishing touch to her disgust. Whereas what does it mean to the good actor to be dealt with by the same hand? Of how little worth to her must be the dissertation upon her perfections. No one with a fair amount of common sense can imagine for one instant that her best can not be improved upon by herself as well as others; and it is much more comfortable to be told the worst about oneself at once than to be left to imagine it in a thousand different forms in the minds of others.

Do we not owe our actors suggestions for improvement as well as praise for their attempts? College is a place to learn, and the dramatic work of college is only one more course from which one may gain valuable instruction as well as pleasure. If the students entered into dramatics with no intention of giving thought or work to their parts, but merely with a vague dream of colonial costumes and foot-lights, our plays would evaporate into tableaux and would soon disappear altogether. Acting has too many possibilities to be treated lightly. The actor should always live her part. She should know her

powers and her weaknesses and she must expect the critic to know them, too. What a strange revulsion of feeling must she then have, to hear that she has made a perfect rendering! Such a statement would hardly be acceptable from her friends, much less from critics, who should never be permitted to flatter.

It is fair-minded criticism that stimulates. Why should we then be so afraid to give it? The actor will not in the least resent it. If true, she is gaining valuable assistance, and if false, she will know it is an error and will not mind it. A word of favor in the midst of such criticisms will be all the dearer, because she will be sure that it is sincere. Nothing compliments an actor more than to be told her weakness as well as her power, for it is only with the poor actor that one fears to find fault, when there is occasion for it. If dramatics did not form such an important part of college life, one could afford to say merely the pleasant things about plays, but at college we have many varieties of real dramatic talent, and every opportunity to develop them. We should therefore try to realize the best possibilities and make our dramatics not only enjoyable, but also artistic, and in every way worthy of college students. How much ought the criticisms to help such efforts! It is time for them to be written on still a new basis, one not too harsh, nor yet flattering, but a basis that shall be strictly truthful and on a level with our best ability. The criticisms will then be helpful to the highest artistic efforts and worthy of their literary part in the dramatic life of the college.

ETHEL HALE FREEMAN 1902.

The second annual inter-class competitive gymnastic drill took place in the Gymnasium on Saturday, April 20, at 2.30 p. m. The order of events and the conditions under which the prizes were awarded

**Inter-class Contest** differed little from those of last year. All four classes competed in floor-work and running, under Miss Berenson's command, and in marching, under the command of their respective class captains, for a banner awarded by the G. and F. A. Then the three upper classes entered competitors in various other events, the class having the highest score receiving the cup presented by Mrs. Clarke last year, to be held until the next drill.

The judges were Mrs. Clarke, Miss Wright, Director of the Radcliffe Gymnasium, Miss Perrin of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, and Miss Morse, Director of Gymnastics in the Northampton Public Schools. The class captains were Emma Dill 1904, Jessie Ames 1903, Margery Ferriss 1902, and Ellen Emerson 1901.

At the end of the drill, in which all the classes did very good work, it was announced amid great excitement that the banner had been won by the class of 1901, and the cup by the class of 1903. It is needless to say that the chaos usual here on such occasions reigned supreme immediately. Several girls deserve special mention for exceptionally good work in the separate events, notably Katharine Holmes 1902, who made the best individual score, winning 12 points; and Jessie Carter 1903, who won 8 points. Good scores were also made by Helen Kitchel, Alice Kimball, and Mary Hunter, 1901, Fanny Clement and Grace Fuller, 1903.

The freshmen's floor-work and marching were very good, showing fine form and great exactness.

The following list of events shows the score of each class. Floor-work was judged on the scale of 10, marching and running on the scale of 5. The first place in each event counted 3 points and the second, 2.

EVENTS.	POINTS.			
	1901	1902	1903	1904
1. Floor Work,	8½	8	8	8½
2. Marching,	4½	2½	4½	4½
3. Running,	5	3½	4½	8½
Total,	18½	14½	16½	16½

EVENTS	1901	POINTS	1902	POINTS	1903	POINTS
4. Ropes for speed,			Holmes,	3	Clark,	2
5 a. Crossing 14 ropes,	Johnson,	2			Benedict,	3
b. Indian ladder,	Hunter,	2			Wagenhals,	3
6. Ropes for form,	Lewis,	2			Clement,	3
7 a. Serpentine ladder,	Kitchel,	3				
	A. Kimball,	2				
b. Window ladder (head first),			Holmes,	2	Clement,	3
8 a. Balance weight,			Holmes,	3	Carter,	2
b. Horizontal window ladder,			Childs,	2	Legate,	3
9 a. Vaulting horse,	Hunter,	3			Leavens,	2
b. Double booms,	Kitchel,	3			Tindall,	2
10 a. Swinging jump,	Shoemaker,	3	Holmes,	2		
b. Saddle vault,	A. Kimball,	3			G. Fuller,	2
11 a. High jump,			Holmes,	2	Carter,	3
b. Basket ball throw,					Beecher,	3
					Griffith,	2
12 a. Vaulting box,					G. Fuller,	3
					Benedict,	2
b. Balance beams,	Schauffier,	3			Smith,	2
13. Sprint 30 yards,	A. Kimball,	2			Carter,	3
Total,		28		14		48

ELLEN TUCKER EMERSON 1901.

We are fortunate in having added a new item this spring to our list of outdoor diversions. Hitherto, determined lovers of horseback-riding have met with but slight success in the pursuit of good saddle-horses. Even the most persistent have hit upon the trail of but a few isolated specimens which, after they had been hunted out and were just beginning to be of some slight service, inconsiderately died. Now, however, both the persistent and easily-discouraged rejoice in the availability of nine good saddle-horses and a fully competent instructor as well. The white horses with their pink-cheeked, pink-coated riders, make a very pretty addition to the panorama of

the spring, and one wonders involuntarily why they did not come before. It is rumored, moreover, that a riding-school will be built this summer, to be ready for use in the fall and winter.

By the program presented to each of us the evening of May 1, we were led to suspect that something out of the usual was coming, and we were not disappointed. This is the program :

ENGAGED—BY W. S. GILBERT.

*Dramatis Personae.*

Cheviot Hill, the hero, a young gentleman of property, philandering tendencies and horticultural tastes.....Ida Heinemann  
 Belvawney, his friend, unselfishly devoted to him (and his money),  
 Elizabeth Brown  
 Mr. Symperson, his doting uncle and an indulgent parent, quite undesigning.....Edith Burbank  
 Angus Macalister, a brave Peasant lad, addicted to money-making and brine.....Helen Stratton  
 Major McGillicuddy, a quiet, unassuming old gentleman, whose marriage—that happiest of all earthly events—was choked off like a sob.....Margaret Wilder  
 Belinda Treherne, the heroine, cold and dispassionate externally, but with a warm interior.....Ethel Osgood  
 Minnie Symperson, another heroine, a bold, bad maiden, self-willed and very rebellious .....Annie May Murray  
 Mrs. Macfarlane, a Lowland widow, and a potential fourth heroine, versatile and vociferous.....Clara Lyle  
 Maggie (her daughter), the other heroine, one of those rare flowers, that “bloom to blush unseen” (except by her mirror).....Rosa Smith  
 Parker, train-bearer to the captious Miss Minnie.....Margaret Thacher

It speaks for itself, but with a suspicion of over candor. In reality the play is a clever farce, almost a burlesque ; and as such affords a welcome opportunity to the audience to laugh at the love-making, the pathos, and all other parts of the production, often so perilous to the self-control of the spectator.

The parts were assigned in such a way as to bring out each actor in her especial line, and noticeable care was exercised over both the costuming and training of even the most minor of the parts. The stage management is to be sincerely complimented upon the smoothness with which the play moved on, and especially upon the stage settings, which were not only quite as pretty in general conception as any we have seen this year, but were most attractive because of the thoroughness with which the details were carried out.

The acting was very even in character, and the cast worked well together. None of the cast showed histrionic ability above the average except Miss

Heinemann, whose presentation of Cheviot Hill was surprisingly natural, realistic, and free from awkwardness and restraint. We would like to see Miss Heinemann in a more serious part, one with a wider scope and better suited to her ability. Miss Burbank had entire control over her part as Mr. Symperson, and gave a very satisfactory rendering. The heroine—but there were four, and how is one to criticise a four-fold heroine? What one part lacked, the other supplied, and the composite result seems sufficient unto itself without criticism. The idea of having four heroines to a play might have arisen from a desire to alleviate somewhat the troubles of the reporter and the lime-light man.

The play as a whole was a change, and the introduction of plaids and kilts was a welcome innovation. It was too long drawn out in parts, notably at the end, where the effect was somewhat marred by the aimless attitudinizing required to allow time for over-long farewell remarks. The point of the opening scenes—in this, perhaps, more than in most of our plays—was weakened by the indistinctness and lack of volume of the voices, a defect which was, however, overcome after the foot-lights ceased to be too dazzling. The whole evening was very enjoyable and was generally appreciated.

The initial presentation in Smith College of one of Molière's plays "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*" was given April 14 by La Société Française. It was preceded by "*Les Deux Sœurs*", a comedy by Jules

The French Play *Moineaux* which made a good contrast, in its lightness and modern quality, to the classic which followed. To the uninitiated this play was more easily comprehensible, and so more enjoyable, as the language was that of every day and was further borne out by action.

Two of the comic scenes were well worked up,—one in which the two "deaf" men, each hearing perfectly, played into each other's hands; and another, the climax, where discoveries and explanations are made between "*Les Deux Sœurs*", Eglantine, and Damoiseau. The acting of Jessie Ames as the man-servant was very good, bringing out well the humor of her part. Margaret McCutcheon as the old man was also good.

However, the test of the dramatic ability of La Société Française lay in the second play. This was very well given, on the whole, as far as the facilities afforded would permit. The French was well pronounced and spoken with ease. The lines in the scene between Mascarille and *Les Précieuses* were given with meaning and variety, and the acting was excellent. This was the most difficult scene, as the speeches were very long and offered slight opportunity for action to lighten them. The important rôle of Mascarille was well taken by Ernesta Stevens who acted with ease and charm. Alta Zens did very well in her more difficult part, and Susan Kennedy acted creditably a trying part in which there was little of either speech or action.

The play dragged quite a little, more noticeably towards the end, as lack of action made it difficult to keep up the interest, especially for those who could get but the general drift of the meaning. It is difficult to make a classic play in a foreign language as much appreciated as a modern romantic play or a



farce. On the whole, La Société Française deserves much credit for its success in this first venture.

#### LES DEUX SOURDS.

##### *Personnages.*

Boniface.....	Jessie Ames
Damoiseau.....	Margaret McCutcheon
Placide .....	Fanny Hastings
Un Garde-Champêtre.....	Emma Sterling
Un Jardinier.....	Elizabeth Frost
Eglantine.....	Laura Woodbury

#### LES PRÉCIEUSES RIDICULES.

##### *Personnages.*

La Grange, }	amants rebutés .....	{ Florence Kenyon
Du Croisy, }		{ Elsie Burke
Gorgibus, bon bourgeois .....		Fanny Hastings
Magdelon, fille de Gorgibus, }	Précieuses .....	{ Susan Kennedy
Cathos, nièce de Gorgibus, }	ridicules .....	{ Alta Zens
Almanzor, laquais des précieuses ridicules.....		Isabel Norton
Marotte, servante des précieuses ridicules.....		Nettie McDougal
Le Marquis de Mascarille, valet de La Grange...		Ernesta Stevens
Le Vicomte de Jodelet, valet de Du Croisy.		Margaret McCutcheon
Deux Porteurs de Chaise, Voisines, Violons.		

On Tuesday afternoon, April 30, the junior class in Latin Comedy presented informally an English translation of the *Adelphoe* of Terence before an audience of members of the faculty, students and guests in Seelye Hall. The cast was as follows :

Prologus.....	Pauline Long
Demea.....	Ida Talcott
Sannio.....	Ida Heinemann
Aeschinus.....	Jennie Emerson
Parmeno.....	Pauline Long
Syrus.....	Ethel Cobb
Ctesipho.....	Ethel Chase
Geta }	
Hegio }	Emily Huntington
Bacchis }	
Cantor }	Helen Pease

The play was presented in the class-room without costumes or scenery, the actors reading their parts from the Latin text. The novelty of this informal rendering was refreshing, and the appreciation of the audience expressed in hearty applause testified to the accomplishment of excellent results on the part of the performers by very simple means. The reading of the parts was in all cases intelligent, in several cases notably effective. Slight suggestion was wisely relied upon to indicate the action of the comedy, which progressed

smoothly and without interruption, owing to the careful preparation made by the class.

It is encouraging sign of interest and appreciation of the Roman comedy among the students that translations of two classics have recently been presented here with success by the Latin department. The next step in advance, which we hope will soon follow, is the performance of a comedy in the original Latin.

Report of the Smith Chapter of College Settlements Association during 1900-1901:

At the beginning of the college year the elector spoke to the freshman class about the aims and work of the College Settlement Association and the part that the Smith

S. C. A. C. W. Notes Chapter plays in helping to furnish the subscriptions which carry on the work of the General Association. In October, Agnes Patton 1901 represented the chapter at the meeting of the Electoral Board at Philadelphia, and a report of the meeting was given on her return. The collectors of the annual dues were appointed during December and January; the result of this work is \$481.10, which has been sent to New York to the Treasurer of the General Association, to help carry on the work of the Settlement. There has been an increase in the college subscription this year, although our total amount is less than last year's. However, the increase in the collegiate subscription is reassuring, as it betokens an added interest in the work.

On February 11, 1901, Mrs. Simkhovitch very kindly came to the college and gave a delightful talk at vespers; and again on April 15, she spoke informally before the chapter and its friends at the Dickinson House. On May 1, a business meeting was held. A report of the year's work was read. The constitution was amended providing for the annual election of the elector. Marie Louise Weeden was elected to serve for the coming year.

ANNIE HOLBROOK DUNCAN 1901.

At the annual meeting of the Smith College Association for Christian Work, held April 27, the different departments made their report and the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Jean Jouett 1902; Vice-president, Edith Souther 1902; Corresponding Secretary, Elizabeth Strong 1903; Recording Secretary, Alice Warner 1903; Treasurer, Alice Wright 1904.

Cordial acknowledgment has come from Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick of the gift of \$375 from faculty, alumnae, and students, for the "Smith College Room" of the Girls' International Institute of Spain. Mrs. Gulick, who has been detained in this country getting money, especially among schools and colleges, returns in a few weeks to Spain to take up her teaching again and to organize the work of building at Madrid.

An error was made in the March number of the *Monthly*, in ascribing the book "White Aprons" to Molly Elliot Seawell. The book was written by Maud Wilder Goodwin.

On April 25, under the auspices of Dr. Blodgett and the Music School, the Kneisel Quartette gave a delightful concert to the college. Rubinstein's "Music of the Spheres", Chopin's "Lento" and Tchaikovsky's "Scherzo" were especially appreciated. It is with a great deal of pleasure that we welcome the members of the Quartette each year, and we hope it may be long before their visits are discontinued.

It has been suggested, in order to obviate the difficult necessity of criticising one's hostesses, that one ticket to each dramatic performance be sent to the Editors of the *Monthly* in their official capacity, to be used by one of the editors themselves or by any representative they may select.

At the open meeting of the Telescopium Society, on April 26, Mr. Stausburry Hagar, of the Brooklyn Institute, spoke on "An Ancient Peruvian Star-Chart."

Three new boats have been placed at our disposal in the boat-house, and it is hoped that they may help console us all for our abridged enjoyment of Paradise this fall.

On Sunday, April 14, Mr. Boyd Edwards, the International Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., spoke at Vespers on "The Broader Life."

Department Society Meetings :

Société Française—May 10.  
Clef Club—May 21, June 4.  
Biological Society—May 28.  
Colloquium—May 28.

## CALENDAR

May	18,	Alpha Society.
	22,	Senior Concert.
	30,	Decoration Day.
June	1,	Junior-Senior Entertainment.
	8,	Phi Kappa Psi Society. Junior-Senior Meeting.
	8,	Alpha Society. Junior-Senior Meeting.
	13,	Dress Rehearsal of Senior Dramatics.
	14,	Senior Dramatics.
	15,	Senior Dramatics.
	16,	Baccalaureate Sunday.
	17,	Ivy Day.
	18,	Commencement.

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The  
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Monthly

June - 1901.

Conducted by the Senior Class.

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Subscribers of the Smith College Monthly,  
not desiring to continue their subscriptions  
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especially toward the minority, who  
opposed to the validity of her own discoveries and as indicating  
a weak and credulous state of mind. Rightly taking the  
Christian Bible as the basis on which the majority of the mem-

bers of a Christian civilization accept the miraculous, she has called in literary criticism to discredit the whole body of miracles by demonstrating the historical unreliability of some of the Biblical accounts of supernatural manifestations. If, however, by examining the presuppositions of the miraculous, and by seeing what conceptions of the Deity and the universe underlie a belief in its existence, we can show that the miracle has a right to exist, we shall find that a scholarly, historical study of the text of the Bible need not shake our belief in the possibility of the miracle as a fact.

This, then, we shall attempt to do ; but first, what is a miracle ? In the broadest sense, merely a wonder or marvel ; in a narrower sense, an event so unaccounted for by the workings of nature that it must have been wrought by a supernatural power. This general definition shows that the denial of a miracle may take one of two forms : it may be the denial of the occurrence of the alleged fact, or it may be the denial that the alleged fact came about through supernatural agency. It is with the latter kind of denial that this investigation is particularly interested.

Yet is there nothing more that we may know concerning the nature of miracles in general ? If we take as typical the miracles of the Bible, we find in them a striking characteristic left out of the definition ; that is, their moral character. An examination of their purposive nature shows that they were never wrought to serve the ends of personal aggrandizement or revenge. The withering of the barren fig tree may seem at first an evidence to the contrary ; but Christ's use of it as an illustration of the power of faith and the value of prayer frees it from the suspicion of its having no moral bearing. Christ's refusal to make the stones into bread for his personal gratification is an incident in point. The purpose of miracles is, on the other hand, plainly shown to be a moral one ; they are given to attest the divine commission of the human worker, or to be either texts for stating, or illustrations for reinforcing, some principle of the divine administration of love and justice. The miracles of the rods and serpents, wrought by Moses and Aaron, were useless as material processes ; but so great was the divine power which was thus manifested to attest the mission of Moses that it overflowed, so to speak, to Pharaoh's magicians, who, wondering, wrought imitative miracles. [This, at least, seems to me to be the best explanation for the miracles of the

Egyptian sorcerers in Ex. 7:8-13, 19-22; 8:5-7. The value of these works as witnesses to the power of Moses' God Jehovah would be enhanced by the sense of dependence which the workers must have had from the merely imitative quality of their wonders. The later development of pride and of the desire to appropriate the glory achieved,—a development natural enough when the first reverential awe had worn away,—would likewise account for the withdrawal of the wonder-working power. (Ex. 8:18.)] Jesus used miracles especially as the point of departure for a statement of some great truth; the discourse on the Bread of Life took its rise in the miracle of the loaves. Other miracles of Jesus seem to have as their mission the setting forth of the physical and the spiritual welfare, which must, in the nature of His Kingdom, accompany its establishment on the earth. Nor is it only the man-wrought miracles that have a distinct moral purpose; even in the miracle of the creation, the immediate act of the Deity, is it made clear that the object was to create a home and a kingdom for man, who, as the crown of the creative process, is made a being with the freedom to eat of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil; whence it appears that the creation miracle was the preparatory step to God's execution of His design for the moral development of man.

It is noteworthy that this moral element in the purpose of a miracle is preserved both in the historically reliable and in the less trustworthy parts of the Biblical narrative; it is evidently so inherent in the nature of the miraculous as to be properly added to our former definition. Now this moral element demands something in those for whom the miracle is meant; it demands that they be capable of being influenced as moral beings, that they be free to choose between good and evil. For there can be no moral influence and no moral responsibility, its reciprocal, if there is no possibility of action along other lines than those indicated. If it be objected that the entrance of the miraculous into our world seems an infringement of our free will, because it would force us to accept something which we would otherwise have rejected, it need only be said that the history of miracles, as given in the Bible, justifies precisely the opposite conclusion. From the time of the Pharaoh of the Exodus to that of the Pharisees of Lazarus' day, men who were eye-witnesses of the miracle hardened their hearts and refused



to acknowledge its moral value. The miracle as a moral influence is no more despotic than the other moral forces of the universe.

Thus the free will of man, as the basis of moral activity, is a necessary part of a system that shall have a place for miracles. The philosophers whose systems include determinism or fatalism are those whom we should expect to find denying the miraculous; and it is especially upon their conceptions of God and His relation to the universe that their theories of will depend. Hume the positivist, regarding our possibility of acquiring exact knowledge as limited to our experience, or more especially to science, built up as it is of the material of experience, denies the possibility of our ever having any reliable metaphysics, any theory of God and the universe which shall be more valuable than fancy.<sup>1</sup> Therefore he has no room in his system for miracles. Spinoza the pantheist, conceiving God as wholly immanent in the world, and identifying Him with it and His purposes with its processes, grants to man no possibility of acting otherwise than according to the working out of the purposes of the Deity within him.<sup>2</sup> With this theory there is no room for miracles. Voltaire the deist, imagining God as a transcendent being who created the universe and the laws which it should obey, who set it in motion and then withdrew, leaving it to work out mechanically that for which it was designed, leaves man no course but to fall in line with the rest of the machinery.<sup>3</sup> Miracles meet with no favor in the mind of Voltaire.

But no God at all, or a God that is brought down to our own level, or a God that is beyond our reach, is not a God that satisfies the majority of us. Men have called in reason to their aid to prove a God, but reason finds that no easier a task than to disprove God, and after years of labor has not succeeded in either. Men conclude, therefore, that reason should not be left alone in this arduous task, and they bring to its support their moral consciousness, the demands of their ethical natures; and they let reason test the conception of the Deity which it gets from their other faculties. This God is one who creates the universe not merely as an evolving manifestation of Himself, but as at the same time a distinct creation; yet not as a toy

1 K lpe's Introduction to Philosophy, p. 192.

2 Id. p. 154.

3 Id. p. 169.

cunningly fashioned, wound up, and let alone, but as a living organism through which he may work with sustaining and developing power; as an expression, not of arbitrary law, but of a moral nature needing other moral natures as the proper sphere of its activity, and endowing these natures with the freedom and the knowledge which alone can make them moral. Such is the conception of the Christian theist, and with it he finds no difficulty in harmonizing the existence of miracles. In fact, instead of trying, with the older theologians, to prove the existence of God by means of the miracle, he accepts the miracle as established, at least potentially, by the character of God.

With such a Deity, at once transcendent and immanent, the nature and the purpose of miracles are compatible. The wonder of miracles is not unnatural when the Deity is omnipotent; their moral value is explained by God's purpose in the world and by man's free will. But<sup>1</sup> does their introduction into a world of law-obeying nature seem to cast doubts upon the omniscience or the wisdom of a God who did not at the beginning provide laws so efficient as to exclude the necessity of exceptional manifestations of power? The answer lies again in the moral nature of the miracle and of man. The laws of nature were laid down to work in the natural world and to coöperate harmoniously with the higher spiritual order of the universe. But the free will with which the Creator purposely endowed man has introduced disorder in the moral world, and has destroyed the harmony of the natural and the spiritual, introducing by the unhinging of the two, so to speak, a necessary reactionary disorder in the natural world. Would it not rather argue against the omniscience of God if, in the creation of man's free will with the possibility of its disturbing force known, God had not reserved for Himself, humanly speaking, means by which He might work for the gradual restoration of the normal order and harmony in His universe? If so, the miracle lays claim to being one of these means.

The reasonableness of this claim, however, has been combated by those who say with Hume that the miraculous is essentially a violation of the laws of nature, and with Spinoza that God would contradict Himself in contradicting His manifestation in nature.<sup>2</sup> If we examine these statements, we shall

1 Christlieb's *Modern Doubt and Christian Belief*, pp. 811, 818, 814.

2 Christlieb, pp. 807-810.

see that they offer a theory of miracles for which the definition gives no warrant. A phenomenon for which the laws of nature can not account need not be a violation or a contradiction of these laws. It may be an instance in which their working has been temporarily transcended by the activity of a higher law. The moral laws of our human nature are continually transcending the laws of impulse and desire. Why should not the moral law in the outer world obscure or counteract the normal workings of the natural law? It is to the undue emphasis of the laws of nature as comprising the entire working force of the universe that the theory of the miracle as a violation of natural law owes its existence. Moreover, the correctness of such a view is certainly cast in question by the fact that the results of the Biblical miracles never make a commotion in the natural world. As soon as the miraculous act is over, the normal course of nature is resumed. Would this be possible, were the laws of nature violated by the miracle?

We have seen that the grounds for a reasonable faith in miracles lie in their nature as moral forces, capable of transcending natural laws; in the conception of God as at once apart from the world, and yet manifesting Himself as a living power in its operations; and in the recognition of a disturbance existing in the normal order of the world as an established harmony. With these presuppositions, the miracle becomes not only a possible but a probable means of the divine working toward the restoration of the normal order. That it is the only means, or even the most efficient or the most frequent, we neither claim nor admit. Even in Biblical narrative, miracles are not as frequent as a casual reader might suppose. Were we to make the extreme assumption that all parts of the records were equally reliable, we should yet find that miracles come into prominence only in three great groups at as many important periods in the religious history there recorded: at the giving of the Law under Moses, and its reestablishment under Elijah and Elisha, and at the time of the fuller revelation through Jesus Christ. This fact seems significant of the fitness of the miraculous at certain epochs and stages; its periodicity may betoken its relative unimportance in the continuous process of divine working. However that may be, a knowledge of what the miraculous presupposes places it as a reasonable possibility beyond the danger of being overthrown by the laudable investigations of

textual criticism. It is not destructive to the miraculous as such that a poet's fancy and an editor's misunderstanding should have ascribed an astronomical miracle to the conquering Joshua. Again, the study of history has shown that the myth-making fancy of nations all the world over has embellished their prehistoric traditions with capricious wonders ; and some of the Biblical narratives may be the offspring of such fancy in the form which it takes in strongly moral natures. Yet this analysis of the origin of some miracle stories in no way undermines the possibility of miracles as such. Science and history have a perfect right to test the point of view of the ancient writers, and to prove in individual instances that their psychological processes and their knowledge differed in certain ways from our own ; but these branches of investigation draw too broad a conclusion from particular premises when they undertake to show from that fact that the miraculous never has and never could have existed. For if we have been at all successful in our attempt here, we have shown that a belief in miracles is a reasonable and a consistent part of a Christian philosophy.

CHARLOTTE BURGIS DEFORREST.

*A SONG OF THE PRAIRIE*

On the boundless western prairie  
Far away from the noisy sea,  
Far away from the frowning mountains,  
There only is life for me.

There the gentle west wind wanders  
At will o'er the grassy plains ;  
I can feel its breath on my forehead,  
I can feel new life in my veins,  
As it greets me with soft caresses,  
And seems to laugh with me  
In joy over life on the prairie  
Where nature is wild and free.

The grass is green on the prairie  
And the flowers are fair and bright.  
The beautiful brown-eyed daisies  
With crowns of the sun's own light,  
Shine here and there 'mid the grasses  
In contrast strong and bold.  
Or are massed in countless numbers  
Till they make it a sea of gold.

There's nothing to hinder my vision,  
No mountains to shut me in  
And overshadow my pleasures  
Like monsters of grief or sin;  
But the beautiful prairie stretches  
As far as the eye can see,  
Till the sky bends down to meet it  
And share the blessing with me.  
MARGARET KING MOORE.

### HOW ABRIGAL PATIENCE BECAME A TRAITOR

Abrigal Patience had run away. The consciousness of her reckless daring came over her with a rush, as she emerged from the shadow of the woods and gazed along the sandy road, lying all white and hot and dazzling in the noonday sun. The house was nowhere in sight, and the fact that she was perfectly aware that it lay tranquil and serene, just around the bend, did not detract from the sense of unrighteous adventure that was causing her heart to beat fast, and her breath to come quickly. She did not like to leave the woods, for she had just discovered the most delightful nook that the eye of mortal had ever been privileged to gaze upon. She had pierced her way with difficulty through the thick undergrowth, and come out quite suddenly upon a little pool at the roots of a great oak-tree. The bottom and sides of the pool, and the gnarled roots above it, were all covered with dark green moss, and leaning over she had seen her own chubby face with its frame of tangled yellow curls, quite as plainly as it had ever appeared in the tiny looking-glass which hung in the "best room" at home.

Home! That word made a queer pang shoot through Abri-gal Patience's breast. How long it seemed since her mother had mounted the pillion behind old Daniel, and turning to the

little blue pinafores figure beside the horseblock, had said solemnly, "Now, mind you don't go beyond the hollyhocks in the back garden. There's plenty of bread and milk in the buttery, on that low shelf where you can reach it, and a maple sugar cake that you can eat by and by when you get hungry. But don't go outside the garden, for then the British might get you."

At the mention of the fearful British, Abrigal Patience had trembled visibly, but her fears were driven away by the thought of the maple sugar cake. For an hour she played happily among the sedate cabbages and fragrant old-fashioned "posies" which flourished in the back garden, but after a time her interest waned. It was hot there and the woods beyond looked delightfully cool and inviting. It was many, many hours to sunset, and long before the mother returned she could make a little excursion into those dim recesses, and get back to the prosaic cabbages and sage blossoms again. So whispered the tempter in her ear, and she was not slow to follow his promptings.

Cautiously she parted the hollyhock boundary, and with many a distrustful backward glance, sought the delightful shade of those enticing woods. No thought of the murderous "British" troubled her joy in her own wrong doing, the world lay all before her, and she pressed eagerly forward. When she came to the little dark pool, she sat down for a few minutes upon the velvety moss, and then a regretful thought of that maple sugar cake upon the buttery shelf crossed her mind. But it would keep, and through the trees she could see the glimmer of the white roadway, which led all the way to Boston, if one but followed it far enough.

Joyously she pursued her way. The white dust settled thick upon her worn home-made shoes, and the sun beat down upon her uncovered head, for in her haste to see the world she had left her sun-bonnet behind. The sweat poured over her small face, and she wiped it away with her dusty hands, until her countenance presented an appearance not unlike that of the daisies growing beside the road, who dropped their heads, as if ashamed of their dirty faces. Just as she was beginning to grow tired a sudden turn in the road brought her in sight of a great rock. At its foot some early settler had evidently sought a sheltered spot to place his cabin, for there were evidences of its having once guarded a human dwelling. Although the cabin had long before fallen to pieces, there was still a hollow edged

about with stones, and now filled with catnip bushes and a tangle of blackberry vines, and a little distance off, its many dead limbs standing out in sharp relief against the blue sky, grew an old cherry tree. All the lower branches were bare, but upon the very top, as fair, as round, and as perfect as the fruit of Eden itself, hung a great mass of blood red cherries.

At the sight Abrigal Patience, hot and thirsty, gave a shout of delight, but her joy was quickly turned into mourning as, with a sinking heart, she realized the utter hopelessness of ever obtaining any of them. With this came a realization that she was very far from home, that her dinner hour was long past, and that a weary stretch of sandy road separated her from the bread and milk and maple sugar upon the buttery shelf.

Alas for the illusive visions of the morning! How quickly they had all vanished in the hot glare of the noonday! Abrigal Patience sat down at the foot of the inaccessible cherry tree and began to weep. At first she sobbed softly, but gradually her wails rose louder and louder upon the summer air. She did not see a cloud of dust far down the road, she did not hear the beat of hoofs which grew nearer and louder, she heeded nothing but her own unavailing grief, until a cheerful boyish voice shouted, "Hello, my little girl. What are you crying about?"

Abrigal Patience lifted her dirty tear-stained face, and a chill of horror swept over her. Standing in the road only a few feet away was a huge black horse, who pawed a little, snorting, and eyeing uneasily the tumbled heap beneath the cherry tree. Upon his back was a young man who sat up very straight, dressed in the bright scarlet uniform which proclaimed him to be in the service of his Majesty, King George the Third. He was one of the dreaded "British". At first Abrigal Patience was too terrified to move, but gradually, as the big black horse continued to prance before her and his rider gave no immediate evidence of an intention to descend and devour her, she grew bold enough to look at him again. This second glance reassured her to some extent, for after all there was nothing very alarming in his appearance. He had large blue eyes which were set far apart beneath a wide forehead framed by loosely waving hair, and she noted, with a child's quick eye for detail, that there was a tiny scar in the corner of his right eyebrow. He did not appear to be laughing, exactly, but his mouth was rather large and the smile seemed to radiate from it, and from

his pleasant eyes, as if it never left them. There were other bright and attractive things about him also, for at his side hung a sword with a sparkling hilt, and his buttons and the spurs upon his dusty boots glittered in the sunshine. Abridal Patience's feminine heart warmed at the sight of all this splendor.

"Are you lost?" queried the "British", persuasively, "tell me, what is the matter?"

At this the small wayfarer began to weep again, but with one grimy hand she pointed upward.

"Oh," cried the young man, the light of comprehension dawning in his merry eye, "you want some of those cherries. Well, never mind, don't cry about it. Just wait a minute and I'll get you some."

He urged the black horse under the lower boughs and then disengaging his sword, hung it over the pommel of his saddle. Then he rose in his stirrups and reached for the overhanging branches, but they were still too far above him. He appeared to reflect a little, then his smile deepened as at some pleasing reflection. He slipped one foot from the stirrup and set it upon the saddle, then gathered the reins tightly in his left hand, and raised his right hand above his head. At a sharp pull the big horse reared, and quicker than the astonished eyes of Abridal Patience could follow him, he caught the overhanging boughs and sprang up the trunk with the agility of a cat. Abridal Patience had never seen a circus, they were unknown to the time and the community in which she lived, and such an acrobatic performance was undreamed of in her philosophy. The "British" continued to mount the tree until the cherries were within reach of his eager hands, and soon a perfect rain of them descended upon the little girl's head. The black horse appeared to resent being a participant in such frivolity, for he snorted at intervals, and cast anxious glances upward where his master's red coat gleamed among the branches. But Abridal Patience had ceased to be suspicious. Her mouth was full of cherries, and she made no reply to the bantering remarks of the red-coated Samaritan among the boughs above.

But when at last he slid down the trunk and dropped on the ground with a formidable clicking of spurs, her first fears returned, and forgetful of the fruit she began to weep more dismally than ever. The young man was plainly distressed. He knelt down on the ground beside her, and endeavored to wipe



away her tears, and the big horse, moved by the same compassionate spirit apparently, approached and sniffed at her yellow head. At first these ministrations only increased her terror, but presently, observing that nothing in the least alarming seemed to be imminent, she became calmer, and allowed her tears to be dried, and little by little told the story of the morning's escapade, not omitting even the maple sugar cake. So at last she was persuaded to allow herself to be lifted upon the big black horse, and the "British", having once more girded on his sword, remounted and rode off gaily, having previously filled a truly remarkable number of pockets with cherries. The journey home was all too short, despite the welcome thought of bread and milk which lay at its close. And after she had been set down before her own door and her escort had galloped away, waving his three-cornered hat by way of farewell, she stood with a finger in her mouth, gazing reflectively at the cloud of white dust, which, spurned by the heels of the big black horse, still floated lazily in the summer air.

Beside the wide-mouthed chimney in his own kitchen Captain John Carter sat in the great arm chair his grandfather had brought from England, with his little daughter, Abigail Patience upon his knee. Captain Carter was at home for a very brief furlough, and it was with eyes quickened by long months of separation that he gazed about the familiar room. Outside, the luminous April twilight was slowly deepening and the kitchen within was fast growing dark, save where the firelight illuminated the nearer corners, casting strange fantastic shadows among the low rafters and over the sanded floor. Captain Carter's wife, her cheeks rosy and shining, and her kerchief and apron of spotless white, bustled about preparing supper, which was to be something quite out of the ordinary in honor of the return of the master of the house. On the other side of the hearth the baby slept tranquilly in his cradle, and a big cat purred between the andirons.

Suddenly the tranquil peace of this domestic scene was rudely interrupted by the sharp crack of a musket, somewhere outside in the yellow dusk, then another and another, and above the plaintive murmur of the young frogs in the swamp, came the sound of cries and hoarse shouting. Captain Carter hurriedly set his little daughter upon the floor and sprang to the corner

where his musket stood. A holster containing a pair of pistols hung beside it, and seizing these, quite heedless of his wife's remonstrances, he rushed out of doors. The baby, waking, set up a shrill outcry, and in the hurry and confusion Abridal Patience slipped out unobserved. Trembling, she stood for a moment upon the broad doorstone, and then her eyes were attracted by the flash of lanterns a little way down the road. She could dimly discern a group of dark figures clustered together, and the sound of heavy voices was borne to her straining ears. Then the group scattered suddenly, and she saw the lanterns go bobbing off in various directions, until only one was left. Toward this, cold and shaking, but overcome by curiosity, Abridal Patience made her way. A dark mass lay across the road, and as she came nearer she saw that it was a great black horse, lying stretched on his side. The man who held the lantern was a near neighbor and friend, and now turning, he caught sight of the little girl's white face gleaming through the gloom, and called out, "You'd best run home, Abridal Patience. This is no place for little folks."

At the sound of his voice the wounded horse raised his head and fixed his bloodshot eyes full on the child's face. There was something almost human in their suffering and entreaty, and the sight moved the little girl to tears. Even the sturdy New England farmer was touched with pity, for he leaned down and patted the animal's neck.

"Poor fellow," he said compassionately, "it's no fault of yours that your master's a spy."

A spy! Abridal Patience's heart quaked. She had heard the word before, and it suggested every possibility of fear and horror.

"Where is he?" she whispered.

The man laughed, and waved his hand in the direction of the woods where the lanterns could be seen moving to and fro between the tree trunks. "He got away," he said cheerfully, "but don't you be afeared. He's got two bullets in him, and he can't go far. He's left a trail of blood that won't be hard to follow."

"What will they do when they get him?" she asked, still in a terrified whisper.

"Do!" he laughed again. "Why, string him up to the nearest tree, I guess. We don't want any spies around here."

The little girl turned around and crept home, and at intervals during the night she woke up and trembled. She could hear the shouts of the men outside and once, it seemed hours after she had gone to bed, she was aroused by her father's voice, saying. "It's just as if the earth had opened and swallowed him. We've searched every inch of the woods for a mile and, beside a few drops of blood on the road, we can't find a trace of him anywhere." Then he added, "But we'll get him as soon as the daylight comes, and it will be short shift for him then."

Looking out through the open bedroom door, she could see her father and mother standing together before the fire, and as he spoke Captain Carter put his fingers suggestively about his own neck.

When morning came, all bright and balmy and sunny, as only an April morning can be, it all seemed like a bad dream. Only the big black horse, whom everyone had forgotten, had crawled painfully to his feet during the night, and come into the yard of Captain Carter's house, whinnying piteously, so that the tender heart of the Captain's wife had been moved to compassion, and she had found him a place in the barn, and ministered to his wounds. After breakfast the little girl was allowed to hold a basin while her mother bathed his wounded side, and mixed a hot "mash" for him to eat. The horse seemed very grateful for these attentions, and as Abigail Patience stood beside him he reached around and snuffed curiously at her curly head.

It was a very busy day for Mrs. Carter, and amid all the confusion and excitement of the search for the escaped spy it was small wonder that she did not miss her little daughter. Once the ministrations to the black horse were finished, that dauntless spirit had stolen softly through the back garden, and plunged into the budding woods, all full of the alluring sights and sounds of early spring. She had forgotten all about the fearful spy, and a faint remembrance of the mossy hollow with its dark pool which she had discovered the previous summer suddenly stirred her. At length she caught sight of the rough trunk of the big oak tree through the underbrush and pressed eagerly forward. Yes, there it was. The twisted roots covered with moss, the scattered acorns, the overhanging branches bending down toward the little hollow.

But the pool alas, was gone! What had happened to it? It

appeared to be full of leaves, a dark water-soaked mass that rose almost to the trunk of the oak tree itself. The child stood still for a moment contemplating it sadly, then she gave a little exclamation of disappointment, and at the sound there was a faint stir among the leaves. Abridal Patience's heart almost stopped beating. She stood rooted to the spot, gazing horror-stricken at the little hollow before her. For a second it swam before her eyes,—then everything resolved itself into a white boyish face, all streaked with mud and dirt, and drawn with lines of pain, yet a merry face for all that, with wide apart blue eyes, full of sparkles, and a tiny scar just cutting the right eyebrow.

"Abridal Patience," said a well remembered voice.

Fascinated, the little girl drew nearer. Even divested of his red coat and brass buttons she had no trouble in recognizing her last summer's acquaintance. He lay on his back and the leaves covered all but his face and the hand he now held out to her.

"You aren't afraid, are you, Abridal Patience?" he asked, and there was a shade of anxiety in his tone, "I can't move, so I couldn't hurt you if I tried."

"Why can't you move?" asked the child, advancing curiously. "Has someone hurted you?"

"Yes, someone has 'hurted' me," he answered pleasantly, "and will hurt me some more if you make a noise or don't do as I say."

"I don't want you hurted," and she began to weep dismally.

"There, there," said the prostrate man persuasively, "don't cry. Come here and let me ask you something. Do you like to see things burn?"

"Yes," said the little girl eagerly, "but they never let me play with fire at home."

"I'll let you burn something," and that well remembered smile was flashed up at her, "only you must never tell. Promise now."

She gave the promise eagerly, and with his free hand the young man began fumbling at his coat. After several seconds of breathless suspense he drew forth a package of papers, folded together and sealed, which he held out to Abridal Patience.

"Open it," he said.

She received it with some suspicion. It was all stained with a dark red substance and was not very pleasant to look upon.

"It is nasty," she objected.

"No matter," he said cheerfully, "it will burn all the better for that."

The little girl broke the seals and spread the papers out on the ground. The prostrate man was feeling in his pockets once more, and this time he produced a tinder box.

"Do you know how to use it?" he asked.

The child shook her head, and a low exclamation that would hardly bear repeating escaped him. With infinite effort he turned on his side, and raised his other hand. Three times he tried without success, and at every effort his face grew white and his wide forehead was contorted with pain. But at last he succeeded in striking a spark and managed to drop it on one of the papers.

"Blow it!" he whispered, "it will make such a pretty blaze."

Abrigal Patience needed no second bidding. She blew with all the strength of her young lungs, and the edge of the paper began to curl, and then blazed up grandly.

"Put on another," said the "British" faintly.

A second paper went on, then another and another. It was really a grand blaze. The last paper caught and roared upward, and then sank down into a white curling cinder.

"They are all burnt," said Abrigal Patience, regretfully.

"That is too bad," said the occupant of the hollow, still more faintly. "Now if your father comes and sees these ashes he may punish you for playing with fire. Suppose you cover them up with the leaves."

She obediently gathered up a few handfuls of the damp leaves and covered the tiny mound of ashes, all that was left of the glorious "fire."

"Is it all right now?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, but be sure you don't tell anyone." He reached out and took hold of the child's hand. His voice was very low and faint, but he was still smiling. "If you tell, Abrigal Patience," he said solemnly, "I shall be killed quite dead, and can never climb any more cherry trees for you."

A strange feeling of awe came over the child. She gripped his hand tightly. "I won't tell," she assured him, "but I feel afraid, and I think I hear Father calling me."

"Shout," said the "British" in a far off voice, "call to him and tell him—tell him—you've found the spy". And he went to sleep.

When Captain Carter and his neighbors searched the man whom the Captain's little daughter had so marvelously discovered in a place where the searching parties had several times made an examination, they found no evidence that could verify their conclusion that their prisoner was a British spy. Everyone felt very sorry that he should have received such bad treatment, and although there was not a man in the community who was not morally certain that he had only escaped by some fortunate accident, his smile was so winning and his manners so delightful that all were glad to be able to release him. At the Carter's farmhouse where he lay for six weeks hovering between life and death he became a sort of family idol, and crept into the hearts of everybody, including the bluff Captain himself, who went regretfully back to his post of duty when the outcome of the young man's wounds was still uncertain.

It was not until the United States of America had been recognized as a nation by the British government, and the name and smile of the suspected spy had become only a fading memory to little Abridal Patience, that a letter and a packet came all the way from England to the Carter farm. The packet contained a beautiful string of gold beads, and the contents of the letter caused Captain Carter to frown and smile as he read it. His wife had guessed that it was from their late guest, but she was not in the least prepared for what followed. The worthy Captain rose and going to where Abridal Patience, filled with curiosity, stood at a respectful distance, clasped the beads about her neck. Then turning to his wife, he said, "He says that as our little maid saved him from a necklace he did not want he is glad to be able to give her one that he hopes will prove more acceptable." "Abridal Patience," he said, solemnly, laying his hand upon her curly head, "I am afraid turned traitor for the sake of a few cherries".

AMY STOUGHTON POPE.

### *L' AIGLON*

Poor little eaglet ! struggling to be free,  
Tho' close the cage and close the golden bars,—  
Yet not too close to hide from thee the stars  
That shone o'er France and him France loved ;—to thee  
They bring false dreams of what can never be,  
Beckon thee on to deeds thou dar'st not do :—  
Guides to thy father, for thyself untrue,  
Because thou art not such an one as he,  
For tho' the cage was once unlocked for thee,  
Thy gaolers caught thee near ;—thou couldst not soar  
Like him who circled Europe o'er and o'er  
Unconquerable in flight, and strong, and free.  
And so they brought thee back again, to die  
Within thy cage :—thy wings too weak to fly.

MARGUERITE FELLOWS.

### *TWILIGHT LOVE*

Just in the sweet, green twilight,  
As the moon is beginning to rise,  
Comes the love that is born of longing,  
Comes the love that is spent in sighs.

While the trees are whispering softly  
In the silvery, shimmering haze  
To the fair earth listening, waiting  
For the secrets of olden days,

In the silence that throbs with voices  
And the pulses of hearts long stilled,  
When the spaces of time Eternal  
With the breath of the past are filled,

When the shadow of lasting quiet  
Calms thoughts of struggle and strife  
And the cry of passion sounds softly  
In the peace and the vision of life,

Then in the sweet, green twilight  
As the moon is beginning to rise,  
Comes the love that is born of longing,  
Comes the love that is spent in sighs.

NINA LOUISE ALMIRALL.

## ***THE RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF THE SENSES IN OUR EXPERIENCE WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD***

We touch the outside world in three different ways ; through the spiritual experience, through the mental experience, and through the physical experience. This is an arbitrary division, because experience is always complex ; we seldom, perhaps never, touch life in one of these ways alone. We are never conscious of our physical existence, to the absolute exclusion of either the mental or spiritual contact with the world. For the spiritual experience depends much on our mental life, and the mental life closely touches the physical. We cannot exist long in a pure state of emotion ; mental activity soon creeps in and gives it a name, and compares it with other similar experiences and interprets it in a more concrete form. The mental activity relates to the physical too, for we cannot long force our mind to do its work uninterruptedly and alone ; physical sensations make their way in upon the thought, and the revolving brain becomes conscious of pain in the head from too sustained effort, of heat or cold in the room, of noises from without, and so forth. Each of the senses knits together the three experiences until they are no longer distinct and the most we say is that one or another is predominant.

Let us look for a long time fixedly at a bright star. It will depend on the individual which experience comes first into play, but before we are through, all three are bound together. Perhaps the first to be aroused is the spiritual experience ; the poetic beauty and truth of this bright fragment of the great pulsing universe come over us, its delicacy and aerial brilliancy steal in upon our aesthetic sense. But not long do we enjoy this purely emotional contemplation. It is a question whether we really have that experience singly at all. We can say, however, that at first the spiritual experience, if it is so, is predominant. Following this, inevitably comes mental activity, the formless spiritual experience results in definite thought, we interpret the beauty of the star,—a lamp on the road to heaven,



an angel's tear, a flower in the garden of heaven, the eye of God, whatever the interpretation may be. Then the remembrance of other stars and associations connected with them, an effort to place this particular one in its constellation; all these experiences, or corresponding ones, pass through the consciousness until the physical experience overflows all else and we shut the strained eyes, and contemplate ruefully the crick in the back of our neck.

Again, let us listen to a great harmony of voices or of instruments. The listening soul quivers in response; there is tumult or peace in the spirit, but not long does it rule the consciousness; we soon begin to interpret the music as we did the star-shine; we trace out its symbolism and bring forth the living characters and scenes of which it sings. Then perhaps the critical faculty takes hold, we measure the rendering of the music against some standard, we compare it with other sounds, the "voice of many waters", the harmony of the winds, or more delicate sounds like the singing of the birds or the soft dropping of rain. Finally, the music may produce a pleasant or unpleasant weariness, the throbbing in our ears becomes marked. For a time we shall hardly hear the music in its proper meaning, but feel the sound only as so much vibration, and measure the loud passages against the soft, by the tingling of the eardrums, and gradually we may awake to consciousness of fatigue from the cramped position in which the first strain of the music found and chained us.

The fragrance of a flower, the breath of the hills or the salt of the sea links together our three forms of consciousness in the same way. They may enter into our spiritual experience in many ways, although, at first consideration, this sense seems less distinctly connected with that experience than the other two senses mentioned. But while the abstract appeal is less strong through this sense it is nevertheless undoubtedly there. The examples mentioned, for instance, enter often into our patriotism and, too, into a narrower and more selfish love of home. "Oh, to be in England now that April's there!" Not a mere picture follows in the poet's mind of green buds and clear pale skies, but the fragrance of the blossoming trees, the smell of the fresh-turned earth in the new-ploughed fields, and all the other subtle wafts of odors that go to make up the springtime. And the sailor loves the sea not alone because of its tumult and

motion, its changing colors and the music of its waters, but loves too the pungent odors of the sea and the smell of the tarred ropes and the wet decks.

In the sense of taste we approach more distinctly mental and physical consciousness rather than marked spiritual processes ; but still, in the essence of taste they are faintly discernible, yet they drift close in upon the mental experience and I doubt whether they are not completely connected with association. I do not know whether in the other instances I have given, the abstract impressions follow the concrete or vice versa. Technically speaking, I suppose the concrete come first and that all our abstract thoughts, feelings and activities are dependent upon it, but the concrete stimulus may give only an unconscious impression at first or be only faintly apparent. But in the sense of taste I think there is less doubt that the physical consciousness is the first to respond to the stimulus. Following comes the mental process ; we estimate the pleasure or pain that the taste affords, and compare it with others better or worse. The spiritual experience in this sense is, as I have said, more closely dependent on the mental experience than in any of the others considered. I believe it comes entirely through memory and association and is spiritual only because it becomes a more subtilized form of the really mental activities. The taste of cider, for example, may call up memories of the country home, the low, dark-leaved orchards, the slanting roof of the red farm-house, the faces of the family, the subtle air of home, until we lose these visual pictures and become lost in the experiences of that life on its inner and contemplative side, in distinction from the definite thinking that it recalls, and we glow again with the ideals and passions of that time, and are kindled by the enthusiasm or blackened by the despair of years long since past.

Touch would seem to relate us more closely with the outside world than any of the other sensations, for we are actually related to a thing when we close upon it, beside being related to it in the figurative sense that we are related to a landscape or a bar of music. But the spiritual experience is keenly present in this sense. The rain against our face in the night, the glow of the fire on our return, the pressure of the hand-clasp of a friend, in all these the spiritual meaning rises foremost ; the physical experience comes first, but faintly, the spiritual experience fol-

lows closely. The mental experience walks by its side, and remembered descriptions of the beating of the rain, of the story of the hearthside, of essays on friendship, and other such thoughts come crowding fast.

The organic sensations exercise our physical consciousness almost entirely and do not strongly relate us mentally or spiritually with the outside world. And yet these forms of consciousness are not wholly absent. A strain of the arm recalls a similar case of effort, perhaps a story of some heroism attends the muscular activity,—the story of the Holland boy and the dyke, or the lady-in-waiting who bolted the king's door with her arm. This memory may lead, as in the case of taste, to a subtilized form of mental activity, spiritual only through the aid of memory, and the physical experience may be overshadowed by the suggested patriotism or idealism that may come to us as abstractly as any of the suggestions made by sight or hearing.

I have followed the senses in the order in which they are generally considered,—sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch, and after these, the organic sensations. Considering them, however, as I have done, in respect primarily to their spiritual appeal, they fall into the order of sight, hearing, touch, smell, taste, and the organic sensations.

These three consciousnesses,—the spiritual, mental and physical experience,—constitute the appeals made by the senses between us and the outside world; we are connected with that world at every point by the three-fold consciousness, and those consciousnesses are made one.

JULIA POST MITCHELL.

### A SPRING FANCY

Days come and go like dreams, idle waking dreams,  
Out of the realms of the morning clouds, with their shadowy, mystical gleams,  
Out of the shining mist they come, into the golden haze.  
Like silent phantoms of unreal forms,—the listless, forgetful days.

Days come and go like dreams, beautiful, fanciful dreams,—  
Full of the song of enchanted birds, and the music of rippling streams,  
When the long, dim aisles of the forest are wrapped in purple haze,  
And the real and the present seem far away,—in the pensive, spring-time days.

Days come and go like dreams,—changing, vanishing dreams,  
Out of the pallid night of the past, tinted with sunrise gleams,  
For a moment touched with a radiant light, then lost in the gathering haze,  
As the cold night shadows, with phantom-like arms enfold the passing days.

GERTRUDE ROBERTS.

### IN ARCADIA

I had decided to spend my summer vacation at Tilden, around which, in my dreams, was a halo of quiet and hills, and woods, of long walks, of fishing, of birds and flowers, and—Hester.

That first night in Tilden I went to bed, feeling that at last I had found Arcadia, and being naturally an unselfish mortal, it occurred to me to rejoice that Hester, also, was enjoying the blessed privileges of Arcadia. I am always devoted to unity of place where she and I are concerned and I was particularly glad that Arcadia should hold us two and no others, at least no others of consequence. Therefore, I went to sleep happy, despite the sound of revelry by night, by which the mosquitoes manifested their interest in me as a new victim.

Alas, for dreams and Fools' Paradises! I was doomed to see the glory of my halo fade away, though its bare outline remained intact. Tilden contained quiet: in my most visionary moments I had never conjured up anything so hopelessly, aggressively tranquil. There were hills, too, fine ones, whose only fault lay in their ubiquity and their excessively perpendicular nature; there were woods which I should have enjoyed ungrudgingly had it not been for the birds and flowers which had their habitation therein. Long walks were mine in abundance,—everything I had dreamed of was there except the fishing, which, unregretted, failed to materialize. Above all, Hester was there, and yet I was not happy.

All this, however, I did not dream of when I set out that first morning to find Hester. The air was as sweet, the hills as blue, the whole world as radiant as one could expect even in Arcadia. The first shadow crossed my path when Hester's kindly landlady explained that that young woman had gone "over yander", indicating a direction across the fields with her long, bony forefinger. Nothing daunted, however, I proceeded to follow her and "over yander", indeed, I found her. She was sitting on a

stump, peering up at a tree, opera-glasses in hand. At my approach she lowered her glasses, with a preoccupied air.

"Oh, good morning, I heard you had come. Can you see that woodpecker?"

The temperature of my morning exhilaration went down several degrees. She had showed neither surprise nor pleasure at my advent. And why on earth should I be expected to see a woodpecker?

"Look, look!" she exclaimed in an excited whisper. I looked, but did not see. I am blind as a bat without my glasses and, moreover, labor under the disadvantage of not knowing a woodpecker from a bluebird.

"Isn't he perfectly dear?" asked Hester in evident ecstasy. In her excitement she laid her hand on my knee but removed it instantly. I really didn't object to its being there and started to express my willingness when I was silenced by a look. I supposed she meant to rebuke my temerity and respected her girlish modesty.

"I thought I heard a vireo," she said.

In the light of further experience, I know now that the odds were greatly in favor of her having heard the vireo and not my remark.

"There goes that dear, downy woodpecker. I am so glad I saw him," and she sighed ecstatically as she rose from the stump. "I do just love 'em," she added fervently.

"Lucky they," said I with an ardent glance. Of course one can't be sure of one's glances, but mine felt ardent, at any rate.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Graves, did you speak? I was watching that sparrow and did not notice."

"O no, I didn't speak," I replied with concentrated essence of irony.

"I wish I could remember whether it is a tree or song sparrow that flips his tail. Can you, Mr. Graves?"

Mr. Graves did not recall and marched on beside her in icy silence. How under the canopy was a man to make love to a girl who was absorbed in tails that flipped or flipped not? I stopped to gather some little starry white flowers at my feet, and gave them to Hester, with an expression meant to be profoundly eloquent. The eloquence passed in greater insignificance than could possibly appertain to the sounding brass of the hymn.

"Why that is pyrola. I don't know which variety. Didn't you pick any leaves?"

I was obliged to confess that I had not; moreover, I had gathered all the blossoms and could not find the spot again.

"Never mind," said Hester in the tone of mingled resignation and forced cheerfulness which is so painful to the erring. "Next time, please remember, Mr. Graves, that leaves are very important in analysing. Where *are* my glasses? Oh, thanks."

For five minutes she gazed into the depths of a beech tree and then turned away with a sigh. "Lost him," she said pensively. "You weren't quick enough. I think I had better carry the glasses myself."

I started to explain that she had left the glasses on the stump in her rapture over the dear, downy woodpecker, but I left my sentence unfinished, for I saw the rapt expression return to her face which I was now sufficiently experienced to interpret. This time it was a scarlet tanager, so Hester informed me. There was one redeeming feature about this bird, for he gave me an opportunity to look at Hester as long and hard as I chose, longer and harder than the usages of society permit and I was grateful for the privilege. Unfortunately my gratitude was marred by the intense desire within me to have her look at me as she looked at that abominable bird.

So the morning passed and at length we set our faces toward the town. Weary and angry, I strode along beside Hester. Why had I ever come to this wretched place, this miserable haunt of the scarlet tanager and the dear, downy woodpecker and all the rest of them, except to tell Hester that I loved her? Here was I and here was Hester, and here too were the birds. As I look upon that morning it seems to me I characterized those birds by a forcible epithet just then, but it does not matter now. Hester chatted gaily, counting her triumphs on her fingers, and I listened in gloomy silence. Clearly it was unbecoming for a martyr to speak of his sufferings. Evidently Hester didn't care. I might as well pack up and go home to the city.

As we parted, Hester informed me that she was going birding all the afternoon with the minister and in the evening she must write up her bird notes and consult her books, but to-morrow I might go with her to Bascom's Woods if I cared to. She had heard there were a great many warblers there. In conclusion

she gave me a smile which made me think that not all the glory had departed from Arcadia. I would remain another day. But who in thunder was the minister?

That night I slept the sleep of the weary, pleasantly oblivious to the mosquito orgies which went on in my apartments, a species of festivity from which I was fortunately absent in spirit, though very much present in the flesh.

On the morrow I rose refreshed, in spite of the unpleasant nocturnal visions of gigantic scarlet tanagers, with eyes like opera glasses and tails which flipped incessantly up and down. I accompanied Hester to Bascom's Woods where we found warblers, indeed, and other ornithological treasures, which proved, if possible, even more absorbing than scarlet tanagers and woodpeckers. I was perpetually bidden to "hush", "look", "listen", and every moment Hester grew more radiantly happy, I grew more abjectly wretched. On the way home from Bascom's Woods I resolved to speak to the stage driver about coming for my trunk. On the whole, however, it seemed best to wait another day.

So passed a week of such days. I grew to abhor every feathered creature. Even flowers I found occasion to envy, but I did not hate them as I did the birds. I longed sometimes to ask her to investigate me, study my special characteristics, identify me as she did the birds. Yet still I lingered in Arcadia because Arcadia held Hester, and daily I walked with her, listening, hushing, looking, simultaneously or alternately at her command.

There were redeeming features in the miseries of Arcadia. One was the triumphant routing of the mosquitoes. My friendly landlady tacked cheese-cloth over the windows of my room which kept out the larger insects along with the breeze. At first it pleased my sense of poetic justice to consider that the smaller members of the tribe, though entering freely as ever, could never reënter after they had partaken of me and were no longer small, but it was soon forced upon me that if they could no longer come in through the cheese-cloth, neither could they go out through it. After that I held nightly tourneys in which all alone and single handed I vanquished my enemy, and wished devoutly that I could thus slay the sparrows and vireos and all the rest, those enemies whom I could not meet in fair and open conflict.

Then I was specially favored in the minister. He was fat and bald and married, a very good sort of man, only a little daft on the bird subject, at any rate, not at all dangerous as a rival. In all that region, indeed, I had no rivals but the birds. Oh, the irony of "buts"!

Best of all, there was Hester, whom I saw daily, and loved the better for every day. So long as she stayed, Arcadia was still Arcadia, even in the face of a thousand drawbacks to bliss, and so long as she stayed, I knew I should stay too.

The second week of my vacation my trial took a new form. Hester conceived the brilliant scheme of enlightening my ignorance. Poor Hester! I was a hopeless pupil, though I honestly tried to like it all for her sake. Given a pair of very near-sighted eyes, eyes, moreover, trained for years to see nothing but Hester when she was within sight, and the result is not all that can be desired in bird study.

She was very patient with me at first, and labored with me industriously, gave me great books to read, and carefully instructed me in the rudiments of bird-lore. At last, however, my stupidity exhausted even her patience and she exiled me from her presence as not worthy of her teaching. Those were awful days. I wandered in fields and forest, but everywhere saw only Hester, heard only Hester. My vacation was almost at an end and I had not been restored to favor.

Then came the day when my canoe tipped over and as a result I prolonged my vacation by an attack of rheumatic fever. Through it all, Hester nursed me and watched over me. She seemed to have forgotten the birds and to remember only that I was sick and alone, that we were very old friends and that I needed her. Somehow, during those blessed September days when she used to sit by me and read or talk to me, she learned at last to identify me too,—a great, awkward, wingless biped, with very little to recommend him except a heart full of love for her.

When at last I went back to the city, Arcadia went along with me—and Hester.

MARGARET REBECCA PIPER.



## CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### THE SHADOW OF THE END

The winding road, the air like wine,  
And smiling fields on either hand—  
A joyous lot was yours and mine  
To fare together through the land.  
The robin's song, the sun that thrills,  
The breeze that makes the grasses bend,—  
And far away among the hills  
The shadow of the end.

Enough it was from day to day  
To fare together side by side,  
And summer magic charmed away  
The thought of where our roads divide.  
Now dearer grows the breezy dawn,  
The twilight with its drowsy calls,—  
And forward, where our eyes are drawn,  
The shadow darkling falls.

To-day, a stillness on the wheat,  
The sweetest, saddest golden weather,  
And here, before our lagging feet,  
The last fair slope we climb together.  
Already we have passed the brow ;  
Then lay your hand in mine, dear friend.  
It falls about us even now,—  
The shadow of the end.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS.

It happened on a day in brown October. In the early morning the sky was clear and blue, and a white frost silvered the russet fields. The elf who lived in  
The Story of an Elf the chestnut tree unrolled himself  
from the brown leaf where he had  
lain curled up all night and stood upon a twig, watching the

frost stars twinkle in the sun, and shivering a little in the crisp air. He was a very small elf. The sharpest eyes could not have spied him balanced on his twig, for he was not so large as a good sized leaf and everything about him from his pointed cap to his long-toed shoes showed the color of a ripe chestnut. But though he was small and sombre in his dress, this was a valiant elf. He was a summer sprite, thriving best in his own season, and when his suit was new and of a lusty green as at midsummer, not brown and frayed on the edges, he was merry as an elf could be.

But on this fair October morning, he was for once low spirited, and no wonder. He was alone. His comrades were all gone southward with the birds as elves and summer fairies do when the cold weather draws near. It is a mistake to suppose they sleep all winter in cracks and crevices or under dead leaves. With the birds they fly away to the South, nestled warm under downy feathers, and so return when winter is over.

Yet here was the elf in the chestnut tree left behind; surely not for want of a conveyance nor friends to bear him company. Why then? Was it from caprice he stayed? Perhaps elfin curiosity and foolhardiness kept him behind to watch the terrible winter creeping nearer in the footsteps of mellow summer and bright transient autumn. But an elf is seldom found brave enough to face the terror of frost and bitter cold unless forced to do so by mishap. No, it was something more than pluck which kept the dweller in the chestnut tree flitting about from day to day in his little shabby coat, hungry and cold and lonely.

The keen wind nipped his fingers and toes and the tips of his small pointed ears. On the chilliest days he was obliged to skip and hop about constantly and to run races (with himself) up and down the long branches of his tree to keep himself from freezing. And when it rained he was most forlorn. There was simply nothing to do then but to wrap oneself in a leaf and sit huddled in a miserable, dripping, shivering little bunch as close to the tree as possible. Elves, being delicately constituted, suffer extremely from heat and cold. In case of excessive heat they are always in danger of shriveling up like scorched paper and often at the touch of frost they shiver themselves to bits.

The elf in the chestnut tree knew well enough the risk he ran, yet there was something that made him linger by the tree, something in his minute heart that kept him warm. And this

was his affection for a child who used to come and play in the chestnut grove. There is nothing strange in the love of a little airy creature of the woods for a small human thing, who plays by himself day after day under the trees. A child and an elf may be the warmest of friends. And all the elves loved this child, for no one had taught him to believe that the grove was other than it seemed to him, a wonderful rapturous place, filled with pleasures and delightful mysteries.

On the day when he had first come wandering through the fields and into the shade of the great trees, this elf had been the first to spy him and to give the alarm to all the others. For a while there had been great excitement and from behind every leaf and tuft of grass little elfish eyes peered anxiously at the intruder. But soon they saw that this was a child after their own hearts. They watched him with delight, and when, after a time, he began to feel at home in their grove and to amuse himself with what he found there, they drew nearer and nearer him to see the queer and quaint little games he played.

Then one and all they joined in the sport and began to play with the child as only elves can. They showed him the treasures that lie hidden under fern-leaf and moss. They pointed out to him the place where ripe partridge berries hide under their glossy leaves, where the white waxen Indian pipes spring out of the black earth. They showed him the fairy ring and the pale star flowers that elves and fairies weave into garlands for their festivals. With them he found the royal red mushroom throne of the fairy queen. He saw the white lily bells that ring the call for elves to come and frolic under the mid-summer moon. And all these things he knew for what they were because the elves taught him, and he knew his small play-mates, too, though he never saw them.

The denizen of the chestnut tree by right of first discovery, assumed the guardianship of the child. The others served him in turn, but this elf was with him constantly. And he grew so fond of the child that when the end of summer came and the time for departure, he saw his comrades fly away one by one while he remained behind with the boy who still came daily to play in the grove. It did not occur to him that when the weather grew colder and more stormy the child would not come. He simply took joy in the pleasure of the present after the manner of elves.

This morning after he had made a light breakfast off a chestnut and two barberries, he flew up to the tip top twig of his tree and looked across the meadows for the child. Up there the wind was keen and so brisk that it would have swept him away had he not held fast to the twig. From his place he saw a dim line of cloud above the horizon which rose slowly and grew darker as it came. "Another of those dreadful storms," thought the elf with a shudder, but he still watched and waited for the child. In the afternoon the wind blew so that he was forced to leave the tree top for the shelter of the lower branches. Here he nestled in a crotch where he felt a little warmer and was just falling into a doze when the sound of children's voices under the tree roused him. They were the boy and a girl somewhat older.

"Elves live here," the boy was saying.

"You little goose," the girl answered. "That's all silly talk about really live fairies and things living in woods."

"They live here," the child insisted. But the girl laughed cruelly.

"Think of a great boy like you believing in those baby things!" she said. "Come on, let's play."

"Here's my little secret house," said the boy, showing an arched hollow at the foot of a great tree. "And let's play—"

"Oh, your games aren't much fun," broke in his companion. "We'll keep house here. I'll be the mother at home and you be the father who chops wood all day."

The elf flitted down from the chestnut bough and hovered about the boy like a tiny, wan ghost. His heart was cold with dread.

"Go on, now," said the girl, "you run off somewhere and get a lot of sticks, and I'll stay here and clean the house." She knelt down by the tree, and peering into the hollow saw there the little horde of treasures which the boy had stowed away. Quickly she pulled them out and looked them over curiously.

"How did these get here?" she demanded.

"I found them; they're mine," said the boy.

"They aren't much use to play with," she commented coldly, "only stones and acorns and old dried-up moss. You go along and get the wood and I'll show you some fun."

The elf followed the child as he trudged away to do her bidding, and came back with him when he brought the sticks. He

saw the new playmate take possession of the secret house and of the boy. He saw how she mocked at his belief in the woodland sprites; how she shamed him for the pleasure he took in his games with invisible companions. Then with horror he saw how the child's interest in her new sports of a cruder kind than his own was gradually awakened, and how the girl won him over to her rough, blind ways, because he was so small a child that her authority bewildered and subdued him. The elf wrung his little cold hands in anguish as he watched them.

Meanwhile the wind rose higher and clouds shut out the sun. The girl saw the oncoming storm and hurried the child out of the grove and across the fields. He had to run to keep pace with her. The elf watched them till they were out of sight. Then he flew up into the chestnut tree and sat there shivering.

That night there was a great storm. The wild, bleak wind rushed through the grove with the noise of a roaring beast, and with it came the first snow. In the morning the sun looked over the white powdered fields and peeped beneath the branches of the chestnut tree. But the little elf was gone.

ETHEL BARSTOW HOWARD.

#### THE TEMPLE BELL

In the dusk of the mystic dawning,  
When serpentine shadows gray  
Stealthily creep through the darkness,  
As the night-shades sink away;  
Whilst the listening world, expectant,  
In quivering silence thrills,  
With the hope of day triumphant  
Crowning the eastern hills;

At the solemn birth of morning  
When the soul to earth returns,—  
Haply from dreams of Paradise—  
And impotently yearns  
For freedom, and light, and knowledge,  
And truth's all-quickenning ray,  
To dispel the phantoms of ignorance  
In the night of faith's decay;—

List! through the tremulous stillness,  
Hushed as with holy spell,  
In silvery cadence falling,  
The voice of a temple bell!

Like an Angel of peace and healing  
It calls the recreant soul ;  
Stilling its petty restlessness  
In the thought of the perfect Whole  
Who framed our little life,  
And rounds its pigmy strife  
With the calm unfathomed deep  
Of Nirvana's dreamless sleep !

RUTH LOUISE GAINES.

A Presbyterian minister's children are born with the guilt of Adam's first sin, and a hazy familiarity with the shorter catechism of the Westminster Assembly  
**Concerning Catechism** of Divines ; and an unholy content with this vague knowledge is among the earliest and most distressing manifestations of the corruption of their whole nature.

After dinner every Sunday, Will and I retired with father to his study, and spent half an hour in spirited discussion about the precise location of the week's assignment of catechism. Ten questions a Sunday was our stent, so it speaks great things for our powers of debate, that while the first pages of our catechisms grew weekly more thumb-marked and ragged, until we were forced to rely on memory for everything before God's words of providence, the commandments and petitions remained always white and crisp.

As soon as it had been decided, by a series of concessions and compromises, just where we were to begin for the day, and after father had turned a deaf ear to sundry hints looking toward a shortening of our lesson, we adjourned to the attic. We had tried every room in the house before we hit upon this retreat ; but once discovered, it was never abandoned. Father's study would seem to have an atmosphere conducive to the acquisition of catechism, but somehow, after half an hour in there we found ourselves deep in Pilgrim's Progress or Mrs. Barbauld ; and what was worse, when father woke up from his nap, he found us that way, too, though never, even to ourselves, could we give satisfactory account of how or when the change had taken place. Mother or Aunt Anne was sure to be in the sitting room reading. The parlor was dark and cool, but it was depressing to know that we not only ought not, but dared not bang the furniture,

not one tiny bang, over the knottiest point of doctrine. Study in a bedroom always merged into a pillow fight with more serious after effects. Of course the nursery, where our toys fairly shouted temptation from every shelf and cupboard, was out of the question.

But the attic was perfection. When we were in a mood to give ourselves up to gloom and despair, the trunks were merely trunks, submitting stolidly to our battering, giving no sign that they noticed our tears. But when we were more cheerful, those trunks could rouse themselves from their lethargy, and play all sorts of spirited rôles. They made excellent Methodists. When we wanted a camp-meeting, we would divide the trunks between us, each undertaking to voice the experience of certain ones, in the language of the catechism. My favorite, a little black hair trunk with wickedly dancing brass nails, must have been at heart as frivolous as she looked. She never could master Effectual Calling, nor even Justification—but, poor dear, she was filled with party dresses; what could one expect? A big, square, sallow, leathern-visaged deacon of Will's preserved his reputation for infallibility by refusing to answer to calls for testimony save by such curt responses as, "The fall brought mankind into an estate of sin and misery." The trouble was, that our friends the trunks, had so much individuality that after a couple of Sabbaths, we found the vocabulary of the Westminster Divines inadequate, and unsuited to our camp-meeting drama, and brought down wrath upon our heads by spending the afternoon in true Arminian forms of worship, neglecting the faith, and catechism of our fathers.

After a short period of stern Calvinistic reaction, we drifted into Salvation Army work. To the motley assemblage of trunks—I know it went hard with my little black-haired aristocrat to be merged with the rabble—Will and I, mounted upon the cedar chest, gave forth the sounding periods of the catechism in lively colloquial tones of exhortation, or as hymns or chants, set to some popular air. I cannot to this day say over "The decrees of God" without mentally putting it to the tune of "Golden Slippers".

These are but examples of the varied uses to which the catechism was put at our vandal hands. One might have supposed that our ever fresh interest and enthusiasm, our disinclination to have done with the matter once for all, by a burst of concen-

trated, prosaic effort, would have brought joy to our parents' hearts. But no. At the age of eighteen months, we had lisped "Man's chief end" in unison, to their delight and their friends' amazement. And now, when all our contemporaries among the children of the laity had received, and the piously inclined among them, had well-nigh worn out, the Bibles offered by the Sunday School as prizes for reciting the catechism word for word from beginning to end;—now, at the mature age of ten, here we were, stumbling over Sanctification, and as ignorant as Hottentots of what we pray for in the first petition. In vain we pled that we had much nicer Bibles of our own; and that the certificates tidily pasted in the front of the Sunday School Bibles looked offensively like soap-wrappers. In vain we protested that if, when we were grown up, we should feel the need of catechism, it would be a simple matter to keep a copy always about our persons. The matter had reached the point where it was no longer one of personal preference, but of family honor. And so, one Monday morning, after an unusually merry and unprofitable Sunday with the catechism, we found our ragged little books at our places at the breakfast table; and by supper time we had recited the whole hundred and seven questions and answers to father, and mother had bathed away all traces of rebellious tears, and was helping us consider the pros and cons of exchanging my black kitten and a kildeen's egg and Will's new knife for Walter Lyon's puppy. But Sunday afternoons have never been the same thing since. And though I could tell you the misery of that estate whereunto man fell, in my sleep, I haven't an idea what we pray for in the first petition.

JEAN SHAW WILSON.

#### WOOD-LILIES

With lush midsummer faint along the highways  
I wandered in the deep cool woods  
Where shifting golden sunlight plays  
On mosses brown and green.

Then rambling down a wood road still  
I found wood-lilies ranking tall.  
Each seemed a fairy torch to fill  
A fairy world with light.



With dreaming eyes I saw the fays  
 Come tripping o'er the grass.  
 From tawny cups streamed golden rays  
 To light the woodland dance.

ELIZABETH LORE MCGREW.

#### MY BOOKS

The dusk has gathered in the curtained room  
 Where, clad in russet garments, prondly plain,  
 Their ordered rows show dimly through the gloom,  
 A Midas-trove the rich might buy in vain.  
 The shadow'd air is dumb, yet all a-thrill  
 With magic of old story,—and my feet  
 Pause like an alien's, doubtful, on the sill.  
 I fear to desecrate that still retreat  
 Where hold communion mystic with their kind  
 The glorious spirits from the dream-world fair,  
 Those flame and dew creations of the mind  
 That wring the souls they rise from, phoenix-rare.  
 But lo! a voice—"Who loves us, enter free!  
 To such we owe our immortality."

EDITH DEBLOIS LASKEY.

(She.) "My dear girl, come here this minute, shut the door and listen, for I have something perfectly thrilling to tell you!

Of course you won't tell a soul for it's

**Two Points of View** a dead secret. It's serious too—it makes me feel quite old. It's about

Ned, of course, and it happened last night when he asked me to drive with him. He wouldn't talk very much and I had to do it all, until suddenly right in the middle of my sentence he turned around and looked straight at me and said, "Polly don't you know I love you—have loved for years—and I want you to marry me?" Now did you ever hear anything so stupid! It wasn't romantic a bit and I came very near laughing in his face, and I couldn't think of anything proper to say, so I just said I *couldn't*, and his face got all white—as they do in books; that was quite well done. I really felt rather sorry, because he's awfully rich, but *such* an idiot! He adores me I guess and it makes me feel so important to think I might make him happy, but of course I couldn't marry him! I hope I shan't ruin

his life or anything like that—I don't see how girls can like such things, though it is exciting! I suppose Charlie will be glad if I'm not with Ned so much. I wonder if Charlie likes me a good deal—he never said so. I never had a proposal before, did you? There's Charlie now, he's come to take me to drive—isn't he a *dear*! Good-bye."

(He.) "Of course she can't, old fool that I am! How could the sky bend down to kiss the earth? How dared I lift my eyes to her great glowing ones, or seek to touch her hand, or breathe the perfume that her lace sent forth! But I dared even to offer my useless, worthless self—to barter indeed my poor brain, my great empty house, those barren acres, for her exquisite self—her living, breathing self—her hands, her hair, her eyes, her lips! Great brute! How could I make those lips tremble with the beautiful pity her pure soul has for all sorrow—how could I cast one shadow on her sunshine by stammering in hideous words my love for her! My *love* for her! Silence itself is not vast enough to thrill and throb with it! To hear her voice! To read her thoughts, to see her laugh, to feel her passions, to hold her once to my bursting heart and call her mine! Great God, hast thou made love like that! No—not the love of man for woman unrequited—thou a God of mercy!"

HANNAH GOULD JOHNSON.

I suppose it was not Laura's fault that she was thin and I was fat, but whenever I was provoked with her, the contrast between her slim little brown

The Perjured Paper Doll checked apron and my bulging blue one was always an additional cause of irritation. On this particular occasion I was especially indignant at Laura because she had succeeded in walking around the yard three successive times on the picket fence, while I had fallen off ignominiously on the first round.

"You just stepped on two caterpillars," I remarked maliciously just as she was starting out on her fourth tour. Laura, who was stepping along carefully, with both arms extended to keep her balance, promptly fell off the fence as I expected.

"There, now we have both fallen off," I went on more cheerfully; "and you have torn your apron as bad as mine. Let's go in and play paper dolls."

Laura followed meekly ; once off the picket fence she was my inferior, and mine was the leading spirit in all the games we played. We went up to the nursery where our doll houses were, and soon our large families of paper dolls were spread out upon the floor—fashion plates, home-made dolls, and beautiful embossed paper dolls with suits and dresses which fitted on with little tags at the shoulder. For a while we managed to play together peaceably, though my mood was whimsical, not to say irritable. Laura acquiesced obediently in all my plans ; she let me have all the weddings in my family, lent me her dining room furniture, and even consented to change her family name from Astor to Vanderbilt in accordance with a sudden fancy of mine ; as a last concession she allowed many of her family to be taken to the hospital on my recommendation, when I insisted that they had a certain mysterious paper doll disease known as the “cuttings”, the only cure for which was to cut the poor dolls smaller and smaller with the dressmaker’s shears. When all but five of the Vanderbilt family had undergone this heroic treatment, Laura protested.

“You haven’t done any of the Astors,” she observed reproachfully ; “and I won’t have Ralph Vanderbilt cut up—he is the only man I have !”

“Very well,” I replied witheringly ; “then let him die of the ‘cuttings’—but he is about as homely as he can be now.”

Ralph Vanderbilt had been for some time a bone of contention between us. He had come in a set with his sister Edith, and in a sudden fit of generosity I had given him to Laura, keeping Edith for myself. But “men” paper dolls were so pitifully scarce that I had regretted my generosity ever since. I had tried by every possible means to persuade Laura to give him back, but submissive as she generally was, on this one point she remained firm ; her devotion to Ralph Vanderbilt never swerved for a moment, and no amount of bribery could induce her to surrender him. Secretly I cherished an affection for him equal to that of Laura herself, though I always spoke of him disparagingly in order to lower him in Laura’s estimation. On this particular afternoon I felt wickedly determined to obtain possession of Ralph Vanderbilt by fair means or foul. I racked my sinful little brain for some new scheme—what was Laura’s most susceptible weakness ? The very sight of her demure little flaxen head bent over the doll house aroused my in-

dignation; whenever I felt particularly wicked it always seemed so easy for Laura to be sweet-tempered and good, and I was quite sure it was only because her hair was smooth and yellow, while my own black and bristling locks seemed to correspond exactly to my unruly disposition. It was the sight of her devotional attitude that put the scheme into my head; I would try the effect of reason once again, and then—well, we would see what would become of Ralph Vanderbilt.

"It really seems to me, Laura," I began, "that it is time I should have Ralph. I will let you have Edith, and she's got two dresses and a hat, and he hasn't but one suit—and anyway I am a year older than you and I ought to have my choice."

I really hoped Laura would yield to this argument so that I would not be obliged to resort to more strenuous measures, but she showed no signs of relenting.

"But you gave him to me once," she insisted stubbornly, "and I gave you my music box and a bottle of cologne, besides Edith."

I saw that it would be useless to explain to Laura that the music box was broken now and that I had spilled the cologne down the register; she did not seem to be amenable to reason, and I was forced to bring my scheme into play. I assumed a scornful look of sisterly pity which I was obliged to continue for fully a minute before Laura turned around to get the benefit of it. Then I shook my head sadly and even forced tears to my eyes. "Oh Laura," I said brokenly, "you don't realize how selfish you are!" with which affecting remark I dropped on my knees and clasped my hands reverently. "Oh, Lord," I began in a tone of gentle sorrow, "my little sister Laura doesn't know how wicked she is; but Thou dost, and so do I, and if Thou canst touch her stony heart, wilt Thou please make her give me the paper doll which it is her duty to do." Here I could not resist opening my eyes a little to see the effect of my supplication on the sinner. Laura was as affected as I could have wished; at last I had touched her at a vulnerable point—the thought of my praying for her sins was too much for her gentle nature—she was already kissing Ralph Vanderbilt good-bye. Seeing that my object was accomplished, I hastily closed my petition for Laura's sins, and went back to my doll house. When Laura gave me the paper doll I accepted it without a twinge of conscience, and all the rest of the after-

noon I displayed the true spirit of sisterly generosity, by lending it to her at intervals. The domestic happiness of the Astors and Vanderbilts was quite undisturbed until the tragedy occurred. I never understood just how it happened, but I suppose it was my fault for having the heir apparent of the Vanderbilt estate in the front yard of the Astor mansion; at any rate I suddenly discovered the head of Ralph Vanderbilt severed from the body and hopelessly mutilated by some ruthless heel. The house of Vanderbilt had fallen. I held up the pieces tragically. "Laura," said I, as a horrible suspicion flashed into my mind, "You didn't tear up Ralph Vanderbilt on purpose?"

The accusation was too much for Laura.

"I didn't do it on purpose," she wailed, "and I don't believe I did it at all! I guess it was you that stepped on him yourself!"

The suggestion was only too probable, and the thought that I had perjured my soul for a headless paper doll, to say nothing of accusing Laura and making her cry, suddenly plunged me into the depths of remorseful woe.

"I guess I probably deserved to step on him," I assented gloomily. "It was all my fault for praying for him, but don't cry any more—we can have a lovely funeral."

Ralph Vanderbilt was buried with due ceremony, and in spite of my penitent mood, we both enjoyed his funeral much more than we had his brief existence. Tender hearted Laura managed to shed tears at the ceremony, but my former affection for him had somehow changed to dislike and I was quite unmoved.

"I think it was sort of providential that he got stepped on," I remarked unfeelingly to Laura. "I never could have liked him after this afternoon anyway—he seemed to have kind of a—*perjured* look!"

But though Laura assented, I found I could not entirely relieve my conscience by thus transferring all the blame to Ralph Vanderbilt himself, and I did not feel completely absolved until I had allowed Laura to walk around the picket fence six times in succession, while I completed my atonement by purposely falling off at frequent intervals.

MARGUERITE CUTLER PAGE.

## APPLE BLOSSOMS

The branches, all hoary  
With wan blossoms' glory  
Are nodding and swaying, coquettes of an hour.  
Their foam of sweet snowing  
Is drifting and blowing  
And sifting love-tokens in benison dower.  
Blush-veined with dawn's tinting  
And amethyst glinting,  
Wrapped close in the hooded green depths of their nest,  
Their censers wind-strewing  
With sweets of their brewing,  
They dream on their mother's broad apple tree breast.  
MARIE LOUISE SEXTON.

## A PRAYER

O Thou who lovest all things best,  
Give us thy patience,  
Unwearied zest  
To find the end for which each soul was made.  
Help us the gold to find,  
Nor let us be blind—not blind.

O Thou who knowest all things best,  
Thy mark of value give,  
Our highest test,  
That we may judge,  
Nor be unkind  
Because we're blind—just blind.

O Thou who servest all men best,  
Help us to help the soul  
To scorn the rest  
That is but base.  
Help us the gold to find  
Nor let us be blind—not blind.

HELEN LOUISE HARSHA.

## **EDITORIAL**

Commencement, above all other times in the college year, strikes a deep chord of feeling both in graduate and undergraduate alike. Mountain Day with its freedom and gaiety, Washington's Birthday with its rivalry, the Basket-ball Game with its class spirit—these and all the other events of the year dwindle into insignificance before those days in June; days when the campus outdoes itself in a splendor of sun and shade, evenings cool, fragrant and almost mystic with the charm of lights and music. The other days that we celebrate presuppose the college. Their observation is a college problem, their interest only a part of the college interest. But Commencement, the visible consummation of a four years' service, not merely presupposes the college life, but symbolizes it. Petty rivalry is lost in real loyalty, class spirit in college spirit, and behind it all stands the reality of life, half alluring, half grim.

Commencement to the alumna brings an appreciation of progress, a fresh contact with the intellectual and social life of the college. And her presence means an inspiration to the life of the college at large. Commencement, bringing as it does so much of joy and sorrow and ambition, opens the heart of the college as no other time can do, and it is then that the alumna comes closer than ever before. Her experience, with the old love and loyalty unimpaired, means much to the Alma Mater who is once more sending out her children to seek their fortunes.

The Commencement days bring little of symbolism to the senior. There is no time for sentimental dreaming; all is unselfish, active and practical. As the greatest men are busiest in their hour of triumph, so Commencement brings a million and one almost prosaic, yet none the less necessary, details to fill the days perhaps fuller than they ought to be. There is the excitement of the play, with the arrangement of the many little items that will contribute to its success. There are relatives

to be entertained and provided with front seats. There is packing to be done, and there are last good-byes to be said. So it is only after all is over that the real glory of attainment comes, and it comes only to find its companion sadness waiting,—the sadness of last times.

To the undergraduate especially is Commencement the time of hopes and dreams. There is sadness too in the parting of friendships that have grown strong and lasting on the soil of a democratic life, but the ideal reigns supreme over all. It is the power of this ideal, with the opportunity allowing it, that helps the undergraduate through many weary hours. Without the inspiration that Commencement brings she would find it hard to believe that Greek verbs and Latin syntax will give a foundation for living. In everyday routine it is almost impossible to see the true proportion, and the right perspective. It is just this perspective that Commencement gives. It interprets the four years' apprenticeship in the finest light. It softens the shadows and heightens the color. It gives an ideal picture perhaps, but it is an ideality that is almost truer than truth.

In the midst of the ideal glow that the Commencement days shed around the college life, there is one force that stands out, needing no idealistic coloring, ideal in her own unconscious power—the Senior. Her Commencement is the beginning of a life that is symbolized by no academic robes, but by the gathering of flowers and the planting of ivy; her hand the hand that will gather and plant. To the alumna she is a hope, to herself a just estimate, and to the undergraduate always and only “the grand old Senior”.



## **EDITOR'S TABLE**

The recently-published volume of "Bryn Mawr Stories" shows what is, as far as I know, a new departure in this line of publication. Its singularity consists in the fact that the sketches and tales contained in its pages are by different authors, two among whom are undergraduates, and the whole is edited by two members of the class of 1900. By this method the book loses in uniformity of literary excellence, but as a trustworthy expression of the college from which it comes it gains immeasurably through the presentation and comparison of these differing points of view, some of which have been determined by considerable post-collegiate experience.

The subject most strongly emphasized in this collection of stories is the strife into which the college girl must enter against the prejudice of the outside world, that is, the world of society. Indeed by the varying treatments of this prejudice in its different aspects, one is led to suspect that the "Bryn Mawrtyr", as she is called,—with somewhat unpleasant suggestion, so it seems to us,—must suffer much more from the unfriendly attitude of the unenlightened than do her sister collegians of other institutions. A feeling of stern responsibility seems to weigh her down, and she is continually exerting all her powers in order to prove that she has a reason for existing. One of the strongest arguments in this proof is the presence of much charm and lightheartedness, freedom and joy in the college life, yet we find in "Bryn Mawr Stories" hardly any dealing with the college in these aspects. The addition of a few slight sketches of the student life as it is at present would complete the book and satisfy our legitimate curiosity.

Such suggestions of the college surroundings and interests as are scattered through the stories give a very pleasing impression of Bryn Mawr, and they are very grateful to that large proportion of their readers who will be eager for knowledge on which to base comparisons, and who will thrill in sympathy at hints of things familiar and dear to every college girl's heart.

How far the literary signs of the times may be found in undergraduate productions is an open question, yet even a slight acquaintance with college magazines brings to light marked tendencies in certain directions, which arouse some interest, if it be only that of classification, and which may be, after all, of considerable importance. If it is not more than probable that the literary leaders of the future are now receiving their initial training in the pages of undergraduate publications, it is certain that many students who there display their interest in the literary art will not lay down their pen in after years, for the habit of scribbling, so they say, is the most hopeless of cure. The prevailing literary matter and manner of the college periodical may, then, be considered of some significance, partly because of, and partly in spite of, the fact that the undergraduate literary aspirant is rarely an originator.

There are three special forms into which the literary matter of our exchanges seems naturally to fall; the "heavy" article, dealing usually with literary criticism, the short story, and verse. The light essay, personal in tone, and original in treatment, which has been so well developed elsewhere, is never found here, though we know of no reason why it should not be attempted and with success. Nor is there often any serious endeavor to treat a theme dramatically, though our own magazine has contained several efforts in dramatic poetry during recent years.

The critical articles of college magazines are almost always good, though suggestive of the class room. The fiction is more rarely worth reading, and leads us, joining with the estimate of the short stories published in more ambitious pages, to suspect the decadence of the type. Most creditable to the student literary world are its verse-makers. Though much of the verse is, to be sure, of not very great value, one finds sometimes a vigorous or exquisitely delicate conception given so careful an artistic treatment that the average of merit in this line of literary production is higher than the critic would naturally expect. But perhaps it is not unreasonable to expect such a result when we remember the inspiring courses in English poetry and in that of other lands, which every college offers to its students of literature, and when we consider that in theory, at least, the short, unelaborated lyric is spontaneous youth's most natural form of literary expression.

## ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT

Having been asked for an account of some phase of library work which would be of interest to the readers of the *Monthly*, I at once thought of the most recently developed movement, that of

**Library Work with Children** active work with the children. Children were formerly debarred entirely from the use of the public library in some places, and even after the libraries were open to them, they were looked upon as more or less of a nuisance. No special efforts were made to induce them to read and little attention was paid by the library to the kind of books they did read; a child was equally welcome to the "Elsie books" or "Tales from Shakespeare". As a rule no room was set aside for their special use and they felt that the library belonged to the older people. Within recent years all this has been changed. The library now belongs as much to the children as to anyone; every effort is made to direct their reading and they have their own attractive rooms where they may fully enjoy themselves and feel that they are in no one's way. So far, so good, but this does not reach all classes of children as, especially in a large city, there are still many who can not afford to come to the library and others who do not care to come, having no idea of what reading is. How to reach these children is the all-absorbing question to the actively progressive library, and many advances have been made in its solution. This is merely a sketch of the methods adopted for answering this question by a library in a large and rapidly growing manufacturing city; it may serve to give an idea of the magnitude and interest of the work, and its future possibilities. It is of course, developed differently in different cities, each suiting its methods to its field of work, but the fundamental idea is and always will be the same.

Pittsburgh, with its foundries, glass-works and coal mines, has drawn to itself a most varied population. It affords one of the best opportunities for putting into practical operation a comprehensive system of work with the children, and has the means of doing so in the Carnegie Library with its five branches. These, being widely scattered over the city, come into close touch with children of all classes; some reach the down-town settlements of Italians and Jews, others come into contact with the foundry workers, while others reach the purely residence districts.

How to make the libraries attractive to all these children was the question which first had to be answered. In each building is a large, cheerful room devoted exclusively to the children. Around the wall are low open shelves supplied with the best juvenile books and magazines, while above these, in many cases, is a frieze of pictures illustrating the books below. Special bul-

letins are put up from time to time on subjects of particular interest to the children, showing them appropriate pictures, and telling them the best books to read upon the subject. The room is always brightened with flowers or leaves, and the children are encouraged to bring in whatever they can find to help decorate it. There is always a special assistant in charge of the room to help them in any way she can, as well as to preserve order. Into this room the children flock as soon as school is out, some for pure enjoyment, and others to get assistance in their school work. Then are the resources of the children's librarian tested; she must be ready to help them find something on any subject, must often suggest a "good book to take out next", and must be constantly on her guard to keep order and see that the smaller children are not imposed upon. The children's librarians soon come to know the little ones of their own district and, having gained their confidence, can really study their tastes and direct their reading. They must, of course, be specially trained for the work, not only in a knowledge of books and the library side of the work, but, through the kindergartens, in a knowledge of child nature and how to work with it. All this is, of course, not merely for the entertainment of the children, but to give them a taste for good literature which will be lasting. Fiction forms but a small percentage of the books in a children's room and there is a constant demand for stories about other countries, historical events and great men. This winter every Wednesday afternoon, simultaneously at the Central and at the branches, children were gathered together for a story hour. Seated in a circle on the floor, they were told, from their point of view, of the Greek heroes and their deeds, being allowed to ask questions and make comments, but never required to do so. The result has been an increased interest in the books on these subjects.

One of the best methods of reaching children of all classes is through the public schools, and libraries have now the power to avail themselves of this means since schools and libraries recognize in each other fellow-workers in the same field. Schools are now provided by the library with collections of books—not text-books, but good juvenile literature on all subjects, some for use in connection with the school work, others merely for pleasure reading. The children are given perfect freedom in handling books and making their own selections, but are never required to read them. School work is made far more interesting by these stories of history and travel, and the child gets a better view of the subject as a whole than that afforded by the piecemeal lessons from text-books. This is good but it is not the best result. By giving them good books for pleasure reading, the boys and girls are gradually led away from trash and dime novels and, having once tasted good literature, do not go back to the trash. This result, too, is carried into the homes, and many a father enjoys with his son the Robinson Crusoe which he missed as a boy. Often and often come requests to keep the books a little longer for the fathers and mothers to finish them. In some schools the teachers take entire charge of the books, but in others officers are from time to time appointed from the higher classes; in some, reading circles have been formed in certain rooms and discussion and comparison of the books carried on to a certain extent.

The work does not stop there with the close of school, for, during the summer,

the playgrounds are made the basis for book distribution. Every playground has one "library morning" each week, and great is the excitement on that morning. The older children are allowed to choose books with as much freedom as in the schools, and it is astonishing how the children respond to this trust on the part of the library. You might think, when first you saw a beautifully illustrated copy of Hans Andersen or Grimm carried off joyfully by a dirty, ragged street urchin, that the book was gone forever, but it usually reappears the next week, often done up in a dirty paper cover. When the books are first given out, those in charge of them are practically mobbed by the crowd of children, all demanding at once fairy tales, Indian stories, history books, et cetera. But by degrees order is brought out of this chaos, and the children learn that yelling and grabbing does not have any effect. And so it goes on until by the end of the summer, they actually are talking a little about the books themselves, and asking for your opinion of them; the climax comes when on the last day some of the little ones say good-bye tearfully, and the older boys, who first devoted themselves to plaguing you, are willing to spend most of the morning tramping about the hot streets hunting up books which have not been returned. Picture to yourself the scenes which may be observed any day near the playgrounds; groups of children sitting on curb-stones or steps gloating over their books, or running home hugging them.

But there are still children not reached through either the children's rooms or the schools, and these form one of the most interesting classes for work. A method of reaching them, that of the little "home libraries", was originated in Boston and has now been adopted in many places. Twenty-five dollars establishes one of these libraries, covering the cost of a little bookcase and twenty books. The books are carefully selected, both as regards subject-matter and edition; they must be absolutely non-sectarian, and must include both girls' and boys' books. The donor usually selects a name for the library which is printed in large letters on the front of the case. Having secured the library, the next thing is to find a home in which to place it, and this is often suggested by kindergartners, charitable organizations and others interested. The oldest child of the home becomes librarian, and invites nine boy and girl friends or neighbors to join the circle. On the appointed day one of the library assistants or, more often, a volunteer visitor meets the group, gives them the books, and spends the rest of the hour in playing games, reading and story-telling. It is necessary of course to interest the mothers in order to obtain the best results. The children look forward from one week to the next to the library day, and as they come to know the visitor better, become less restrained and often spend the whole hour themselves talking about the books they have read. The group work admits of indefinite expansion, according to the character of the children and the powers of the visitor. Besides the books, pictures are loaned them to keep in their homes from week to week. These are prints of the masterpieces, and furnish occasion for talks about the artists and their pictures which would otherwise hardly be suggested.

In these ways, through the children's rooms, the schools, and the home libraries, the treasures of the library are carried to many children who would otherwise never, perhaps, know a really good book; at the same time,

children who have books in their homes are guided and directed in their reading so that they can, later in life, read and appreciate the really great things in literature. The work is educative in the broadest sense of the word; it has already borne good fruits, and will undoubtedly bear more in proportion to its development.

MABEL STEVENSON 1900.

This question, coming to me from the *alumnæ* editor of the *Smith College Monthly*, brings to mind so many valuable and pleasant experiences of the past seven years, that my first impulse is to answer "Yes—decidedly yes." But on second

Is Journalism to be Recommended as a Profession for College Graduates? pulse is to answer "Yes—decidedly yes." But on second thought, recalling all the doubts

and questions which arose in my own mind when, after graduation, I had to choose between newspaper work and school teaching, I am glad of the opportunity to say anything that may help other *Smith College* graduates to solve a similar problem.

Journalism, as a profession, is by no means a new field for women, and the increasing number of college girls who are each year taking up this line of work proves that there is a steadily growing sentiment in its favor. In fact, published statistics show an increase of fifty per cent in the number of women journalists during the past decade.

When a girl has finished her college course the most natural question which she asks herself is "What next?" And in this wide-awake, hustling age the college graduate has a pretty well defined idea as to what she wants to make her life work. If her sphere of usefulness is to be limited to home life, or if she is able to indulge an inclination for social work or enjoy the broadening influence of travel in this country and Europe, then the question of how best to earn a living will not have to be considered. But if a girl, from choice or necessity, decides to become self-supporting, then, of all the professions open to her, none is more alluring than journalism. Take, for example, teaching—which is almost universally chosen by college graduates: that profession has become so overcrowded that the chances of obtaining a good position, without at least one year's practical experience, are very small, unless a girl has personal influence to work in her behalf. Law or medicine requires another course of study after graduation from college, but to make a start in journalism one is not obliged to have had any experience whatever in the work. The important requirements for this profession are a liking and natural aptitude for the work, combined with quick wit, tact, assurance, industry, perseverance and a lot of common sense.

The answer to the question whether or not a girl with these qualities will succeed in journalism is summed up in the single word—Try! You can never be a journalist until you begin and the only way to make a beginning is to start at the foot of the ladder in the rather humble and very useful rôle of reporter. The newspapers themselves are the best schools of journalism and the student usually draws a fair salary while she is learning her trade.

Clever girls often come out of college with the ambitious intention of going into journalism as "literary critics" or "book reviewers" or full-fledged edi-

torial writers, scorning the obscure work of reporting as far beneath their ability and college training. These girls are asking for dessert before they have even tasted soup and they have yet to learn that one must have had a large experience of life and been an exhaustive reader before she is fitted for the position of a critic or reviewer. If a girl is too proud to begin at the bottom as a reporter and work her way slowly but surely to the top round, then she would better keep out of journalism and become one of those "literary women" who have never known the satisfactory joy of salary days.

The successful newspaper woman must first of all love the work and she must have "insight". It was that charming woman and writer, Margaret Sangster, who once said that the whole matter of modern journalism could be described in three phrases—"To see—to choose—to tell". A great deal which a girl laboriously learns at college is of absolutely no value to her beyond its walls, except as it may have trained her in these three particulars, that is, if she has resolved to enter journalism. The newspaper woman in the early days of her career must be an obliging maid-of-all-work. She must know how to spell, how to write simple and straightforward English, how to cut off superfluities, how to tell a long story in a short space and how to work rapidly. The girl who is in dead earnest and has plenty of determination and pluck, will accept any and every assignment that is offered her, going wherever she is sent, regardless of her own personal comfort and ease, being only too glad of a chance to show her ability to search out and find a "good story". Then, if she is always on time; if, after securing the facts of a story, she can express herself on paper fluently, directly and entertainingly, or, in other words, turn in good "copy"; if she has what is called in newspaper parlance the "news sense" or "nose for news", that is, the ability to tell at a glance what is news and what is not—whether or not it will interest the reading public—she is sure to win her way in the journalistic world. Every editor will tell you that the most valuable work on his paper is done by the reporters.

While the highly educated woman is not always the best reporter, it is a mistake to think that a college training is a waste of time for newspaper work. In no other profession does a general knowledge of the languages, history, sciences, the arts and political economy count for so much as in journalism. During one month, if you are a reporter on a big daily, you will have to deal with a hundred different topics, superficially perhaps, but if you are a college graduate you should be able to write much more intelligently on these subjects than a reporter who has had only a grammar or a high school education. I well remember one week early in my newspaper career, when I was detailed to write up song birds, kindergarten training, a cooking school, an investigation of mental science, a complicated screw dividing engine which had just been invented by the late Professor Rogers, palmistry as a local fad, and a famous coin collection, not to omit an interview with "Ian Maclaren" and a chat with Julia Marlowe.

To a girl just starting into journalism I would suggest that she have some special line of work along which she hopes to advance to an important editorial position, for newspaper work is becoming more and more specialized. Then, too, there is a financial advantage in being identified with a certain depart-

ment—such as the women's clubs, art, finance, music or the drama, so that when an editor wants an event written up he can call upon a woman who has the subject at her finger's end.

Of course journalism, like all other professions, has its disadvantages :—the long hours, the nervous strain, the necessity of being ever on the *qui vive* for a lively story, a timely article or a newsy paragraph, the giving up of social engagements and, worst of all, the being forced to contend with a certain bitter prejudice against the very name of reporter, and the possibility of being unjustly accused of trying to betray even your best friends into divulging some private information that will make "spicy reading" for the public.

But on the other hand, there are privileges and valuable opportunities to be gained in newspaper work, which cannot be found in any other profession. You are constantly brought in contact and close competition with some of the most intellectual men and women in the country. This in itself will spur you on to your best efforts, sharpening your wits and quickening your observation powers. You will have a chance to study human nature in almost every walk of life. You cannot possibly retrograde, for the very atmosphere of every newspaper office is teeming with contagious enthusiasm and energy, a continuous striving to keep abreast of the times and in touch with events all over the world.

Then, too, as the representative of a well known and reliable paper, you are often assigned to interview famous persons whom it would be almost impossible for you to approach in a private capacity. A woman journalist, with her genius for details, accuracy and perseverance, combined with just as good an intellect as her brother newspaper workers, and a little feminine tact and charm of manner, can easily make a name for herself in the field of "interviewing". Lady Henry Somerset, who is a newspaper woman, told me that a bright girl on one of her English papers had become quite celebrated in this line of work. She said that, because it was so much more difficult to refuse to see a woman and answer her questions, women often succeeded where men failed.

Summing up the conspicuous advantages of a journalistic career, the freedom to travel and "sight-see" is of no small value. A journalist always carries her tools with her and once she has succeeded in making herself invaluable to one or more papers, she can be sure of making a good salary wherever she goes. My own experience has been very happy and fortunate in this respect. After serving one publishing house for over five years in every capacity afforded by daily and weekly newspapers as well as a monthly magazine, I went to Washington for a year and thoroughly enjoyed doing special correspondence and magazine work at the National Capital. While on a pleasure trip west, I decided to try my hand at western journalism and accepted an editorial position on a Denver paper. It was while in Colorado that I had a chance to go to California and since then I have been doing special and "feature" work, thinking this the best way to see the beauties and grandeur of the vast country west of the Rockies.

Perhaps my opinion of journalism as a profession for college women may be prejudiced because I have always been devoted to the work. And yet I could quote any number of noted writers, who have spoken with emphatic



approval of women journalists. In a delightful interview which I had with A. Conan Doyle, when he visited Northampton several years ago, he praised the high-grade work done by our American newspaper women, referring particularly to their quick wit, charming personality and perseverance. The late Col. Robert Ingersoll, in talking with me about the advantages of journalism for college women, and their splendid success, said: "Women are great writers. They have as much talent and sense as men and they deserve the same chance in this world in every profession." Everyone who takes up journalism in the hope that it will prove a stepping stone to higher literary honors, can find encouragement in the concrete examples of such successful writers as W. D. Howells, Mark Twain, Eugene Field, Richard Harding Davis and the late Stephen Crane. These men and a score more of American authors made their first start in life as newspaper reporters. Finally, to come a little nearer home for examples of success in this profession, I would like to enumerate, if there were space, all the graduates from Smith, Wellesley, Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Stanford, and the University of California, who are now holding important positions on metropolitan papers and who have expressed themselves to me personally as pleased beyond expectation with the work and more than satisfied with their advancement.

If a girl thinks she has a liking and taste for journalism, let her put her whole heart and soul into the work, and she is sure to succeed.

HARRIET HUDSON '98.

It was much easier to comply with the request for an article on the academic privileges of women in Oxford than it is now to write the more personal social experiences. In think-

Social Life in a Woman's College      ing back over my year with English  
of an English University      students I am reminded of a small  
relative who visited me when I was

a sophomore at Smith. Whatever she shared, recitation, picnic or play, she would sooner or later interrupt with an ecstatic whisper: "Is this college life?" I always had the feeling that, while being an American, and the only American in the college, had decided advantages from many points of view, I should have been in a better position to observe if I had been invisible. Although the English girl is generally reckoned as the least chameleon-like of individuals, I believe that her sweetness often led her to do or to say what she thought the American would like, rather than what she would do or say if the American were not there.

And yet with the remembrance of certain suspected adaptabilities come other remembrances of a different sort. True, finding that the American objected to being met in the corridors or on the street with looks of stony abstraction, the whole college soon bestowed such elaborate "good-mornings" upon her that the effect almost dispersed the November fog. But, on the other hand, remarks like this were not infrequent: "Really, you're very American, you know, in your voice, you know, though you really don't talk so loud as some of them do!" And once, when I was asked to propose the affirmative in a debate on coeducation, and protested that my belief in coeducation was not firm, the reply was, "O, but you must, you know;

you're an American!" The "animal-in-a-menagerie feeling" which Stevenson pictures—how well I know it! I can hear now the stage whisper of the temporary principal at her At Homes: "We have an American here. Wouldn't you like to meet her?" Just as she would say, "We have a pet jack-daw who pecks your ankles"—or "a college cow"!

But being met involved meeting, and therein lay privileges. As compared with those enjoyed by Americans living as home-students in the town the privileges were many. Not only are there more opportunities of meeting University people for the American within, but opportunities also of knowing the English girl—of solving that problem which the American students forever discuss: "Is she shy, or is she supercilious?"

In comparing the life in an English woman's college with that in an American woman's college, these facts must be always kept in the foreground. Women's colleges in Oxford are really only boarding-halls, and are in no official way a part of the University. Only the stage of tolerance, not of equality, for women students has been reached. Also, as was true in the early days of our colleges, there are a number of "special students", and the girls who come fresh from preparatory schools and go in for a full course are not more than one-half of the total number. Finally, the terms are only eight weeks long. Of course, a great proportion of reading must be done in vacations, but even then an intense concentration is necessary to make the most of term time, with river, hockey-field and tea-pot, as well as lectures and libraries. The fact that the seventy-odd old students call on most of the "Freshers" inside of a week is as characteristic as that the library is full of readers the very first morning.

System holds the day in a tight clutch. It is as great a sin to work between half-past one and four, as it is to play between half-past eight and one o'clock. You may be invited to coffee in a student's room after luncheon, but only to stay fifteen minutes, when hostess and guests all make for out-of-doors. The hockey-teams take nearly everyone, tutors and students, and training goes on with the intercollegiate games immediately in view. The crews are made out according to proficiency and no student can row without a captain or half-captain in the boat. A thirsty crowd comes wheeling in at four o'clock, some to entertain and be entertained in private groups in the college, a few to drink at a don's house or behind an undergraduate brother's oak and the rest to help themselves to currant cake and large cups of tea in the Common Room.

Tea is preëminently the social function, coffee and cocoa between ten and eleven at night taking secondary places. Fudge and "stunts" are equally unknown; plays and dances are very rare. The genius for original and impromptu entertainments is confined to this side of the water and there is little time for elaborate celebrations. There was one dance during the year—fancy-dress and exceedingly pretty—but the preparation that went into it would have sufficed for several plays as well as dances at Smith. The English girl is charming at her tea-table, however, and when she invites three or four people she has great tact in choosing the right ones. The large At Homes are hopeless affairs until spring term, when, as garden parties with tennis accompanying, they are quite possible. As is well known, the English

do not introduce—except Americans. Even the American is mindful of occasions when she was penned alone in a corner, facing a row of pink-cheeked undergraduates, who cut off her exit, and yet to whom she dare not speak, while the hostess stood near her, absolutely passive.

To go on with our day, two hours of work generally come before seven-o'clock dinner. That meal has a pretty formality about it. The two halls of the college regularly exchange guests who are escorted down to dinner by principal and tutors. The majority of the girls are transformed by simple black evening dress. The evenings are spent much like our own. Students go to lectures, concerts or theatres, to the debates of the Oxford Union or to religious meetings in Harrington Hall. Women are literally given an elevated place in University functions: at morning lectures they sit on the platform; at evening ones, in the gallery. Though the club instinct is not developed to the American height, there are enough societies to fill several evenings a week. There is a Debating Union, like the men's, composed of all the women students in town, where there is some very clear thinking and clever retorting done. But unfortunately they generally read their remarks. There are branches of the College Settlements and the student religious societies—the Society of the Annunciation (High Church) and the British College Christian Union; and also of "grown-up" societies—the Fabian Society (Socialist) and the Free Russia Guild. Famous outside speakers come to address all of these organizations. The only society leaning to frivolity is the "Sharp Practice", which is worthy of imitation. A subject for debate is posted on the bulletin-board only an hour before dinner. All who gather in the library after dinner hand in their visiting-cards to the presiding officer. She shuffles them and number one drawn has to propose, number two oppose, and so on. I have heard some extremely witty and amusing speeches here—the only opportunity, apart from personal friendships, for freedom of speech and discussion. The horror of making oneself conspicuous or possibly ridiculous seems a wet blanket to originality in most directions. Suggestions of the simplest kind from the American, whether about room decoration, keeping notes or use of the tempting fireplaces, were generally greeted with an exclamation: "How did you ever think of it!"

Little class distinction or spirit is possible owing to the irregular length of courses, but there is much deference due from "Freshers" to "old students", and a "Senior Student" stands in somewhat the same relation to students and principal as do our council-members. The rules are few and elastic. The electric lights go out at eleven, when students are supposed to be at home. Chaperons are required when one goes to the college gardens, but a protest from a student of reasonable age allows her to conduct instead of being conducted. "Students are not expected to recognize undergraduate acquaintances in the lecture-halls" and if a student is the lone female attending a course of lectures, she is supposed to be chaperoned. One of the Fellows told me that chaperons could be hired in such cases, prices varying according to the interest of the lecture:—e. g., sixpence for literature and two shillings for mathematics!

No American who had once lived in an English college could neglect to mention the richness of friendship, which compensates for the lack of general social interest there. I do not believe that the friendships of English college

girls are any deeper than those of American college girls, but there are fewer half-way acquaintanceships or apparent experiments. A friendship once formed, the sense of "forever and forever" about it is strong. Expression of sympathy in action is quick, if words are slow, and once the ice is broken by a need for help, one never loses, even in a family of eighty, that beautiful, rare sense of English family hospitality.

MARY BREESE FULLER '94.

The twenty-second of June has been set aside as "Smith College Day" at the Pan-American Exposition, and all Smith students and alumnæ are invited to come and join in the festivities. At

"Smith Day" at the Exposition ten o'clock in the morning we plan to have an informal reunion at the Woman's Building,—no exercises probably, but a chance to meet your friends and consult the registry-book which is in this building. We have been unsuccessful in our attempts to get a book exclusively for college women, but we expect to have a section set aside for us in the large book provided for all club women. In the afternoon the Board of Women Managers have very kindly invited us to a tea at the Woman's Building, from four until six o'clock, and we hope you will all make your arrangements to be present, and show the managers that their hospitality is appreciated.

Students who are interested in Settlement work and wish reasonable accommodations in a respectable Settlement district, may have them by applying to Miss Emily S. Holmes, Westminster House, 424 Adams Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

AGNES MYNTER '99.

The Women's University Club of New York is making progress towards the end so much desired by college women, a club-house which shall be a centre for the various alumnæ interests. At the club meeting on May 11, fifteen managers were elected, four representing Smith, three Vassar, two Barnard, and one each from Wellesley, Cornell, Radcliffe, Michigan, Bryn Mawr and Oberlin. These managers have formed from their own number committees on membership, finance and house. The first of these aims to secure a membership of at least four hundred, which is needed to make the club a success; almost two hundred have joined in the short time since the project was brought to the notice of the different College Clubs, so that the prospect for the future is bright. The finance committee aims to secure a guarantee fund, realizing that the cost of running a club-house will be, for a year or two, a serious problem for a young club to face. The house committee is scouring New York between 44th and 18th Streets to secure a house which will offer, in addition to the usual assembly and residence rooms, others for the out-of-town member when she spends a few days in town, as well as a lunch-room—no mean feature in this city where restaurants for women are few and far between.

If all of these committees meet with success, the club hopes to open its club-house in the fall, and once opened, the house will prove a most attractive centre where college women may meet not only their fellow alumnæ, but alumnæ of other colleges—"a consummation devoutly to be wished".

WINIFRED AYRES HOPE '92.

On Wednesday, May 8, the alumnae of the faculty met with Miss Jordan and the Board of Editors to discuss possible improvements in the *Monthly* from the alumnae point of view. The Board feels that it has gained from the suggestions made at this conference a new understanding of what the alumnae interests in the *Monthly* are and, by way of better representing those interests, it urges the alumnae to coöperate in the adoption of a new plan for the representation of the various branches of the Alumnae Association. This plan, which will be brought before the branches in their June meetings, looks to the representation of each branch by articles and special reports sent once in the year to the *Monthly*, the time for such contributions being prearranged with each branch.

The present method of haphazard representation and contribution is often unsatisfactory both to the alumnae and their representative on the Editorial Board. It is therefore earnestly hoped that the alumnae will support a measure which promises a facilitation of the work of the department both from their point of view and that of their Editor.

All alumnae and non-graduates who are interested in the work of the Smith Students' Aid Society, whether members or not, are cordially invited to attend the annual meeting of the society to be held in Room 4, College Hall, Monday morning, June 17, at the close of the Ivy Exercises.

Extra copies of the report of the first reunion of the class of '99 may be had of the Secretary, Abby L. Allen, 1090 Walnut Street, Newton Highlands, Massachusetts, for twenty-five cents.

A Smith College Club has this year been started in Pittsburgh. It is open to both graduates and non-graduates.

The list of visitors for the month of May is as follows:

'99. Bertha A. Hastings,	.	.	.	.	May	1
'99. Mary Gilman Pulsifer,	.	.	.	.	"	2
'90. Margaret Baker Foley,	.	.	.	.	"	3
'98. Edith L. Taft,	.	.	.	.	"	13
'95. Mary Davis Woolley,	.	.	.	.	"	16
'94. Mary E. Sayward,	.	.	.	.	"	18
'97. Lucy Olcott Hunt,	.	.	.	.	"	18
'87. Helen Holmes,	.	.	.	.	"	18
'97. Margaret Rand,	.	.	.	.	"	25
'97. Elizabeth T. Mills,	.	.	.	.	"	25
'97. Eleanor Bissell,	.	.	.	.	"	25
'91. Nellie Comins Whitaker,	.	.	.	.	"	27
'92. Helen P. Deland,	.	.	.	.	"	27
'97. Edith Taylor,	.	.	.	.	"	23-31
1900. Caroline Marmon,	.	.	.	.	"	29
1900. Leonora M. Paxton,	.	.	.	.	"	29
1900. Maude B. Randall,	.	.	.	.	May 30-June 1	

Contributions to this department are desired by the second of the month in order to appear in that month's issue, and should be sent to Gertrude Tubby, Tenney House.

- '81. Ella C. Clark has returned from Southern California where she spent the past winter.
- '92. Harriet A. Boyd and Blanche E. Wheeler, who set out for Crete in March, have excavated a Mycenaean site with a street, houses, pottery and bronzes.
- '94. Caroline V. Lynch sailed for Europe June 5, to spend the summer.
- '96. Mary C. Howes sails for Europe June 22, to spend four months.  
Frances I. Butler, Eva L. Hills and Frances E. Jones sailed for Naples June 1, having planned a trip through Italy, Germany and the Low Countries.
- '97. Mrs. Joseph Scott Rawson's (Grace Nichols Dustan) present address is 9 Park Terrace, Hartford, Connecticut.  
Alice A. Maynard has been traveling abroad since June 1900.  
Therina Townsend was married June 1, to Mr. Everett Larkin Barnard.
- '98. Isabella Mack is studying medicine in the Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
- '99. The notice given in the *May Monthly* of the marriage of Helen K. Demond is without truth and is hereby retracted.  
Margherita Isola was married May 21, to Mr. Charles Gilman Hyde of Germantown, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.  
Ruth Huntington will remain at Johns Hopkins next year in her present capacity. The position offered her by the University of Pennsylvania was not the traveling fellowship announced in the May issue.  
Caroline C. Hills was married June 12, to Mr. J. Weston Allen of Boston.  
Harriet Stockton announces her engagement to Mr. Mauleby Kimball.
- 1900. Edith Ramage is traveling abroad for a year.  
Clara E. Sherman is teaching English in the Evening High School, New Bedford, Massachusetts, and taking a year's course at the Harrington Training School.  
Mary S. Whitcomb has announced her engagement to Mr. Alden Clark.

## BIRTHS

- '99. Mrs. W. Stewart Gilman (Marjorie King) a daughter, Florence King, born May 7.  
Mrs. John De Harte (Katharine Seward) a son, John Somers, born May 24.  
Mrs. Edward Turner (Gertrude L. Norris *ex-1901*) a son, born April 7.

## DEATH

- '90. Mrs. A. M. Amadon (Bertha B. Smith) died at her home in Dorchester, Massachusetts, on Tuesday, May 21.

## ABOUT COLLEGE

"Know thyself" said the Theban philosopher with calm assurance, as if, in that innocent-seeming bit of advice he had not recommended the most baffling search that one can imagine. Would that

On Knowing Oneself they had added a postscript with directions for the use of their philosophical pellet, or had left some record of their own successes or failures in practising what they preached. The search after one's self sometimes seems as profitless as the chase of a kitten for its own tail, as hopeless as the chase of a kitten would be, if a dozen tails were waving tantalizingly just around the corner of its eye.

Who of us is not acquainted with a score of "myselfs" each claiming to be the "true and only"? We have delightful companionship with a faithful, loyal-hearted, merry being for days together, and rejoice to find ourselves so amiable and agreeable. On the morning when we shake hands with ourselves in congratulation at having made the great discovery of life, a weak-willed, basely ambitious, utterly benighted soul presents itself to our astonished view as the rightful claimant. We grumble upstairs when So-and-So is announced, and go down to tell our friend, with genuine sincerity, that we are glad to see her; or we assure So-and-So that it will be the greatest pleasure to do that little errand for her, and feel disposed to complain next day at the extra blocks we have had to walk on account of it. On Sunday we sit in our quiet pew and wonder at the violent-tempered discourteous acts that we did on Saturday. On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday the illusive self puzzles us still more. We find ourselves able to argue unsophisticatedly for both sides of a question or strenuously upholding one principle and working in practice on quite another.

Blue moments, often lengthening into days, fall to our lot, when with downcastness of spirit we incline to the oriental belief in soul-nothingness, so vanishing and unknown a quantity does our self seem to be. Indeed these periods of distrust assume almost the character of "required courses" at college, where opinions and ideas that we never dreamed of, are thrust upon us from our books and by our teachers. We are continually playing a fierce and eager game of hide-and-go-seek with the elusive personality that is forever losing itself among weird and terrible shapes of hitherto unknown thoughts. The meditation that would shape the new chaotic material to forms of beauty and order oftentimes must wait till summer vacation before it can begin its work of saving grace. So that while we can glibly recite the opinions and judgments of the "authorities", they lie in our minds unrelated to mind itself, like the wind-blown leaves on the meadow in November.

People tell us reassuringly that we must insist on our own opinions, that they have as good a claim to be considered as the most orthodox and recog-

nized of those that have their abode on the shelves of well-regulated libraries. But what ingenuous and frank soul is fully persuaded of this truth? How is it possible that the mighty intellects of the authors of our reference books can be mistaken or can have overlooked considerations that seem to us salient? It is infinitely easier to believe that we, rather than they, fail to see the point.

Nevertheless, modesty often plays us a sorry trick. The question is not after all whether we are numbered with those who hold the "best opinions", but whether we actually hold an opinion through personal conviction rather than phonographic imitation. Better the quite fallacious view that we came upon by ourselves than the faultless one we grind out mechanically by dint of mere memory. Our opinions symbolize to us the mysterious force belonging to us alone, about which we are sometimes sceptical because it refuses to be pigeon-holed. Wherefore, even though we may not fully know ourselves, let us not fail to have opinions of our own, even if we must stand with an unpopular and sadly small minority. Further, we may always console ourselves with the reflection, in the words of the song, that

"after all the fight,  
Why,—perhaps the wrong man's right, don't you know."

ETHEL MARGUERITE DELONG 1901.

The following is a translation of excerpts from M. Deschamps' article on his visit to Smith College, published in *Le Temps*, March 2:

All the students, no matter what their far-away homes—those from Chicago, those from Lafayette, those from Philadelphia, or those from San Francisco—all have been moulded by the intellectual, moral, and physical discipline of the college. The routine of the same classes, the same examinations, the same efforts of memory, the same gymnastic exercises, make these young girls resemble each other, almost as sisters. They all have the same manner, at once studious and athletic. ....

One perceived, beside, that these young girls felt at home. They planted the stout soles of their shoes upon the soil with a sort of joy of proprietorship. Evidently they consider the city of Northampton as a simple dependency of Smith College. In matter of fact, this city, in spite of its 20,000 inhabitants, its Episcopal church, its walks bordered by elms, its navigable river, and its manufactories, consents to be the devoted servant of this college. The one takes possession of the other.....

On the walls, hung with flowered and light-colored paper, one sees water-colors brightly tinted, which reflect a corner of the sky or a bit of sparkling water. One sees, too, photographs artistically framed, that smile. I notice here and there pictures of young men. These are cousins, evidently. I also admire the trophies of athletic victories carried away by Smith College. Here are the banners glorified by the basket-ball players.....

The excess of work would run the risk of being dangerous if Smith College did not have a *campus* where the students play tennis; woods and fields where they go, during the fine season, to take luncheon on the grass; a Paradise where a river offers boating; and lastly a gymnasium where they play basket-ball. I was permitted to be present at a game of basket-ball. The



object of this game, borrowed from the ancient palestra, is to seize the ball on a bound, and to throw it into a basket, placed very high, near the wall of the hall. The players, divided into two sides, are conveniently dressed in a gymnastic costume of blue serge, drawn in at the waist by a leather belt, which makes them look like very coquettish young zouaves. A sailor collar on the blouse-waist increases the simplicity of this loose and easy garment. At the signal, you should see them jump with the sudden spring of Amazons, upon the rebounding ball.....A kindly rivalry excites them. They run, they stop, extend their arms, start again on the run, utter cries of triumph or despair, strike the floor on their flexible low shoes, bend down, rise again, push each other a little, fall sometimes, rush again to the contest, to the victory. And the ball, animated as a living thing, outdoes in its sudden bounds the movements of these two alert teams. The desire of victory and the chances of the game multiply their gestures and their attitudes, display an infinite suppleness of feminine charm, almost feline, and show in instantaneous pictures, too quickly disappearing, a group of harmonious figures.

College Hall never held a more radiantly eager gathering than that white-waisted throng which, as early as eight o'clock, began to assemble for chapel on Tuesday, May 28. For the next half-

The President's Home-Coming hour the air was charged with the stored-up enthusiasm of six months, but the instant the organ announced the entrance of President Seelye, the noise subsided, and we rose to receive him. As he faced us from the desk, we burst into the stirring greeting which we had been calling "the President's Song", written by Charlotte DeForest and Dr. Blodgett:

The ship has sailed across the blue,  
Beneath the guiding hand of those  
Who pilot her the way she goes,  
From out the old world to the new.

The ship has brought across the blue  
The pilot who, on deeper sea,  
Guides nobler craft to journey free  
From outgrown worlds of thought to new.

We sang well, for our hearts were filled with thankfulness and that was the best way we had of expressing it. After this, which took the place of the chant, the service proceeded as usual; President Seelye read the Psalm beginning "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

At the end, the President spoke to us of the fulfilment of his parting prophecy—that his happiest moment from the time he left his desk would be the moment when he stood there again. He said that of all the places he had visited, none seemed to him so fair as this; that in none of the institutions he had seen, did there appear to be more advantages for the education of women than at Smith College; and that he thanked us for our welcome and heartily reciprocated the affectionate greeting we had given him. Our applause was interrupted by the signal for a verse of "Fair Smith", and

then, while the organ pealed forth the Hymn of Joy, we reluctantly filed out, sure that besides all the other advantages Smith College may possess, there is no such President as ours anywhere.

REBECCA ROBINS MACK 1901.

The date for the Junior Promenade, wandering uneasily back and forth between the eighth and the twenty-ninth, finally stuck fast midway between the two, and became fixed for May 15. On the

The Junior Promenade morning of that day the junior psychology class was pained to learn that the sun was of that type of individual who delays and procrastinates and makes up his mind very slowly indeed. But as afternoon came on, and the back-campus became dotted, then massed, with dainty light gowns, with here and there a glimpse of a more sombre hue, he could not forbear to smile at the pretty scene. And later, when the musical clubs began their program, and the cameras were clicking everywhere—one would-be photographer even mounting the Observatory roof in his zeal—the sun smiled still more broadly and did not cease until, for obvious reasons, he had to.

With the evening came the event itself. The class of 1902 extends to the class of 1903 a hearty vote of thanks for the charming and effective way in which the gymnasium was decorated. Laurel was everywhere, banked and festooned, relieved here and there by touches of red. The Oriental and Indian rooms were wonderfully attractive, and the cosy corners were all that could be desired.

At 7.30 the reception by the Class President and Vice-President, Miss Freeman and Miss Childs, and the patronesses, took place, after which the dancing began. The orchestra was placed in the balcony, an arrangement which not only left the stage free for decoration, but allowed the music to be heard in all parts of the hall. The dancing, with only an occasional partner or little red program lost, continued until 11.30, when the orchestra hinted that home was sweet, and bade the ladies all good-night. No amount of persuasion being able to convince them to the contrary or induce them to postpone their adieux, the Junior Promenade was over. It is needless to ask if the juniors enjoyed it. And their guests? It is reported that one of them exclaimed: "This is ideal. I wish it might last a year!" While it is difficult to believe that the average masculine being is so attached to evening dress and dancing shoes that he would be willing to occupy them for a year, yet we feel convinced that no one of its guests regretted the four hours spent therein at the Promenade of the class of 1902.

The committee in charge was: Blanche Hull, chairman; Elizabeth Macneil, Mabel Coulter, Katherine Harter, Mary Bohannon, Ruth French, and Winifred Dewing. The patronesses were: Mrs. H. M. Tyler, Mrs. R. C. Smith, Mrs. A. C. Egbert, Mrs. A. G. Tallant, Mrs. S. E. Devereux, Miss Hubbard, Miss Berenson, Miss Benton, Miss Barrows, Miss Woodruff.

On the day following the Promenade, the juniors having guests were most kindly excused from attendance at their classes.

SYBIL LAVINIA COX 1902.

As a parting plea or suggestion, we seniors wish to present the question of more adequate hospital accommodations. We feel that our four years' experience justifies this appeal. Moreover, we think that a time free from the excitement of an epidemic is the most suitable season in which to present such a matter. Therefore we urge all to consider this question which, we feel is of vital importance to the college. It is not hard for any one to see that our present accommodations for illness are, to say the least, inadequate. To many the college infirmary is a well-known abode. But for the others who have had no occasion to become acquainted with this side of the college, we would like to speak of the present conditions.

Everyone knows where the infirmary is. The situation itself is not universally acknowledged to be all that it might be. Aside from that point, important or not as it may seem, we wish to call special attention to the size of the building. When one considers that in a community of 1133 students the college hospital was stretched to its very utmost with seven patients, one can realize somewhat the chance for improvement. And at that time three cases were harbored in one room, only thirteen by seventeen feet in size. Indeed we may well call it the "college infirmity"!

When the infirmary of the college is filled, that is, when at the most  $\frac{1}{10}$  of the student body is there, we must turn to the city. The first place to which appeal is made is the Dickinson Hospital. This, however, is a hospital for three towns. At present, it can accommodate fifteen people. Moreover it can take no contagious disease. This leaves rather a small chance for the students.

The next thing that we can do is to rely upon the kind-heartedness of some of the townspeople to take us in. But is not this too much to expect even if the illness is not dangerous? Suppose, however, that with the infirmary filled, there comes a contagious case. Possibly, after a day's search, such as was made at the time when the measles was prevalent, some one might be found who could and would offer a place of refuge. But suppose that an epidemic should occur. It would take only a few more than seven cases to make the situation a very grave one. In such a situation it has been said, the only possibility would be to clear one of the small campus houses. It is needless to speak of the confusion that this would cause, as well as of the difficulty in using the house again as a college dormitory. To make the matter a little more real, consider how, at the present time, with two cases of scarlet fever which must quarantine the infirmary, the resources of the college are exhausted, except in that special disease. Thereby it can easily be seen that the infirmary, with no isolated ward or room, could be rendered useless to the rest of the students by one contagious case.

Now what do we do under our present circumstances? The first plan thought of is usually, "Send the girl home as soon as possible!" But even then it may be too late. If, however, the journey is taken, consider the danger to the girl herself as well as to the other passengers. It may chance that the patient is from the West, with no place near enough at hand to which she can go. The question then is a serious one. If the illness is not too severe she may be left in her room, with her room-mate as "nurse". This only makes a bad matter worse, as probably a good many room-mates, too un-

selfishly considerate, could testify. And this is often the case where there is merely the "tired-out" feeling and no place for rest.

As the advantages of many of the other colleges are quite generally known, we shall not state them here. We ask you merely to compare some of them with what we have, we the largest student body of women in the country. Then it will naturally be asked, "What are we to do?" We want it clearly understood that it is not at all our intention that a fund be raised by the students to erect a new hospital. What we do wish is to bring the question before those who are interested in Smith. We wish that all would give serious consideration to what we have felt and do strongly feel is at present the greatest need of the college.

JULIA BOLSTER 1901.

At the open meeting of the Mathematical Club, held May 3, 1901, the subject "Hyperspace and the Mathematical Theory of Ghosts" was treated by Dr. Ferry, professor of mathematics in Williams College. The lecture was well attended by members of the faculty and by students, some being drawn by the peculiarly interesting title of the lecture, others having been persuaded by energetic members of the club, and still others having come with sincere interest. It was with considerable trepidation that the club undertook the evening, but the effort was entirely rewarded. The first half of the lecture was devoted to a discussion of hyperspace. From a description of one-, two- and three-dimensional space we were led to a definition of four-dimensional space, wherein we should have four lines all perpendicular to one another and passing through one point. This is entirely beyond our imagination, but that does not place it beyond the bounds of possibility. Furthermore, we can postulate space of five, six and  $n$  dimensions and use such a postulate in analytical problems. The difficulty with four-dimensional space is that we can never represent a four-dimensional figure in concrete. We can, however, determine some of its properties. For instance, on the analogy of a cube generated by a square moving in three dimensions we may imagine a body generated by a cube moving in four dimensions, we can then calculate the number of edges, angles and faces that such a body would have. These speculations created in us quite a hopeful interest in the fourth dimension until we found that each problem must be left incomplete with the remark—"Of course we can go no further".

But although we can know nothing of the actual existence of the fourth dimension, the postulate of its existence is justified by the usefulness to mathematicians, in the realms both of synthetic and analytic geometry. During this part of the exposition the emotions of the audience were various. To some the geometrical illustrations recalled the difficulties of first-year mathematics, to others the discussion was indifferent and attention impossible (one poetic soul even wrote verses), to others the points were clearly given with attractive simplicity, continuity and interest.

The transition from hyperspace to ghosts was made by an interesting review of a book called "Flatland", giving the description of a two-dimensional inhabited world into which three-dimensional beings might enter. It was shown that the effect of a cube's passing through such a world would be

for its inhabitants a peculiarly behaving square that would appear and disappear in an extraordinary fashion. Why not then suppose ghosts to be four-dimensional creatures who, on entering our three-dimensional world, appear three-dimensional, but have peculiar possibilities of motion regardless of doors and walls. This parallel was carried out to exciting lengths by the lecturer, but not to infinity; for before any of his most disinterested hearers could be fatigued he brought his lecture to a close.

EDITH BURBANK 1901.

On the evening of June 1, the junior class entertained the senior class. Soon after tea, pretty light gowns and sensible dark ones began to congregate on the back campus, which was hung with Chinese lanterns to spite the unkindly and unshining moon. By seven o'clock all the seniors were installed on rugs and cushions, awaiting the opening of the program. The first form of the entertainment was dramatic. One angle of the Observatory made a very good background for Miss Wilkinson's play, "The Marriage of Gwineth". A few indispensable pieces of furniture, and some palms judiciously disposed where nature and the gardener had not supplied shrubbery, gave all that could be desired in the way of effective out-door scenery. The actors in the drama were Ethel Barnes, Ida Heinemann, Clara Gerriah, Constance Patton and Eda Bruné.

After the play was finished, all adjourned to the gymnasium, where refreshments were served and an informal dance was held. The juniors later sang a song to the seniors, which had been written by Mary Bohannon and set to music by Ethel Chase. For a souvenir, each senior was presented with a copy of the song, words and music, printed on an illuminated scroll which was rolled after the fashion of a diploma, and tied with gold ribbon through which threads of red were suggestively woven. This is the song:

'Tis Time's majestic loom that bears  
The fabric of our college years.  
With warp of sun and woof of shade—  
Our hopes, our fears—the web is laid;  
Sometimes our threads may faltering be,  
Yet, through our changing destiny,  
One thread of purest gold is spun—  
'Tis love for Smith and Nineteen-One.

Dear college-mates, e'en now, the hush  
Of farewell stills the loom's swift rush;  
Already from the loom there move  
The webs of those we e'er shall love.  
To brighter tint the sombre ground  
We weave love-fibres in, and round  
Our hearts, which stand for courage bold,  
They twine the tried faith of the Gold.

Dear senior class, we sing to thee  
A song of love and loyalty :—  
To thee, whate'er the days may bring,  
Our tend'rest mem'ries still will cling ;  
For thee, the parting of the ways  
Beyond the violet mountains' haze :  
For us, the hope that when we've done  
We'll be as loved as Nineteen-one.

Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's familiar name lured many of the faculty and students away from the companionship of books, the evening of May 7. College Hall was very well filled, taking into consideration the fact that the attraction was a lecture and one that was not for the benefit of the Students' Building. The audience was an enthusiastic one; and those who heard him for the first time were no more charmed and delighted than those who have taken imaginary journeys with him before. No one could help being thrilled by the romantic stories of the hot-blooded Italians and Mexicans, told from the fascinating point of view of the painter, under the modest title of "White Umbrella" collections. Reading those stories oneself conveys about half that Mr. Smith's own rendering of them gives. The adventures were almost acted out before our eyes by the intonations of an expressive voice and a marvellous pantomimic suggestiveness. Mr. Smith is just as delightful away from the platform as he is upon it. He seemed not a whit misled by the air of studiousness that seems to pervade our college; and his parting wish to the Voice Club, who held an informal reception for him afterwards, was as novel as it was refreshing,—“lots of beaux and lots of clothes”.

MARJORY GANE 1901.

A lecture of unusual interest was delivered at the open meeting of the Oriental Club, Tuesday, April 16, by the Rev. Edward P. Holton of Amherst. A graduate of Amherst College, he was appointed missionary to Madura in Southern India after finishing his course at the Yale Theological School. He was also in Northern Ceylon for a time, and has had wide experience with the life and customs of this Indian people.

Chemistry Hall was filled with a goodly audience forced to occupy the aisle steps as well as the seats. The subject of the lecture, or informal talk as it proved to be, was "Every Day Life in India". Mr. Holton is thoroughly conversant with the conditions of the common people of India, having made his home in their midst during the last ten years.

The discourse was accompanied by excellent lantern-slides of the natives and their surroundings, the latter ranging from the most primitive and savage conditions to orderly comfortable homes. The pictures were—to express the opinion of one who has visited India—just what one sees when he looks out of the window of his temporary home in the heart of India, or walks up and down their narrow hot streets between the low-built mud huts. We appreciated their reality too, for it was almost possible to feel the warm breath of a tropical breeze and the heat of the sun as it beat down on the oily skins of the natives. There was the dark side of life, where cleanliness is un-

known, where little ones grow in the soil, and sick eyes cannot look at the light. There was also the delight of a cool summer evening in a home where Christian civilization had set foot. One recognized this in the fresh white turban and the long loose gown (or the more Western combination of waist and skirt), even to the feet covered with some sort of shoe or sandal.

An additional charm to the evening's pleasure was the actual rendering of the Indian music. Mr. Holton was well acquainted with the Christian lyrics and otherwise popular music and, as the words were thrown on the screen in the Tamil tongue, he sang them to us. Though the words were unintelligible as a language, the melody had that fundamental plaintive melancholy, that appealing quality, the minor chord which everyone has at the heart of his musical life. There was one exception causing general merriment, when we heard the familiar tune, "We won't go home until morning" associated with those peculiar, liquid, monotonous Eastern words.

The opportunity for this enjoyment was well chosen by those who attended, as Mr. Holton is in America only on a short furlough, and will return soon to his work in India.

JESSAMINE KIMBALL 1901.

This has not been an athletic spring, owing to the continued rain. There have been none of the outdoor basket-ball games of a year ago, and the tether-ball hangs neglected. The walking club has not been organized, exercise cards supposedly taking its place. In the pleasant intervals the tennis courts have been in constant use. They are in good condition, although continued rain will not improve them. The tournament is as yet unfinished, though it is hoped that the finals may be played off before Commencement. The boats seem to be most popular, and Paradise is occupied at all times by at least part of its fleet. Twelve girls played to enter the golf tournament and eight qualified. The championship rested finally between Louise Droste 1901 and Grace Buck 1904. Miss Buck won out with the score seven up and five to play.

Again the college is threatened with decimation. Annually we are told by at least a quarter of our acquaintances that they are not coming back in the fall. It is always practically decided. The supporting explanations rest on various and often varying grounds. "I am really tired out", one says. "My mother wants me at home", says another. "Going abroad"; "eyes given out"; "sick of college and grinding"; "we think it best, on the whole";—these are the most frequent statements, seemingly convincing to those who utter them. It is always a sad outlook for the college.

Fortunately our worst hopes are seldom realized. When fall comes, we see a surprisingly large number of faces which, in the spring, had gazed solemnly upon the Commencement festivities,—their last, yet not their own. The essence of desire is a realization of the charm of that we have not, men say. After a summer of determined play, work has no longer its grim and daunting aspect. Examination week is wiped out of our memory, leaving Commencement an already blurred picture of moonlight strolls and afternoon picnics, lanterns on every bough and outdoor music. We forget the ache of loss it brought and remember only that the friends we love are ours

still and may soon be with us again. We think less of the lovely spring evenings wasted with a stupid book under a Tartarean light, and more of those evenings spent on the back campus with a congenial spirit, in companionship the closer because of approaching separation. We dwell less on wading through interminable snowdrifts and risking life and limbs on frozen side-walks, and dwell more often upon the joys of a skate on Paradise after a lot of work is safely done.

The charm of college revives gradually under the spell of memory, work and play reassume their proper relation and proportion, and our hearts turn again toward college, with an eagerness which grows hourly. We have all experienced it, and we know its outcome; so let us not be downcast when those on whom we had centred our hopes and interests threaten coldly and inexorably to leave us desolate. We know they do not mean it.

The elections for the Students' Building Committee for next year are as follows: May Barta 1902, Chairman, elected at the last meeting of the present committee; Blanche Hull 1902, Frances Stuart 1903, and Margaret Hotchkiss 1904, elected at the last mass meeting; Margaret Wells '95 and Janet Roberts '99 form the alumnae committee. The Trustees of the college have been requested to appoint their committee. The fund has recently been increased by the generous gift of \$500 from Eleanor Hotchkiss 1901, and by the gift of \$150 from the *Smith College Monthly*, through the Board of Editors for the class of 1901.

LOUISE CALDWELL 1901.

On Tuesday evening, May 28, Mrs. Goodrich of the Boston School of Domestic Science, spoke in Chemistry Hall, under the auspices of Colloquium. Her subject was the need of applying scientific knowledge and methods to all branches of housekeeping, in order to make it most healthful and economical.

The May meeting of the electoral board of the College Settlement Association was held on Saturday, May 4, at the New York House, 95 Rivington Street. Smith was represented by its

College Settlement Association alumnae elector, Susan Foote '96; Annie Duncan 1901, our undergraduate elector, was unable to be present, and her place was taken by Helen Walbridge, 1902.

The meeting began at nine thirty, and the morning was occupied entirely with business. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Miss Katherine Cowan; Vice-president, Mrs. Simkhovitch; Secretary, Miss Mabel Curtis; Treasurer, Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons; Fifth Member, Miss Helen Scribner. The report of the treasurer showed increased college subscriptions for this year, Wellesley heading the list and Smith coming next. The question of the extension of the Association by the affiliation of a social settlement in Hartford was discussed. It was decided to refer this matter to a committee which should report on its investigations in the fall. In this connection Mrs. Simkhovitch spoke of a possible broadening of the Association by an extension of the work to the universities. She was made chairman of a committee which should be partly composed of men, and which should consider the future policy of the Association in this respect.



It was voted to appropriate \$400 for the founding of a fellowship, the holder to be in residence at whichever house she should choose, and her work to be superintended by a committee which was appointed by the chair.

Luncheon was served to the electoral board, and afterwards a report was made by the chairman of the committee on sub-chapters. She reported the addition of seventeen new sub-chapters.

The subject for the afternoon conference was "The value of training for practical social work". The conference was opened by the report of Miss Foote, who gave an account of the economic courses offered in the different colleges, and of their practical benefit. Some of the other speakers were, Miss Emily Balch of Wellesley, Mrs. Kelley, Secretary of the Consumers' League, and Professor Herbert Wells of Vassar. The common opinion of the board was that some more practical courses in field-work should be offered by our colleges, in order that the economic courses, by their practical character, should prove a bond between the Settlement Association and the colleges themselves.

HELEN WALBRIDGE 1902.

### PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK

Dress Rehearsal of Senior Play,	Thursday, June 13,	7.00 P. M.
Senior Dramatics,	Friday, June 14,	7.30 P. M.
Senior Dramatics,	Saturday, June 15,	7.30 P. M.
Baccalaureate Sermon.	Sunday, June 16,	4.00 P. M.
Ivy Exercises,	Monday, June 17,	10.00 A. M.
Reunion of Colloquium,	" "	11.30 A. M.
Philosophical Society,	" "	4.00-6.00 P. M.
Biological Society,	" "	4.00-6.00 P. M.
Alpha Society,	" "	4.00-5.00 P. M.
Phi Kappa Psi Society,	" "	4.00-5.00 P. M.
Telescopium,	" "	5.00-6.00 P. M.
Art Reception,	" "	4.00-6.00 P. M.
Glee Club Promenade,	" "	7.00 P. M.
Reception,	" "	8.00-10.00 P. M.
Commencement Exercises,	Tuesday, June 19,	10.30 A. M.
Orator, James Hulme Canfield, LL. D.		
Meeting of Alumnæ,	Tuesday, June 19,	2.30 P. M.
Alumnæ Reception,	" "	4.30 P. M.



1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the general principles of the theory of the structure of the human brain.

2. The second part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the general principles of the theory of the structure of the human brain.

3. The third part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the general principles of the theory of the structure of the human brain.

4. The fourth part of the paper is devoted to a discussion of the general principles of the theory of the structure of the human brain.









